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THE
PORT ADMIRAL;
A TALE OF THE WAR.

VOL. I.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION,

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

WINDSOR;

A ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

ALSO,

THE SECOND BOOK

OF

THE LAUREAD.

DEDICATION.

TO

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM ———,

G. C. B.

ETC. ETC. ETC.

SENIOR UNITED SERVICE CLUB,
May, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

I HAVE to return you many thanks for your packet of the third instant, which was delivered to me in person by your little friend, whom I have been fortunate enough to serve in the manner you had pointed out. These are hard times in our service for youngsters of mere merit, but as he seems to know the value of perseverance he will, without doubt, succeed.

I had judged rightly, when I thought that in applying to you for some story on which to ground a naval tale, I had gone to the fountain-head: that which you have sent to me forms a wild and singular narrative, the perusal of which has given me great pleasure, though I must be

permitted to share in your grief, that the narrator has not been spared to us, that he might work up the picture, to the finishing of which I am comparatively so unequal.

Believe me, dear Sir William, I am exceedingly gratified by your request, that my idle pages should be dedicated to yourself; more especially as they will contain a relation—however humble—of many scenes which we have together witnessed, joys we have equally shared, and dangers we have mutually encountered. Alas! when the evening of life arrives to sober and to sadden us, there are few delights left us more exquisite than the remembrances of the morning that has vanished;

done to you in the portrait. It is true that Sir Richard possesses all your kindness, generosity, and excellence of heart, but in the semblance I am unable to find those finished touches of polish and breeding so winning in the original. As for Tarpanlin you cannot fail to have recognized the honest old rogue at a glance; his person, the lady of his heart, and his lips, and his never-sufficiently-to-be-repeated story, immediately betray the identity. Your lamented friend was fortunate in possessing such a study. Charles Grame is also, to the best of my recollection, a faithful sketch, and we, who during his existence were insensible neither to his merit nor his afflictions, cannot feel unwilling to afford a tear to the memory of one, in whom tyranny and the inexplicable course of circumstances caused virtue to be quenched in crime, and abilities to be conducive only to destruction. With regard to Lady Sapphira, and her two friends, the Captain and Major, I shall take the liberty of reducing their parts to ones of less prominence in this little drama, since the world which now professes and maintains an utter indifference to the sentiments of poetry, is, if I may judge from the clever but neglected productions of contemporary writers, still less alive

to the broad conceptions of humour, or a feeling for the ludicrous. This, I must think, is owing to an over refinement, which while it has caused a stricter observance of many follies, has brought society to a lower ebb of moral feeling than that at which it found it. As, however, it is equally as vain to write in opposition to the tide of public opinion, as to swim against the current of the stream, you must not be surprised if you occasionally find my honest "Tars" conversing in a strain somewhat above their condition. To a certain extent I shall do this in deference to the public voice, though against my own judgment, farther, however, I shall not go, even though some literary fop, should—in his eager wish to be mistaken for a man of breeding—demand that human nature be represented somewhat finer than its Maker created it: such critical creatures however do afford us food for laughter, if convertible to no other use. My young friend I——e will continue to afford me his assistance, so do not think me demoted when you read all his fine love-scenes, but set them down to the right person. I wanted to dispense with as many as possible, but he tells me that "the poetry of the passion," as he terms it, is all that makes life bearable. There

DEDICATION.

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was a time, Sir William, when we also thought—
but Bah!—what can a disappointed old bachelor
have to say of the passion?—one whose first love
jilted him, and whose last obtained iniquitously
heavy damages. By the by, if any nice little anec-
dotes should occur to you, write and give them to
me. I shall not be at liberty to look at the MS. for
three months, and shall take as many more to get
it ready for sea. You will excuse all blots
and blunders, when I tell you that old Buzzey—
that Admiral of the Yellow Squadron—is at my
elbow purring over *The Times*, in tones distinctly
audible to every soul within the room—himself
excepted.

Thanking you once more, believe me ever to re-
main, my dear Sir William,

Your affectionate old messmate,
—.



1871
The first of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The snow was very deep, and the wind was very strong. The people were very much distressed, and the crops were very much damaged. The government was very much troubled, and the people were very much dissatisfied. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor. The government was very much weak, and the people were very much poor. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor.

1872
The second of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The snow was very deep, and the wind was very strong. The people were very much distressed, and the crops were very much damaged. The government was very much troubled, and the people were very much dissatisfied. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor. The government was very much weak, and the people were very much poor. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor.

1873
The third of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The snow was very deep, and the wind was very strong. The people were very much distressed, and the crops were very much damaged. The government was very much troubled, and the people were very much dissatisfied. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor. The government was very much weak, and the people were very much poor. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor.

1874
The fourth of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The snow was very deep, and the wind was very strong. The people were very much distressed, and the crops were very much damaged. The government was very much troubled, and the people were very much dissatisfied. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor. The government was very much weak, and the people were very much poor. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor.

1875
The fifth of the year was a very cold one, and the weather was very disagreeable. The snow was very deep, and the wind was very strong. The people were very much distressed, and the crops were very much damaged. The government was very much troubled, and the people were very much dissatisfied. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor. The government was very much weak, and the people were very much poor. The king was very much angry, and the queen was very much sad. The people were very much poor, and the country was very much poor.



THE PORT ADMIRAL,

A TALE OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

"I am an enemy to slavery in any shape, under whatever name it may be disguised, and my blood boils when I contemplate the oppressions which are passed by under another designation.—Is not a pressed man a slave to the will of a despot?"

LETTER OF VICE ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD CODRINGTON.

PERHAPS, dear Reader, you have been in India? If so, you have only to recall to your mind's eye the beautiful view presented by the harbour of Bombay on a fine day, and you will at once be present at the spot whence this our history first takes its rise.

But then, again, dear Reader, on the other hand, perhaps you have *not* been in India, and may never yet have experienced the piquant delights attendant on a passage through the tremendous surf thundering on those eastern shores? Perhaps

scorn the rations since you won't have.—Come, your honour, after all it is but bobbing twice at a cherry.—Hark!—there sir, as I live, there's the leaftenant o' the watch singing out my name—I shall be in for it; quick,—lay hold of it your honour—that's the beef, and this case contains the grog. For the sake o' Tim Collins take the most possible care o' that grog case,—I set more store by that than any other part o' my living body, and that's no flea-bite. Cause ye see—Hark! there he calls again—make haste and scoff it your honour. I wish one of that fellow's teeth—asking his pardon—would fall and choke his

down in the agonies of death at your feet, a victim to the fearfully quick venom of the cobra Manille, one of which the old gentleman has inadvertently roused as he passed along ;—it is also not impossible that you may still be dead to the pleasing excitement of having your hepatic economy so far deranged as to murder your digestion, and saffronize your countenance,—in short, you may not have been in India. Imagine then, since the rules and arts of the mystery of writing forbid a minute description of any spot where but a trifling part will be played,—imagine then, I say, a noble harbour in an eastern port, in which, among a vast variety of shipping, there lies conspicuous a seventy-four, and allow your fancy to place you on her poop, where, in a miserable hutch, a young officer was now placed in irons.

“Where are you going you long selvirgee scoundrel?” bawled the officer of the watch across the deck, addressing a very tall stout seaman, whose features presented a singular mixture of ferocity and good-nature, since with his eyebrows contracted into a forbidding frown he always carried a smile around his mouth.

“Why, ye see, sir, I’m just a-going aft for Will

the Captain, with his head uncovered, advanced a step forward and bowed, but without grace. Planting his feet firmly on the gangway, his superior paused for a moment, eyed with a severe and scrutinizing glance the officers around, slowly raised the point of his sheathed sword towards his gold-laced hat, and bending stiffly to his second-in-command, as much as to say, follow me, walked with a firm step towards the poop.

Nature is but too frequently overcome by art, and many have lost, in assumed and fictitious characters, those which were originally and naturally their own. Whether this had been the case to its fullest extent with the flag-officer who has just been introduced to the reader,—and to whom I shall forbear giving any name, for reasons of mine own,—matters little,—but so long had he trained his features to their wonted cast of expression, that now, when the fire of youth began to subside, they exhibited little more than pride, austerity, and choler. Now and then, it was true, a transitory gleam of sunshine shot across, and hinted that the soul within was yet redeemed by some few noble traits; but this was rarely seen.

“You are now ready for sea, of course?” he

of her gigantic spars, the taut (tight) ropes and freshly set-up shrouds and ratlines, as well as the polished monkey-tails, carronade-screws, brass belaying pins, binnacle-plates, and other metal ornaments, all bespoke the prevalence of the strictest naval discipline on board. Indeed, had any proof been wanting to corroborate the above symptoms, it would have been found in the savage and martinet-like features of the Captain, then waiting at the gangway to receive the Admiral on board; the servile and spiritless looks of his surrounding officers, the scowl of hatred and contempt curling around the lips of the boatswain who piped the side, the scared and fear-stricken appearance of the two men who hurriedly essayed to finish the sweeping of the quarter-deck, and make their escape forward before the Admiral came up the side, and lastly in the sullen and portentous silence that seemed to hang over the whole ship; broken in upon by the suppressed whisperings of the junior officers, and the tossing-in of the oars below as the barge swept up alongside. That noise had ceased, to be succeeded by a second pipe, in the midst of which entered the Admiral. Simultaneously every hat was lifted,

"What does *he* know about the defects of my ship? She is old, it is true,—so am I; but *I* can do my duty yet, sir, and, by G—, *I* will, and so shall *she*: after carrying me through storm and breeze, wreck and battle, for many a long day, she's not to be broken up for an old hulk in this way." "But, Sir"—"Don't answer me, Captain Grummet. Who dared to admit him? Who dared to shew the prying black rascal round my ship without my especial knowledge? Both of us ought to have been present at a survey of this importance."

Seeing that the Admiral was in one of his fits of ire, the captain, to whom long cringing had

remarked to the captain, interrupting the silence as he reached the break of the poop, and turned to walk forward once more.

"No, not quite, sir, I fear," returned the latter, with some hesitation, looking rather confused.

"Not ready? Captain Grummet! How is this, sir? It is four days since I told you that my wishes were to sail at once, and that you would use all possible despatch!"

"I have done so, Admiral. But you must remember that this sudden change in our destination required many alterations. We have been unceasingly busy till to-day, and so I should have continued up to this moment; but, immediately after breakfast, the master shipwright, with two of his foremen, came off from the shore, and having, unknown to me, gone round the ship with the carpenter, to examine what defects stood in need of repair, he has reported her to be altogether unfit to encounter the voyage home; and that, if not surveyed and condemned now, she will go down in the next squall."

"Sir, he is an infernal stupid old fool! and deserves to have his black hide visited with the cat!"—broke forth the Admiral in a passion;

“*Waits for him,*’ Captain Grummet?” fiercely interrupted the Admiral; “tell him no such thing; but order *him* to *wait* upon *the Admiral*.” The message was corrected according to this order, and in a few minutes the warrant officer appeared before them. He was a stout built, powerful, athletic man, who, to use his own words, stood “six feet two without his shoes.” It was easy to see, from the firm step, free and possessed manner, and the bold daring glance of his eye, which returned that of his superior without the slightest abashment, that, however he might have acquired some of the more superficial habits of a sailor, the sea was not the element on which he had

he knew by experience boded nothing pleasant.

"Tell me, sir," began the Admiral, in a menacing tone of voice, "did you permit the master shipwright to come on board to survey my ship, without reporting it to the first lieutenant?" The midshipman hesitated.—"He asked to see the carpenter, sir, and having sent for Mr. Græme, he seemed to consider it all right, and I allowed them to go below together."

"'All right,' sir? You good-for-nothing idle hound! I'll teach you to slur over your duty in this manner. Captain Grummet, send him to the foretop-mast-head for four hours," violently returned the Admiral, assuming a dignity in the latter part of his speech which he had totally violated by his language at the commencement. Without waiting for his sentence of punishment to be so courteously conveyed through a third person, the unfortunate culprit walked forward to take his uneasy and precarious seat.

"Captain Grummet, send the carpenter to me directly."

"Aye, aye, sir. Boy, tell Mr. Græme that the Admiral waits for him upon the quarter-deck."—

it was altogether above the walk of life in which he had been born. In his disposition were united all that admirable caution, wariness, and indomitable spirit of perseverance natural to our northern neighbours, with the fearlessness and fiery daring which make seven millions of Irish the dread and—as they would say—the curse of all English ministers. From all these circumstances the reader will readily comprehend that Græme was a dangerous character. He had long nursed the black spot within his breast, and many a bitter indignity did discipline heap upon it, as fuel to fire. Caution led him so far to temper his passions, that after his first bitter ebullitions

trade he had adopted soon rendered him a thriving man. A long life of utility and happiness appeared before him, until, in an evil hour, it pleased certain of his Majesty's officers to attack, overpower, and impress him into his Majesty's service. They knew he left behind him a cherished partner and two young infants, dependent on his labours for support ; but he was doomed never more to see them. His conquerors' hearts were steeled, more adamant than their gyves, and within twenty-four hours after his capture, the ship was bearing him away to cross the vast Atlantic. From that hour I need not surely describe his character:—a captive against his will, determined to be free, on the first opportunity that offered an escape, and the retaliation of his wrongs. Dreadful in its consequences was that retaliation doomed to be, as the reader will shortly learn. Through that one inhuman act, though sanctioned by the law of the land, how much of misery was caused,—of blood was shed,—and crime committed !

In Græme's education there had been an error,—if an error it may be called, though I can scarcely admit it,—common among the Scotch ;—

seamen, whom he met as coming from the Cove of Cork, declared there was no such a resident there. At last he learned from a soldier, who had embarked there, that shortly after his impressment, all her kith and kin being dead, including his parents, she had left the place in the greatest poverty and distress, to go no one knew whither. Many a furrow did this heart-rending intelligence plough in his forehead, many a year of his life did it seem likely to eat away; but he checked the struggling gasp, when his informant added, "though her whisht beautiful little face was still the remark of her neighbours, there wasn't an honest girl or a kinder heart in the

"It was I who sent for you, sir," interrupted the Admiral. "Did you show the native master shipwright round my ship?"

"Why he told me, sir, that he had been sent off on duty to ascertain our defects.—"

"Answer me, sir, directly in a straight-forward manner, and don't stand there prevaricating, like a cursed cunning knave as you are. Did you do it?"

"Under an impression that it was my duty," firmly returned Græme, while an angry flush passed over his countenance at the wanton insult, "I did show the master shipwright round the decks; but Admiral no motive of knavery was connected

tions of those whom my heart loves dearer than itself! 'too good!'—I will become a very fiend incarnate."

I have dwelt somewhat minutely, perhaps, on this character, for he will shortly act a prominent part. Poor man! A tear drops upon my pen when I reflect that I am not drawing upon imagination for his sorrows; for Truth has ineffaceably stamped and recorded them as her own.

At last, then, he had attained that rank to which he had long aspired; he had become a warrant officer, and this would insure him a half-pay to succour his distressed partner, if he should be fortunate enough to find her, and leave her a pension if ever she became a widow.

Shortly after this period he was appointed to the Admiral's ship, and she,—oh, happy climax!—was now suddenly ordered home. Joy well nigh bewildered him, and imagination filled up a prospect in futurity bright as aught that earth can boast.

We now return to the scene from which this explanation has necessarily led us, gentle Reader.

"I believe you sent for me, sir?" he inquired, looking towards the captain.

seemed to gloat upon the hard-wrung hands and stricken countenance of his victim. Græme slowly gazed around him, as if gathering a proper comprehension of his situation,—he looked up, and his eyes, though bloodshot, were dry; his glance then fell on the poop, and beheld the young officer (with the introduction of whom this chapter opened) sitting with his legs in irons and his countenance indicating all the compassion which he felt for the bereaved husband and parent.

“Poor fellow-sufferer!” said the carpenter to himself. “It is but too true, we are altogether within their grasp, there is no alternative but submission.” Then turning to the Admiral in a

soon kill. I have long marked you for an insolent scoundrel, and I'll teach you to rely less on your own cunning and more on your obedience. Captain Grummet, send instantly for your clerk, let him disrate this Græme from his warrant, and put him among the carpenter's crew. Let it be done, I say, at once."

I was a mute spectator of the scene ; I cannot banish from remembrance the phrensied look of the unfortunate man as this arbitrary sentence fell on his ear. Scarcely did he seem to comprehend that in this one stroke the hopes and toils of years had been rendered vain and futile,—scattered to the winds. A visible tremor crept over his frame, the colour sank from his hueless cheek, the eye quivered, and his lips seemed involuntarily to open with intense and unutterable agony. Even the stern old Admiral seemed struck

yet ringing in the ears of all around, the Admiral turned haughtily from the suppliant, to whom, as well as the captain, he motioned to follow him, and descended hastily to the main deck, with a countenance that expressed the storm to be only as yet half over-past.

"He says truly," murmured Græme, as the tyrant strode away, leaving him in the same kneeling position, unconscious of all around save his own woe;—"he says truly. What are my famishing wife and children to him,—to me alone they constitute existence! and oh! great God! what now am I?" Convulsive throes shook his
rude but powerful and well made form, memory

him. "As you hope to be saved from eternal perdition hereafter, do not carry it into execution. I have done wrong you say! I will not doubt your word, but do consider, sir, that it was without intent, and punish me personally as you will,—I shall not flinch, however severely it be done,—the lash,—aye, even the pain and disgrace of that, my back shall bear, and thankfully, so you forego your present intent; the first will hurt the offender, but the last, the last, oh! Heaven, will starve my helpless wife—my innocent children."


"Ha!" returned the Admiral, with a sardonic curl of the lip that might better have become a demon than a man, "have I at last found out the way to crush your insolence? Egad then, it shall be done; there are enough, and to spare, of your mutinous kin aboard this ship,—you shall serve as an example to them. As to the cat, the lash as you call it,—take care it does not visit your back yet, as well as your being disgraced now. You might have known, before you dared my punishment, that I never yet recall my word. Your wife and children!! what are they to me?" While the contemptuous and loud tone of voice in which these inhuman words were uttered was

CHAPTER II.

Auld fules aye gang their wilfu' gate,
The young are no that carefu';
Tho' these will tak advice when late,
A greybeard fule is fearfu'.

OLD SONG.

SUBDUING his emotions, as best he might, he descended to the main-deck and found the Ad-



say.—Dis ship thirty year old—been in big battles—big wind—on big rock—no dock for ten year ! Massa Amiral, suppose you knock a caulky iron on her ben, it go into head ! rotten, rotten !—No say your ship no good ship, berry good ship ten year go, not now ; suppose you go to sea in dis ship, it be de bottom de sea, not de top.—Eh, Jabbersagee ?” Jabbersagee bowed.

“ Curse your black hides, you impertinent scoundrels, you jumbling set of beggars ;” then turning to his captain, “ Is not an admiral who’s had a ship under his command for many years to know whether she’s trustworthy or not ? I tell you, I don’t care a straw for these fellows’ paltry fears and opinions, this ship has carried me through thick and thin, and I’ll take her home in spite of you all—a pack of swindling shipwrights ;—not a penny shall they make by breaking up the old ——’s timbers : I’ll take her into port in England, and if all other ways fail, by G—d, she shall sail without her bottom.”

“ Ah Massa Amiral, all bery well now, you get in fine passion at poor Jumsagee, but when the big wind come he berry good man, so Bobsagee and Jabbersagee ! Suppose you *will* sail at de

bottom, there one bery fine amiral gone—but den, fine amirals plenty over sea, what place you call Inglan, and de good ship crew!—neber mind dem, dey go for de glory,—Eh, Bobsagee?” But before Bobsagee could give the accustomed and looked-for affirmation to the last little pleasantry of his leader, the admiral had sprung forward and seizing Jumsagee in one hand round the neck, and Bobsagee in the other, he knocked their thick heads together, applying to their entertainment first one foot and then the other, in a manner quite the reverse of *a priori*.

“Get out of my ship this instant, you infernally insolent blackguards,” he exclaimed, as articulately as his ill-timed rage allowed, “and so far from taking your advice, I’ll tell you this, I’ll sail in this ship the day after to-morrow, and by G—d, *if she goes to hell, I’ll go in her.*”*

“Eh, Massa Amiral,” returned Jumsagee, determined not to be browbeat, “you say bery true, you say bery well now, me tink you *bery* fit man to go *dere*, me know no better,—Eh, Jabber-sagee?”

* Berry, Jumsagee,” returned the last, who being

* Such were the words actually used! ?

at liberty, and indignant at the usage of his calling, managed to understand that he was required to support his friend's opinion, for which he received a few kicks, and the trio were bundled out of the ship by the master-at-arms.

In the meanwhile the crew had not been unheeding or unconcerned spectators of the scene, for they knew that the shipwrights had more justice on their side than the old admiral chose to admit. They had long considered their ship utterly unsafe—as Jumsagee had said—to encounter even the perils of the station, and with him they considered the attempt to make the homeward passage in her, not only mad, but criminal, and looked with no good-will on the wanton risk of nearly one thousand lives, to gratify a mere whim—of carrying to the dock-yards of his country,—the remains of an old and worn out ship, which had already served her unusually long—thirty years. To these hostile feelings then a considerable addition was made, when the admiral, turning round to the captain, said, sharply, “ Captain Grummet, get ready with all speed, the day after to-morrow we sail.”

“ But Admiral,—we shall want to take in water to a considerable extent ; since what remains on

board has been so long in cask it will be unfit to drink."

"Take in water, sir! Pooh, nonsense. I cannot stay for anything of the sort: I wish to be off at once, or these humbugs ashore will be condemning my ship whether I like it or not. Water her to the usual extent, and then we must rough it out as we have done before—the day after to-morrow you must—you shall be ready."

"No water inside and too much out," muttered an old seaman as his flag-officer strode hastily back to the quarter-deck. "Old story in his Majesty's service, monkey's allowance, more kicks than coppers. It's much to me if-so-be we ever set eyes on old England again at this rate. 'If the ship goes to hell, he will go in her?'—that's fine talking truly for an admiral in a battered old bulk like this, to go nigh fifteen thousand miles, with nine hundred hands aboard;" and verily it was an awful blasphemy! and before half an hour had elapsed there was not a tongue in the ship but had commented upon it; to what effect the reader will see.

CHAPTER III.

"I have not quailed to danger's brow
When high and happy—need I now?"

THE GIAOUR.

"WHERE is he, sir, at present," said the Admiral to Captain Grummet, as they once more reached the quarter-deck.

"On the poop, sir," replied the latter, leading the way, while the other slowly ascended behind them. They paused before a low miserable hutch on the larboard side of the deck. It was composed of the broken booms of two oars, firmly lashed to the hammock-nettings, over which was thrown a coarse tarpaulin, or black-painted piece of canvass; this falling to the ground on either side served at once for the roof and gables, the bulwark forming the back, and the front being left open that all the passers-

by might behold the degradation to which the unfortunate officer within was subjected.

"Mr. . . .," said the Captain, in a loud tone of voice, as he halted in company with his chief before the shed. No answer was returned—"Prisoner," said the Admiral in a stern harsh tone, peculiarly his own, "rise, sir, and come here, I wish to speak to you." A movement was now heard within—a clanking of iron, when a figure, which had previously been lying on the bare deck, with its head on a shot-case, began slowly to arise. Having first gained the sitting posture, the prisoner eyed his visitors, and then with considerable effort essayed to stand upright. The last was no easy matter, considering that he wore a pair of iron anklets, to which a heavy bar of the same metal, ten feet in length, was attached; a personal distinction, then in high fashion among naval martinets. Seeing the prisoner was much encumbered with these kind and honourable distinctions, the captain put forth his hand to help him up, but the other shrank away from the proffered assistance with as much abhorrent disgust as a sensitive man from the touch of a reptile. Having gained his feet, he glanced scornfully first

at the Admiral, then at his executive officer, and preserving his silence, half-turned his back towards them. In height the prisoner was as near as might be five feet ten inches, rather more than less. His chest was full and expansive, his other limbs bony and muscular, but rather slight than otherwise, yet conveying an idea of great agility and considerable strength. His dress consisted of a single breasted jacket of blue cloth, bearing the marks of much and long service, from which one moiety of the brass naval buttons had gradually departed, while their loss had been made up by sundry additions in the shape of particles of pitch, tar and adipose substance which had joined company with its texture. The patch on the collar no longer white, but drab, was in some places tinted with a rich dark sienna; caused by the overflowing of that sanguineous fluid, which both our enemies and surgeons combine to let loose. It had fallen from a severe wound on the left temple, over which a canvass bandage was now placed, some still more recent marks of its course being discernible on the face, as well as doubtful vest that covered the breast of the sufferer. The same thing was visible on the lower habili-

the heat so overpowering in his cabin immediately beneath, that he had the poop-deck, on which the prisoner was placed, regularly flooded with water, twice a-day, to keep it cool.

"Mr. . . .," commenced the Admiral, "It is now three weeks since your mutinous conduct obliged me to put you in irons. I have been daily expecting the arrival of a sufficient number of ships to afford you the satisfaction of a court-martial. As, however, I have been disappointed by their absence, I now offer you the alternative of going home in this ship, for your trial, or being landed here with your baggage, and having your name marked on the ship's books as having 'run.'"

and affirm that these relations of naval tyranny are overdrawn: I deem it as well to remark here that a similar instance of barbarity occurred in the year of Grace and redemption 1831. The whole description of the tarpaulin hutch, &c. being given in the report of the Court Martial held at Portsmouth on the occasion. I leave it to the reader to reflect that if such atrocities are practised in the present day, how infinitely worse the state of the service must have been thirty years since, when we had not hit upon the happy expedient of writing naval novels to hold out as *terrorem*, and make these little gentry shake in their shoes. To return—I have, unfortunately forgotten, the name of the young officer who was the victim of this infamous oppression. I feel almost certain that it was "Hobhouse," or some name very similar. He was, subsequent to his acquittal, serving, I think, in the *Britannia*, off Lisbon.

have no thanks to offer. The alternative of my quitting the ship at this port, as your moderation proposes, will not at present suit my views. I much prefer returning to England, when, however *you* may act towards *me*, it is my intention, as well to yourself, as to one or two other officers on board," (looking at the captain,) "in your own words, to 'afford the satisfaction of a court martial.'" The livid hue of rage that overspread the Admiral's countenance at this speech, showed how deeply he was stung. His first impulse was to pour forth his usual volley of oaths; his next to curb his passion, and reply with all the authority he could assume.

"A court martial, sir, on me? Silly boy! you dream! whatever may be the offences of which your fevered brain imagines me to be guilty towards you, remember that you have

A TALE OF THE WAR.

been carried into execution against you. I
 your mother, and was once esteemed as her
 friend: by that friendship, then, I am moved to
 offer you this escape from death—be advised—
 accept it——”

“Accept it, sir?” Never—of death you know I
 have no fear—I struck my superior officer, you say.
 I acknowledge it—but remember, it was not until
 he had dared to inflict on me the disgrace of a
 blow, in open defiance of the laws of which you
 speak, to gratify his own contemptible malice.—I
 knocked him down, sir—and so would I act again,
 were my aggressor the emperor of all the earth, and
 instant death the penalty. You ask me for what
 offence I intend to try you and another officer.—
 Go consult your note-book on the second of last
 month—recall your actions for that day: and then
 your conscience ‘roid of offence,’ may serve to
 guide your doubts.”

• This merely alludes to a still more execrable piece of tyranny
 which I shall refrain from mentioning, (not wishing to expose
 my profession!) It shall be left to the reader’s fancy, who can
 surely imagine any thing much worse than the crimes for which
 a certain captain had his sword broken over his head at Porta-
 mouth some eight years since. The blackest part of the charge
 was not made out clear in law—I believe—in justice only,—and so
 for the sake of the cloth the gallant officer was not “scrapped”
 to “Dumnie Dunnaker” euphoniously expressed it.

"Admiral ——," returned the prisoner, turning full towards the person he addressed, and speaking in a calm and dignified, though supercilious tone of voice, "for your kind proposition I have no thanks to offer. The alternative of my quitting the ship at this port, as your moderation proposes, will not at present suit my views. I much prefer returning to England, when, however *you* may act towards *me*, it is my intention, as well to yourself, as to one or two other officers on board," (looking at the captain,) "in your own words, to 'afford the satisfaction of a court martial.'" The livid hue of rage that overspread the Admiral's countenance at this speech, showed

Within a few minutes after the captain and his superior had quitted the deck, three marines under arms, together with the serjeant, removed the prisoner to between two of the guns, on the lower deck. On his arrival here, he desired that the surgeon might be sent to dress his wounds, which had been received after his striking the lieutenant, in a scuffle with that officer. To the prisoner's demand the sentinel replied, saying, "his orders forbade the approach of any one save the captain." And to this treatment, however inhuman, we must for the present leave him.

The next personage for introduction to the reader, is a lovely, but ill-starred female, to whose fate and beauty I cannot do less than offer a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

"She was as beautiful as she was unfortunate, and brave as her trials were fearful."

LETTERS OF SIR W. DOWLASS.

THE Admiral's blasphemous speech, together with his treatment of Messrs. Jumsagee, Bobsagee, and Jabbersagee, as well as their opinion of his ship, were very speedily noised through the good city of Bombay: for in all Indian places of location for our countrymen, from a few poor subalterns' bungalows to the largest city in that immense empire, scandal flies with a swiftness unknown to all save "military men" and military females; whose heads are too empty or too thick to devise any ~~more important suggestion.~~ The women may be

received various exaggerations, until at last the handsome wife of Colonel B. was heard to exclaim to the general's aide-de-camp, the good-looking captain S., "my dearest captain, have you heard the news? Admiral ——— is going to sea in that rotten old ship of his, on purpose to drown himself and crew. Don't you guess what it's for—the governor-general.

A mixture of truth and fiction in this report, gave it additional circulation; for the fact of the governor-general and the Admiral being at sea was known to every one; and in his ship families were about to embark for England, which was General ———. This officer, returning home in consequence of some disturbance among the military and civil authorities; in which he had been countenanced and aided by the Admiral, who now gave him passage in his ship. On his arrival in England an event of great moment was expected to take place; he was also to be accompanied by his

by far the most interesting of all who were returning to their native shores, was the young and beautiful Mrs. Somers. At the tender

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age of eighteen she had arrived in India, consigned to the care of an uncle and aunt. I need not say that she was poor, but what is far more rare, indifferent to wealth. Many "splendid matches" were shown at her disposal, but her heart accompanied her hand, and both were given to a gallant and amiable subaltern—Lieutenant Somers; the eldest of a good family, whose means were hardly sufficient for their support.

However they had enough of philosophy to know that on earth man can be no more than happy—and seldom so far favoured,—and they therefore resolved to seize the fleeting portion of that—oh!

and flitting of human life, not within their

yourself easy, my dear madam—and any service I can render to you on the passage, will give me pleasure, madam—pleasure—” saying which, the Admiral rose, gave her his hand, and, as the shortest method of getting quit of the subject, wished his fair visiter good morning.

And here, perhaps, the reader will perceive what was actually the case, that Mrs. Somers was as much enlightened by her visit to the Admiral, as if it had never taken place. The result was a determination to go: so soon may soothing accents work upon a female ear—more especially when they proceed from a quarter where surliness only is expected—the ‘dear madam,’ the friendly shake of the hand, and the expressed wish to be of service to her on the passage, went further than the soundest arguments.

It was, in sooth, a great relenting in the veteran; for civility was a vice to which he was not ordinarily addicted. Yet, who that lays the slightest claim to humanity, can boast a heart which beauty may not move,—or what affects us more—young beauty rendered still more interesting by sorrow?

the gossip telegraphing about from one old woman to another in an Indian garrison city. You inform me"—and here he softened down rather—"of the peculiar circumstances under which you are returning to England;—why you see I also have a family, and tho' our run in life's log is not equally scored, you must give me credit for more feeling for them, than needlessly to risk myself in this fashion. However, madam, the long and short end of it is this—I can't keep such a look out ahead as to say what weather's going to blow in a six months' passage, and so the surest way is, if you do think there is too much danger, to wait over till another opportunity offers."

It was night—the last night which was to be spent by the ship's officers at Bombay. Many of them were joyously carousing on shore, giving the oft-repeated shake of the hand in token of farewell, and pledging the purple cup with those, whom they were, perhaps, destined never to behold again. Others were yet at the billiard-table; while some, in the words of Gray, were bidding an affectionate adieu to “their dusky loves.”

Boat after boat, arrived alongside, and the speculative and attentive observer might have witnessed every form and grade in the effect of potations on the human system.—The mad—noist—quarrelsome—bilarious—contemplative—

teemed forth with life : the distant murmur of the reviving multitude awoke upon the ear, till shooting from the shadows of the shore, were seen the turbanned crews of many a light caique.

A shrill pipe, re-echoed from many parts of the seventy-four, was now heard—it was succeeded by the deep call of several powerful voices, and in a few minutes the before silent mass woke into existence and action. These sounds had barely time to float along the glittering tides, and reach the little brig to leeward, when they seemed to revive once more, and then flit silently away into the bosom of space, like those sweet chimes the

length beginning to be opened, and in a few years it will exist but in remembrance; and that such things bring their own punishment, my story but too lamentably proves; to which, indeed, it is high time that I return.

The last studding-sail had been swiftly hoisted to its giddy elevation, the last "pull" at the back-stays duly taken, before the watch was called, which gave to such of the ship's company and officers whose turn it was to stay below, the license so to do, or, providing they had no duty, the call of the watch allowed them to loiter on the deck and view the departing land.

beneath the wave, it wholly disappeared. While some of the officers were looking towards the spot, a white volume of smoke was seen to arise, succeeded after an interval by the roar of cannon: this continued for some time; until the signal midshipman, being sent to the mast-head, discovered sufficient to warrant the conclusion that these guns were only intended to enforce a signal of recall, which the distance did not allow to be clearly perceived*. However this might be, it seems that Nelson, at Copenhagen, established an axiom through all future times, that no officer should see or comprehend a signal of which he did not approve. Consequently, in the present instance, not the slightest notice was taken of the affair.

* This, my dear Sir ———, you will recollect was the fact — being indeed the recall of General ——— by the civil government. You will also remember a certain poor wight who had missed his passage by his tardiness, and who while deeply deploring his fate, anxiously watched if the signal would be obeyed. You were then posted in the R—— frigate lying at Bombay, and were kind enough to afford to the straggler a passage. How little could we then foresee that he—alias I myself—would by that misfortune, have been saved from an untimely visit to Davy Jones: and reserved for the pleasure of dedicating my scribblings to you. "Ah! those were queer times," as His present M——y said to me in reference to the days when you served together.

Soon the light airs which yet fluttered around the noble vessel, gradually forsook the lower sails, too heavy to be moved by their gentle influence, and confined their action to the light canvass spread aloft, and even there its force was insufficient to keep them from flapping idly on the masts. It was now that the little brig taking advantage of the light gale, so much more adapted to her size, amused herself by what is technically termed, sailing round the huge but nearly motionless hull of her consort.

With the approach of night the breeze freshened once more, when gradually the last petticoat

erished below the hatchway, leaving with it the

CHAPTER V.

"You know what you would feel, to see the much-loved wife of your bosom, and your helpless prattling little ones, turned out into the world, degraded and disgraced from a situation in which they had been respectable and respected, and left almost without the necessary support of a miserable existence—Ah! or, must I think that such soon will be my lot?"

BURNS' LETTER.

WITHIN there! Mr. Graeme, may a body get in to ye at present now?"

"Come in, come in, whoever you are," answered a low husky voice, in which deep grief seemed to contend with those manly feelings of a noble heart, that forbid our sacred sorrows to be wantonly revealed. The applicant, on receiving this invitation, gradually slid back the cabin door at which he had been tapping, and stooping under the hammock swinging at the doorway, entered.

"Ah, is it you, Grooves? Shut the door, will you, old boy, and take a seat?" The new comer having performed his host's request, both remained silent.

The cabin was of a diminutive size considering the uses of feeding and sleeping to which it was

applied. Opposite to the entrance, and built up against the ship's side, was a bed-place—the materials were coarse, and the fashion plain, but every thing was scrupulously neat and clean. The tenant was sitting on a stool at the foot of the bed, his elbow resting on the table supported his head, while the large bony hand extended over a broad open forehead, concealed the emotions of his mind, and gave shelter to his eyes. Not that the last was particularly needed, since the only light which illuminated this den of desolation, proceeded from a small bottle, that by the insertion of two tin tubes had been converted into a lamp, the whole resting on a somewhat

be as a man's larnt to read," remarked Grooves with a curious sound partly between a snuffle and a grunt.

"Yes, my boy, yes, that book supplies what no other book can, and, if read properly, teaches better than all the articles of war how to do your duty and obey your superiors."

"Aye, sir, aye, it doth surelye."

"Yes, my boy, and what is better still, we learn from this, that however it may blow here below, we've smooth water and a best bower to ride by at last; and then, though we do miss on earth the little darlings of life,"—here his voice

"Avast there, sir! stopper now, Master Græme, I don't think I've deserved to have that said—I whom you've served so often aboard o' this galley-ship.—Holy man knows if there's e'er a thing I could do, to bring turn for turn"—

"I know it, Grooves, I know it, 'twas but from grief I said any thing that seemed like to the contrary, but 'tis hard to hear! It is, Grooves, it is,"—and the carpenter hid his face between his hard worn hands—a pause succeeded—it would have been difficult to say who was suffering the most, the actual mourner or he whose sorrow owed its rise to sympathy.

"Howsomever, Master Græme, you knows it's wrong to indulge in these here things"—roughly scrubbing the corner of his eye with the callous end of his fore-finger—"you knows, sir, when I was down in the report*, you said as how hope and"—

"Hope, Grooves, yes, but hope can never unclosethe grave, and surely Mary with her little dears there," pointing to the picture, "must be gone to her last resting-place, or nigh three years would'nt have past without a word or a line—and then, Grooves, to think what misery they

* The report is a list of those men for whom some round dozens of the cat-o'-nine tails are designed.

must have suffered, that young creature left to struggle with a world that—oh Heaven, do I live to say it?—that has baffled me—I who can strive and toil for my bread, can buffet the many strokes of cruel chance—I who have before me such a reason to lead me on—the comfort of those I love, and such a prize to win—as meeting my own Mary! Oh! Grooves, to think that all this has been in vain—that every thing has thus been undone in an hour; the work of years—suffering—hopes—tears—all gone—destroyed! Good God support me.—Grooves, my old boy, I do —*I think* I do—wish my fears may be true, for if Mary is alive, how bitter this last mishap will come!—

up's over what I used to have, why it'll
for him, and no worse for me: and see-
s often lent a shipmate a helping hand
why, after all, it's only what's round
; and so you see, Master Grame, I
d alongside here, to see if ye would so
d fellow another bit of a kindness—
long and the short of it."

enter raised his head, his eyes were
countenance plainly indicated how
fier had affected him. "Bill, my old
length said, as the power of utterance
I didn't think throughout this ship,
ffered so much, that my eyes would
water for one kind deed; but I judged
ardly! A sailor's heart, I see, when
ot turned it to flint, knows generosity

be supposed to inspire. "May you never know want in this world, Bill, and as little of sorrow as may be—you deserve it all! But I cannot take your offer—Heaven sent the berth to reward your good old heart—it is not for me to take away your earnings."

"But, Master Græme," returned the other, looking into his hat, now placed on his knees, as if he expected that the forefinger, so busily scratching the straw crown, was to turn up some heap of treasure—and this to hide the weakness so visible in his rugged lineaments—"think of your Mary!"

"Yes, Bill, but—"

get a quid in his box that came out o'Grime's—Yes, you will take it, I know you will, for the little 'uns at the Cove, and better luck still will come round." As the honest old tar said this, he hastily rose, and applying the sleeve of his coat to his face once more, drew back the door, and was about to escape, when his pericranium came in contact with that of some person about to enter.

Drawing it hurriedly back, and pettishly regarding the object of the encounter, he exclaimed—

"Shiver my timbers, Serjeant, one would think your knowledge-box sarved for your ball cartridge, it's almost as hard as somebody's heart that I know."

"Hard," returned the serjeant, rubbing the part affected rather angrily, "my head may be hard enough for the matter o' that; but it waz'nt meant to stand a skirmmage with such a two-and-thirty as you've got there shipped on your shoulders. It's one bell, Sir—time to douse the glim."

"Aye, aye, Serjeant," returned Grime, and taking from a corner a square case-bottle, he filled a small tin cup and handed it to the living extinguisher. "There Serjeant, that'll help you to see all the lights out, mine first. Here Grooves,

once my old mate, and now my master, don't be off yet, without splicing the main brace."

"No, Master Græme——"

"Nay, never say no," and the carpenter detained his arm. Grooves turned his head round, the rum was on the table,—he paused a moment; rubbed his hairy cheek, then flung aside his hat and resumed his seat. It was too much for him! What sailor with rum in the distance, was ever known to proceed *passibus æquis*? or what tar to refuse a glass of grog?

This was no sooner accomplished than the door was carefully closed, the slides of the windows, or air-holes, secretly drawn up, and the question

“ Well, well, Grooves, we must grin and bear it, as we have before. And when do you mean to come into your cabin?” looking round the berth which he had tenanted, with the regret of one who leaves in adversity, some spot that had witnessed his happier hours.

“ Why, Master Græme, the first lieutenant sent me here for that purpose jist now: only I couldn't have the heart to say so; but if-so-be you'll accept of it, why ye see, you can sleep here at night and mess with me, and so——” Here the ship suddenly heeled over, as if under the pressure of a heavy gust of wind. A shrill pipe was then heard, followed by the heaving and rolling of the

and down such passengers as were sufficiently well to enjoy the exercise ; among the rest, Mrs. Somers, who was leaning on the arm of a friend. Before the captain were grouped the men ; to the right, leaning on the ridge rope of the guns with his arms crossed on his breast, stood the dejected and disrated carpenter.

“Where is Græme of the carpenter’s crew?” suddenly demanded the captain, in a tone of voice that caused Mrs. Somers to turn round in a startled manner.

The carpenter stepped forward, and uncovering his head, answered in a voice of considerable emotion—“Here I am, Sir.” As the captain

Græme, landsman, now serving on board his Majesty's ship — under your command.

"It has been forwarded to this office by the under secretary of state for the home department; who received it from Mary Græme, to be transmitted to her husband, subsequent to her condemnation, and prior to her execution for theft; she having suffered the extreme penalty of the law for this offence on the — ultimo."

A scream from Mrs. Somers here interrupted any further perusal, and on the captain's looking up, he beheld stretched at his feet the figure of the bereaved husband. From the first word of the letter he had listened with the most intense anxiety, which had rapidly changed to suspicion — alarm — agony, and then a maddened unconscious gaze of bewilderment; but when the final and irrevocable sentence was heard, amid the breathless silence of the crew, over-stretched nature could support no more: the distended eye—the set teeth—the hand that idly clutched at the empty air, relaxed—no sound was uttered,—no tear was seen to fall, but consciousness and reason appeared to desert their empire, and the deck received a form not less insensate than itself. All colour, save the sallow tints of

the grave, had flown from his gaunt swarthy cheek, and several of his shipmates now kindly endeavoured to lift up the stiffened body.

Convulsions followed,—the sufferer was carried below—and revived to feel yet more acutely those throes which during lifetime surpass the pangs of death. With the utmost eagerness he demanded the letter—the last relic he was ever to behold on earth of the beloved wife of his bosom: she on whom his dearest affections had rested in the waste of the world's waters, like the olive branch of the bird of peace; she whose memory had stood the barrier to his fierce and angry emotions; she who in thought had stemmed his soul, when scorn and oppression had roused it up to fury—she was gone! The last link between himself and humanity; between the noontide of his days and his young morn of life—all was past—severed—but a name—and that name was—infamy and disgrace!!—Never was revolution in the nature of a man more complete, more instantaneous, or more deeply fraught with ruin to all around.

When the captain read the letter, he had suppressed a passage to this effect: “And I have it further in command from my Lords Commissioners, to desire that you will take every means

This letter bore a date nearly two years prior to the moment of delivery. ~~Admiral~~ ~~was~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~chances~~ of war,—it had, owing to ~~German~~ ~~circumstances~~ change of ships, returned once to England, and been sent out again. The surgeon having seen that his patient was restored to animation, quitted him to pursue his other duties.

Few, indeed, are the hearts which can so sympathize with the wretched. Grief is so much the natural inheritance of us all, that some need not learn. Under this,—the heaviest blow that fate could have inflicted,—none came near the sufferer save the messenger sent by Mrs. Somers with some words and the offers of any service which she could render him, and such of the crew as had experienced his kindness; since throughout the ship's company, he was esteemed as one of superior mould. The first-

of his lamp endeavoured to read the last lines which his cherished and injured wife had written.

His voice—if voice it might be called, where the sob of agony and the quick breathing of rage and despair were alone mingled—was scarcely audible, as he ran over the following :

“ Newgate, — — —

“ MY DEAREST HUSBAND,

“ ALTHOUGH the many letters I have written to you haven't come to hand, I write once more to tell you of the distress your being stolen away has brought upon us. 'Twasn't known a week that you were pressed, before William Byer swore a debt against you, seized our bit of things, and turned me and the dear creatures into the streets.

“ Well, Charles, Mr. Flannaghan helped us out, and I came over to London, thinking maybe to find you in the Tender, as some of the neighbours at the Cove told me ; but when I came here, you weren't known at all ; and before Mr. Flannaghan could help us again, we were all starving. Dear husband, how shall I tell it you—you know the dear girl of your heart was honest—you do—you know Charley, I wouldn't

have gone to touch what was none of mine, for worlds—but how could I see the little dears perish for the want of a cold potato and a drop of milk, let alone your own Mary, who hadn't tasted a meal for two days, with little Judy at her breast? How could I, when the dears were *your* children, bating my own, without a rag to cover their little bodies from the skreel and the blast.—Well, it's no use grieving. I was nigh mad, and going into a shop after begging about all the day, I just lifted a bit of linen stuff and they put me in prison; and the judge is going to hang me—your own Mary; though I said to him*, 'Your Ho-

* As I before remarked, the dreadful truth of this sad story allows Fiction nothing to add. The poor criminal's case is thus mentioned in the parliamentary reports of the day:—"The woman's husband was pressed—their goods seized for some debt of his; and she with two small children turned into the streets a beggar. It is a circumstance not to be forgotten that she was very young—under nineteen,—and remarkably handsome. She went to a linen draper's shop—took some coarse linen off the counter, and slipped it under her cloak. The shopman saw her, and she hid it down:—FOR THIS SHE WAS HANGED. Her defence was"—(here follows her defence *verbatim* as in the text :) "The parish officers testified to the truth of this story. When brought to receive sentence, she behaved in such a manner as proved her mind to be in a distracted and desponding state, and the child was sucking at her breast when she set off for Tyburn gallows." Who can read this—contemplate our penal code, and not shudder?

now, I lived in credit and wanted for nothing till a press-gang came and stole my husband from me; but since then I have had no bed to lie on; nothing to give my children to eat; and they were almost naked. Perhaps your Honour,' says I, 'I may have done something wrong, for I hardly know what I did.'

" Oh, dearest Charley! it isn't the death—since I might as well be dead as have you taken away from me—but when I think of the dear creatures I must leave behind me, and see them all here look upon me as a thief, I who had always been the honest girl of your heart when we lived so happy in our dear little cabin;—but no, you won't think me so, for 'twas to cover your children, the dears, and you—oh, if I could only see you before its all over—you wouldn't let them take me from you. I can't help crying, and it blots what I write, and I kiss the paper that'll see you before your Mary, and you'll kiss it when I'm ———

" Charles, dear Charles—that word distracts me; but 'tis no use, they're waiting for me to go, and the sweet Judy's crying at my breast; but she little knows what's happening to her mother.

" If you do come back, find them out, and take them from the workhouse for the sake of her who, bating all her distress, has always been in thought and act ever your most faithful and loving wife,

" MARY GRENE.

" Good Mr. —, the minister, has been very kind to me, and has promised to see this forwarded—he has done all to comfort me, and says we shall yet meet again. May God bless you, dearest Charles!"

The above was enclosed in a letter from the chaplain of Newgate, stating that "the near approach of so dreadful a death seemed to have unsettled her reason, and she set out for Tyburn gallows with her babe at her bosom, but ultimately suffered little in the execution of the sentence!"

The injured widower had no sooner finished the perusal of these heart-rending documents, than he frantically pressed to his lips the blotted sheet, yet marked with the tears which his murdered wife had shed, when she kissed the inanimate paper because it would yet meet the lips of him she had so loved.—He lifted his eye, and

vacantly gazing, seemed to call from the faithful cell of memory, her youthful and beautiful image, and then, as the futility of remembrance, the utter nonentity of the past, and the certain misery of the future came over him, he dashed his head once more on the table, tore large handfuls of his hair away with the convulsive strength of a giant, and groaned aloud in tones that betrayed all the phrensied despair of a maniac !

“Do not speak to me, for mercy, say nothing,” he exclaimed to the attempted consolations of Grooves, “but leave me—let no shape so demoniacal as that of a human being approach me, lest I become a murderer !” Grooves was about to

CHAPTER VI.

"I heard—I saw—but no—I will not see—
If thou wilt perish I will fall with thee;
My life—my love—my hatred—all below
Are on this cast."——

last glimpse of the stranger's sails had ceased visible in contrast with the dark lowering mists; she had arrived to bring tidings of the worst woe, and sown the seed that was to bring forth terrific fruit, and this accomplished, departed once more. The wind again sprung from the heavens put on their angriest and most portentous aspect, as evening approached, and dark purple clouds were rapidly whirled along their course. On sounding the well at three P. M. the water was found to have increased, and the ship's company were once more sent to the pumps. Six o'clock arrived, and the drum's roll to quarters sounded sullenly through the armed

décks of the seventy-four, calling the men from their wretched meal on rum, bad water, and worse biscuit,—to inspect their machines for human slaughter, and see that the red Spirit of Carnage should be as little balked as possible, when the opportunity occurred to offer sacrifice at her shrine.

As the drum sent its hoarse rattling sound throughout the confined space in which it vibrated, previous to its escaping on the pathless ocean, the Admiral and the officers with whom he had been dining, came forth from the cabin. Placing his foot proudly on the quarter-deck, to hide in

rence ; when he beheld each successive wave disporting its violence on his vessel's sides, and lashing her timbers, as if merely the mark which instinct pointed out for their fury ; when moreover he reflected on the long voyage to be accomplished, and still more on the doubtful fitness of his flag-ship to encounter such a trial,—it must be confessed, though he himself would not have allowed it, that his heart sunk within him. Nor was his character such as would admit of the only two considerations that could support him truly through all these dangers ; (and indeed, any, however imminent ;) first, the calm conviction that death is the extreme boundary of human woe ; and next, that reliance on a higher Power, which contemplates in death a deliverance from the ills of life.

Raising his glance from the deep with an unconscious shudder, he turned it to windward, that point of first attraction for a seaman's eye. There nothing was to be seen, save the fancied image of the ancients,—the turbulent and imprisoned winds pouring forth from their caverned recesses, which the piles of dark and lurid clouds might be supposed to represent. Thence the eye wan-

dering along the horizon to that spot where, in the far distance, was situated the isle of their birth—the sunny west—one vivid streak of intense light was seen, abruptly tinted from the shimmering white to a pale yellow, then a dull red, then to madder-purple, and last to sombre grey, where night prepared to receive into her dusky arms, the last waning glory of the day. Towards this break—this seeming passage of light into a purer world,—the ship's head was pointed, and as she rose on the gigantic crests of each billow, her bowsprit, jib-boom and spritsail-yard, with all their delicate and nicely stretched gear, might be seen to intervene with the striking contrast of the deepest shadow opposed to the strongest light. Human life with all its ranging phases, changes not more fleetly than did these hues in the heavens, until having waned through all the successive tints enumerated, the spot where they had so glowingly coruscated was no longer distinguishable from the rest of the threatening firmament. With a sinking heart, and a feeling of coming evil unaccountable to himself, the Admiral turned toward the quarter-deck, where his eye encountered the figure of Græme emerging from the hatchway, having

on each side of him a corporal of marines with a drawn bayonet.

His dress was disordered, his face swollen, his eyes red, and an air of stupor and insensibility seemed to hang about him.

"What is the reason, Sir, that you are absent from your quarters when the drum beats?" was sharply demanded by the captain. Græme regarded his superior mutely for a few seconds, his eyes seemed to roll in their sockets, and his mouth, on which the foam of emotion was yet apparent, moved, but no answer was heard save a low inarticulate moan.

"Why, you are drunk, Sir!" returned the cap-



viating on either side to the right or left. Stepping on the plank pointed out, he commenced the ordeal with his face towards the bow, the officers looking on to detect any faltering. The first three steps were firm and bold, the fourth discovered some unsteadiness, he tottered on one side, then with a sudden exertion recovered himself, and again proceeded—once more he wavered, and stretching out his left arm, had nearly recovered his balance, when the ship gave a sudden lee-lurch, his sight failed him—he missed his footing—fell on his knee, and rolled along the deck, while his forehead, coming in contact with a cannonade, bled profusely. Suddenly springing up, he glared wildly around him. A fierce unsettled meaning was apparent in his eye, it rested on the captain, banishing the latent smile of pleasure from the mouth of the latter, who hurriedly exclaimed “Corporals, your bayonets—take him below. Master at arms, put Charles Græme in the report for drunkenness.”

A look almost maniacal, gleamed on his countenance for a moment, and then self-possession seeming to return, the carpenter sullenly folded his arms on his breast, and allowed himself to be

conducted below to his late cabin; where, overwhelmed with grief, he had been lying in a state of mental torpor, and thus the beat to quarters was unheard. On his absence being discovered he was sent for—the reader knows the result. I need not explain the appearances of inebriety—so far from that, he had tasted no food since breakfast, and that which an indiscriminating tyrant had set down as the effects of drinking, was in reality the paralysing results of intense sorrow.

Scarcely conscious of what had passed, he entered the miserable den, and flinging himself on the bed, buried his face in the pillow, while despair usurped the place of reason, and dark images of revenge, bloodshed, and death, rapidly chased one another through the withered field of his imagination, like fiends issuing forth from a volcano in eruption, and disporting on the burning sea of lava at its base.

He had lain thus about half an hour, when a tap was heard at the door. No one answered—again—the same—a third—still silent—it was then pushed back by the intruder, and he entered, saying in a gruff voice, where a slight foreign

accent was perceptible, "What cheer? Um!—they've made a clear berth of it"—then as his eye wandered round, it discovered by the aid of the lamp—for here daylight never penetrated—the figure of Græme, as described. Seating himself by the bedside, the stranger took off his hat, stroked his hair once or twice, and after looking round pretty narrowly, reconnoitred the enemy's country sufficiently to forage out a glass of grog. This he drank with great gusto, eyed the spirit-bottle to see that he had left sufficient for his friend, stretched out a long and muscular pair of legs, and finally, pulling forth a tin box darkened by age, put into his mouth from thence a piece of tobacco. All this was evidently preparatory to some great undertaking,—accordingly these preliminaries being settled, the hair of his head smoothed down once more, he gave Græme a gentle shake on the shoulder, saying, "Holloa, Mr. Græme! Holloa here, shipmate! cheer up; cheer up—though ye may be off a lee-shore, there's room to work her yet."

The person addressed lifted his head, stared for a few seconds in silence, and then resumed his former position.

After a few more ineffectual attempts, the stranger succeeded in gaining Græme's attention—"Yes, my boy, take my words, I that know what I'm talking about, this ship 'll no more reach England, than you and I will be messing to-morrow at the Admiral's table!"

"No, Kavanagh," replied Græme, "no, I have my doubts; but then our woes will be ended!"

"'Ended,' Mr. Græme! and do *you* talk like that—you think what they've done for ye! They knabb'd ye, took ye away, brought ye to this—and you won't be odds and evens with them?"

"No, Kavanagh, no; I ought not. Mutiny, as concerns ourselves, may only end in our destruc-

"Yes, Mr. Grime, very true—I'm not a-going to remind ye agin your will, don't fear. Maybe I was wrong—you weren't pressed——"

"Alas, I was! and oh, Kavanagh, you—if ever you loved a girl—may fancy what it was to be torn away from her leaving two children——"

"Aye, but Mister Grime, they'll do very well ashore," said the seaman, while an expression of cunning played round his lips.

Grime started up, his frame trembled, while the haggard countenance was suddenly illumed with the dilated eye of phrensy. Placing his hand on the other's shoulder, he eagerly scanned his countenance, to see if this ignorance of his misfortunes was assumed;—but the cunning of Kavanagh had not been put on that morning for the first time; no feeling was allowed to be apparent save wondering ignorance, that invited the injured man to pour out all his sufferings into a friendly bosom.

"What! Kavanagh? 'do very well ashore!'"—She's dead—she's hung—" he at length articulated, with a suppressed scream of voice. "My wife—the wife of my youth! she whom I left honest, industrious, virtuous—faithful, loving, beautiful—

is hung!—a convicted, executed felon—my children, born in plenty—who would have been reared in comfort, and the fear of God—are orphans—work-house orphans, dependent for the dirtiest crumb of bread they eat—they were starving—they were naked, their mother gave to feed and clothe them her life—her name—her husband—her love—all—and yet they will be bred to infamy!! Read that”—giving him his wife’s letter.

Kavanagh perused it in affected wonder, though a third person might have detected a smile of dark meaning still lurking round his mouth as he said, “Well Mr. Græme, and who’s to blame?”—

“To blame?—Are you a man?—do you know what

saying which, he pressed to his lips the holy volume, which was lying near him.

This was the consummation for which Kavanagh had watched.—“Give me your hand, Mr. Græme. The serpent never dies without having a sting for it, and you, who every man in the ship knows to be one of the best hands in her, to be trampled on worse than a riptyle without turning, is too bad for here or there. You may take my word for something, there’s many an honest hand in this ship as ’ll stand by to the last. This ship ’ll never reach England, that’s plain,—she’s as leaky now as a washerwoman’s tub sun-dried, and we’ve only cleared a fortnight yet out of six months, and

"Holloa, shipmate? what ye hailing for?"

"You have my letter."

"Ah, maybe I have," he replied, hesitating. "I thought, perhaps, I might just shew it to one or two messmates for'ard, to let 'em see what his Majesty's sarvice can do on a pinch." Grime paused—"Well, maybe you wouldn't like them to know how you've been served?"

"Not like it?—then take the letter, shew it where you please, what blame shall rest on me? And say that old England confers on those who fight for her a triple favour—enslaving them—hanging their wives and beggaring their children!"—Then turning towards his cabin with the seeds which the tempter had just sown, already quickening into life, he again gave himself up to that indulgence of the soul most dangerous to all—the brooding over its afflictions.

No sooner had Kavanagh arrived on the lower deck, than he met a seaman exclaiming, "Here's a pretty kettle of fish!"

"Why, how now?"—

"How now? Why there's the skipper's just a throw'd the twenty-ninth mess-cat overboard, cause the Admiral caught it a playing with the prisoner

on deck, Mr. * * *. Who can expect good luck after that?"—

"Ah, the devil's children have their father's luck! But that be bad enough for us after all. Why don't they begin and fling us overboard next?—Fling the twenty-ninth mess-cat overboard!—By the piper that played before Moses, I'd as soon a see'd the parson driving alongside to leeward."

"For shame, my man, never speak profanely of your betters—the night's cold—it blows hard too—there's a wild sea running, I'd much rather see the cat there, indeed I would. Never murmur, my man, at the dispensation of fate; but remember—its all for the best"—and with this admonition.

foot in the bilboes 'll do; but I being six sheets in the wind, and not able to stand, must have two," interrupted a seaman, named Collins, who, as the reader will remember, brought part of his provisions to his persecuted superior, when confined on the poop, at Bombay, and who was now sitting upright against the gun-room bulk-head, with his feet chained to one end of the long iron bar, the other extremity of which was about to be graced by the said young officer himself.

"Well, Collins, for what may you be here?" inquired the officer.

"What, your honour—nothing at all, as I can see—a little in the wind or so, maybe—but, your honour, nothing more than usual: nothing more. The skipper says I'm drunk: skipper tells a fib. Who threw the cat overboard?—he'd better jump over after her. What luck ever came a ship for flinging a cat overboard? We'll see, we'll see.

"My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen no little service ;

"With a yo heave ho !"

No your honour,

'I've heard o' Billy Blue,

A sailor tight and true,

As ever knotted yarn or '—

Never fling cats overboard.—Did your honour ever hear o' Billy Blue?"

"No, Collins."

"Ah, Sir, Billy went to glory, all for flinging a cat overboard!"

"Let's hear the story, Tom, for we've time and space for it"—and here, while the sufferings and adventures of Billy Blue are rehearsed, we must beg to take the reader elsewhere.

Having obtained the letter of Mary Grame to her husband, Kavanagh, whose sole aim was to stir the men up to some open breach of discipline, proceeded to disseminate its contents round the ship duly commented and enlarged upon; bringing in the Admiral's speech to the native shipwrights, the leaky state of the ship, the threatening aspect of the weather, and finally the cruelty of throwing "the twenty-ninth mess-cat" overboard. The general reader may here be inclined to smile at such a cause of complaint—he would be still more astonished, could he actually witness the effect which such an act would have on board a ship. Sailors have two particular objects on which they seem spontaneously to bestow every kindness and affection—females, and "dumb creatures." The first may lead a seaman as they like; and the second are sure of experiencing—to the

utmost extent which man's nature permits—every protection and care—though the inhabitants of the deep meet with less of it than any other class in the creation.

Every one is aware of the great hold which superstition has over the character of the sailor; and this is one, "That nothing can be productive of greater woes than cruelty to a cat." Every preparation having been made for a stormy night, much surprise was excited by the gradual decrease of the wind, which silently died away, like a torrent when its fall of waters has been discharged. Within five hours after quarters had taken place (a little before midnight) not a breath

point from whence it came again exhibited a bright light, distinguishable through which was for a moment beheld the black speck of the brig—the ocean seemed to be on fire; the tumult increased; the long line of vivid light on the distant horizon rapidly approached with supernatural swiftness; the agitated surface of the waters lashed into fury, seemed more appropriate to Pandemonium than our globe,—the sailors looked aloft to the canvass, expecting to see the close-reefed top-sails blown out of their bolt-ropes. The Admiral, who had hastily come out from his cabin, stood on the carronade slide in speech-

a point, not a gasket betrayed the slightest motion. No breath was felt to cool the faces which the sultry air had parched, and which expectation fevered—the roll of the long seas seemed chained; the rest of the ocean appeared as a polished glass, while a quick, steady, tremulous shivering was felt throughout the ship's hull, and her crew momentarily expected the abyss to yawn and close on them for ever.

Thus, then, they remained staring with distended eyeballs on the approaching confusion of the waters, that traversed miles in seconds, and left distance far behind in its luminous career. No human voice was distinguishable; their breasts throbbled, their pulses seemed clogged with the heavy-laboured breath they drew as it came near. Some chemical decomposition of the atmosphere seemed to take place, as if those particles replete with life, which it once contained, had vanished; they inhaled the air, and yet it seemed to mock them, leaving behind the pangs of suffocation.—In an instant more, and it had overtaken them.—As far as the eye could reach, a-head or a-stern, all was one stream of fire and foam, while the same view presented itself on either side for a considerable way.—The brine boiled up around

them, mounting the gangway and splashing in the faces of those whose curiosity had led them too near. Still the air was unmoved—the sense of suffocation intense, while the ship trembled beneath their feet, as if endowed with the living and animate comprehension of her terrified crew.

Gradually the bubble, hiss, and then the roar subsided, rolling and murmuring away into the opposite direction to that from whence it had appeared. No sooner, however, was its last gleam visible in what had been the lee horizon, and the faint retiring hum no longer distinguishable, than a second glare was perceived in the

master, who also officiated as a navigation school-master to the youngsters; “forbye that thae sinfu’ men wha work the work o’Beelzebub, are but true children o’Baal, doing a’ abominations, and striping their brither-sufferers—lang has their tyranny cried out agin them, and now the Lord delivers them a’ into the net o’the fowler.—Strike and spare none o’them—they ha’ left me without kith or kin, and so will I them. My last bairn have I seen glinting down through the saut tide, to rest nae mortal kens where; and will he not avenge the fatherless?”

“Aye, M’Pherson,” interposed Kavanagh, “you’re

effects of the tyranny of the service, as exemplified in the case of Græme; all were vehemently and intemperately discussed.

These matters soon found their way to the ears of the captain, and thence to the Admiral, whose ultimate determination was to suppress, with a strong hand, the mutiny as yet in bud. For this purpose the serjeants of marines, as well as their superior officers, were summoned to his presence, and after a long exhortation to do their duty, and a warning as to the consequences of insubordination, the Admiral opened his escrutoire, and taking from thence a small canvass bag, whose chinking, as it was placed on the table, proclaimed

a word of this beyond your own men." Having then caused as many small arms to be placed in the poop cabin as could well be effected without exciting alarm, the ship's company went to breakfast.

The calm which had distinguished the preceding night had, at an early hour of the morning, resigned its dominion over the waves to the more general sway of the winds; and at nine A. M. it blew so strong, and in such gusts, that it was thought necessary to strike the top-gallant masts. The hands had scarcely been called for this purpose, when a sudden squall heeling the old ship over, rent her fore and mizen topsails, while the greater part of the one at the main was blown clean away. When the time occupied by replacing these sails, and repairing the injured gear, had elapsed, noon arrived—sunless noon, without one ray of Apollo's orb being visible to brighten the surrounding gloom, or inform them of the latitude in which they were now sailing. On the instant that the watch is called and the dinner of the crew concluded, it is customary to sweep the decks. This duty is taken in turns. On this day it fell to the lot of Collins, who had been released from

irons, and who on being summoned to discharge this office replied, "Well, your honour, sweeping decks is all very kiddy in its way, but lor, sir, where's the use of sweeping a ship that's so soon to be at the bottom?"

"Bottom! you scoundrel—do your duty, get your broom this instant."

"Why your honour, thank ye, if it's all as one to you, I'd as lief let it alone." The officer stared in surprise.


"You mutinous scoundrel, do you refuse to do it?"

"No, your honour, oh no!" shaking his head,

The midshipman had now no alternative but to transmit this act of insubordination to the captain, and thence to the Admiral. The result was, to determine the latter officer to carry into execution the punishment which the "untoward" weather of the morning had arrested.

Those who have lived long must frequently have remarked, that the tidings of joy are often delayed until too late to refresh the sufferer, while the note of forthcoming woe or sadness can find in every one a tongue to give it utterance.

The pipe "all hands" was no sooner heard along the decks, than every soul on board felt what was forthcoming. Many were the emotions to



dark water from her hold, and sent it gurgling through the lee-scuppers. This pause lasted for a minute ; the captain being then convinced that every one was present, turned to his clerk, who gave him a small paper. Looking towards two men who were under the custody of the master at arms and the marines, he pronounced the name Thomas Collins.

“ Aye, aye, Sir,” replied the seaman, without changing a muscle of his countenance, and then giving his waistband a hitch, he stepped up to the captain, took his hat off and remained stationary.

“ Strip!” was the only emphatic syllable which his superior designed to pronounce. The order

This offender being disposed of, all eyes were turned towards him who yet remained in custody.

"Charles Græme," said the captain, addressing the disrated carpenter—for it was he—in a voice that caused each hearer to start.

"Sir!" replied the man of sorrow, in tones that were scarcely audible. Those unacquainted with his character might have attributed the pallid hue on his countenance to fear, and the tottering of his steps to dismay. Alas! it was only the fine-strung sensitiveness of the bow, whose extreme tension either sends its arrow to the head, or destroys itself in the attempt.

When he had taken up his position before



"I order you, strip—strip," stamping his foot on the deck.

"For the love of mercy, for Heaven's sake, Captain Grummet," catching his superior's hand, "drive me not to madness."

"'Madness,' you beast!" snatching the hand away as if polluted. "The cat will take the madness out of you—get up, you rascal, this instant!" and he inflicted a kick on the suppliant form before him.

A gleam of rage flashed forth on Græme's features, and was as suddenly subdued. "Captain, for the love of Heaven, if——"

"Here, master-at-arms, serjeants, take this vil-

"Your wife, fellow.—What has the thievish strumpet to do with——"

"Lur, liar—it's false!" roared the outraged husband, springing with the strength of a tiger from the puny arms of those who attempted to hold him, while in further imitation of that animal, the blow of his right hand, with all the force which the volition of his huge body had given to it, came full in the captain's face. He fell senseless on the deck. In an instant thirty swords were pointed at the throat of him who, with his left foot firmly planted on his captain's breast and his right hand wielding a cutlass that he had hastily snatched from those placed round the capstan, now defied them all, and seemed to court the death that hurtled round him.

Meanwhile the crew, who had been gradually drawing near, all warmly excited by the open tyranny perpetrated on one so universally respected, no sooner beheld the first blow struck, than they rushed forward in a body with the cries of "Hurra! my hearties, down with the ——, down with them! true blue for ever!" Each man now seizing whatever weapon came to hand, it was one scene of irretrievable confusion and carnage.

The first momentary dismay at the furious attack of such a mass having in the course of a few seconds worn off, the officers, though few in number, found themselves better armed, and possessed at least of an equal chance in the fight, when the door of the poop cabin was suddenly thrown open, and the Admiral rushed out in full uniform, bearing his sword in one hand and his pistol presented in the other. In that voice of confidence and command which seemed to consider nothing as lost while one chance out of many offered for restoration, he exclaimed to the combatants, "Men! return to your duty. In the name of the King, I command you, marines, wheel to the right and charge; prepare to fire on all those who do not instantly throw down their arms and return aft to their duty.—Fire—marines, charge and fire!"

This prompt order was obeyed, and while the murderous volleys were yet ringing along the deck, the military officers, who as passengers had hitherto remained below, now gathering what arms they could, came springing up through the after hatch-way, and thus as it were turned the flank of the mutineers. So enchainning is custom;

so long will discipline retain her hold, that even after she is deprived of any physical power to enforce her commands, the empty words will be obeyed. Thus the sudden appearance of the Admiral dressed with the insignia of his rank, his intrepid bearing, looks of defiance, and prompt commands, startled the seamen more than one could have expected; and when the marines opening their fire, and aiding their discipline with that formidable weapon, the bayonet, proved to them the inequality of their combat, they hesitated—the Admiral's call to return to their duty—the appearance of the military officers at the after hatchway, and their comrades strewing the deck around them, decided the matter—those who as yet had taken no share in the transaction came aft, and the rest wisely fled to take shelter on the lower deck, until they could provide themselves with arms. After having addressed a few words to the men who remained with him, the Admiral, taking advantage of the panic, instantly led the way to the main deck, and with his own hands helped to batten the mutineers down below.

“Now then, Captain Grummet,” said he, “lose no time—spike every gun on this deck.”—

"I fear, Sir, the spikes are in the armourer's bench below."

"Well then, nails, get nails, Captain Grummet, and drive one into every touch-hole — carry off every cutlass and pistol — aye, and every tomahawk to the poop; don't leave the villains one claw to scratch with more than possible—I'll teach them what it is to mutiny, the rascals! I have them all safe under hatches.—We can't be more than three days' sail from the Isle of France; once there, and I'll string them all on a gantline, though I use a seven-inch hawser to do it."*

While thus consoling himself with hopes of vengeance and attending to every thing that

to four hundred and twenty men, marked as among the mutineers those who were absent, and then proceeded to fortify the poop-deck as a retreat. This finished, and the decks cleared of the rubbish which the fire of the marines had left upon it, the Admiral stepped into the little turret on the gang-way to scrutinize the weather. The hour was now about three, but the dark threatening sky flung so dismal a gloom over the disturbed ocean, that it might have been deemed much later.

As those eyes which long service had inured to scenes of suffering, once again contemplated the dark prospect before him, his mind involuntarily recalled the forebodings that assailed him while occupying the same spot on the preceding evening. In vain did he try to drown the whisper of impending fate: in vain did he strain that hawk's glance to pierce the dim hazy atmosphere now reddened with the coming storm, or to descry the brig, or any traces of fellow life at hand. Vainly did fancy try to cheat the sense by imagining out of airy nothingness the distant land of the Isle of France;—vainly did he say “all will be well, I will subdue it.”—No! in the lurid scene around, he beheld the ominous pall of destiny, while the bois-

of his God, and the vengeance of his fe-
tures.—Rash mortal! now that the bolt
his hand, he wished to recall it; and
late for aught save resolution, his soul
misgave him.

CHAPTER VIII.

" And she was lost, and yet I breathed,
But not the breath of human life;
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.

• • • • •

There's blood upon that dented sword,
A stain its steel can never lose."

To return to the mutineers. When they beheld how unequal was the combat, they, as the reader knows, betook themselves to the lower-deck, while Graeme, who, in the scuffle had been knocked down the after-hatchway, was pulled by some of his comrades down with them. As he was but slightly stunned and free from any wound, he soon regained full possession of his faculties. When in the first confusion and darkness of the lower-deck, the men found themselves huddled together, the natural feelings of fear and distrust began to

manifest themselves, and they were debating as to what they had better do. Some proposed a surrender,—this was scouted; others proposed inaction—this was resisted on the grounds of falling in with some other ship and being taken, when they well knew the impending fate. A third party wished to gain entire possession of the ship by opening the lower-deck ports and climbing to the main-decks; this was impracticable from the high sea now running, as well as the sure death they would meet from those on deck. At this juncture, Collins, who had just been flogged, said,

“Now hark to me, my boys, seeing ye can do nothing more ship-shape, I propose we broach the rum, get thundering groggy, blow the old barky up, and all go to Davy Jones together; in which case ye see, my boys, we’ll send that blue bearded beggar aloft, as pilot-boat, and make sail for Fiddler’s green all standing.”

This mad proposal was received with a loud huzza, and it was impossible to say how soon it might have been carried into execution, had not Græme stepped forward into the midst of them and demanded a moment’s attention. This being gained, he said :

to the innocent and contented home from which I was dragged for ever, or having it in my power to prevent the starvation of those I left behind. Look at this letter, shipmates. You saw the captain give it to me, you heard him read the news that my wife was—it almost breaks my heart to say it, though not from shame—yes, he read the news that my wife—was—hung. This letter she wrote a few minutes before she went to the gallows, with her baby at her breast; she was starving—her children starving—naked—perishing with cold and hunger; and yet they murdered her for trying to feed and clothe those babies whose father and supporter they had

which *I* have suffered ; God forbid. I only state it before you all as the facts which have led me to strike my captain ; and then, not until the lying villain threw disgrace on one who, whatever may have been her faults, was driven to commit them by the excess of those feelings which all of you, my boys, know how to prize ; those feelings which are the dearest and the best in our nature. I merely bring up these things as a defence before God and man for the steps I am obliged to take.

“ But for you, my brother seamen, you have all suffered under the same oppression. Even now, when I look around me, when I see six hundred brave fellows driven to despair and mutiny by the brutal deeds of their superiors, without any choice but death, or any help but their cutlasses, I am sure that the greater part of you have been brought to this sad pass by the same ruffianly measures as myself.—You have either been decoyed away from your friends when too young to know the hell to which you were coming ; or you have been felled and carried off like beasts to the slaughter-house ; or you have been taken out of merchant-ships, in which you were comfortable and happy, and well paid.—You were

forced to give up every happiness or advantage which you possessed, for a life of horrible servitude and hard labour, attended by treatment, worse than such as is awarded to a condemned felon.—After years of this misery, in what condition do you now find yourselves?—You have been driven into mutiny by many and unceasing outrages; if you submit, you will gain the yard-arm for what has passed; but if we fight to the last, we shall at least have the consolation of dying like seamen, and being revenged before we die.”

“Huzza—Græme for ever.—Revenge, boys, and fight it out till all’s blue!” shouted the infuriated

case; or mangled and mutilated for no advantage in the second. But supposing, more favoured, you are pardoned and suffered to escape from the navy—your pensions would doubtless be lost to you; and too old to pursue any other line of life, you are left to beg, or too proud for such a fall—to starve. Even granting that you were active and young enough to enter the merchant-service; even there your escape is only for a time. Even there you are open as ever to the press-gang, and the violence of what your self-styled superiors call the laws—as if men were not sufficiently cursed and open to crime, that such laws should be made to people hell with our souls. Ask them the reason—their answer alone will convince you of the desperate pass to which you are reduced. The answer of your tyrants to such a question will be,—‘Impressment is necessary to man the navy’; and why?—Because men in the navy are treated as slaves; nay, even worse. Worms of the earth are not so trampled on as seamen; and the officers one degree above us. This, my lads—this is the reason why impressment is necessary. Who of his own free will ever entered on board a slave-galley, enchained himself for five or ten years to

an oar, and gave up the freedom which God had given to him at his birth, to suffer lashes, and imprisonment, and hardship, and abuse. They may find fools to fall into such a trap; but before they can get men in their right senses, they know very well they must arm a gang of ruffians; put a demon at their head as an officer, and give them a warrant of authority written in blood and tears, to sally forth like ravening wolves at night, tearing fathers from their families, husbands from their wives, children from their aged parents, and brothers from their unprotected sisters, making revengeful monsters of the men whose rights they have thus invaded, and leaving behind them orphans, widows, cripples, and prostitutes, to spread through their country just feelings of anger against a tyrannical government, and burden with poor-house rates those who already complain of being over-taxed. Is it, my brother seamen, to such laws as these we are called on to submit without complaint, while our dearest privileges are outraged, our freedom violated, and our lives sacrificed? Who is there among you, who, having suffered from this villany in person, can look forward to returning to his ravaged home, without

finding that the distress caused by his absence has worked everlasting shame for him in the person of some loved relative?—This is no case and have I deserved it more than any of the brave fellows around me? And for what purpose is all this crime and evil? Solely for the support of a crime and evil but one degree less than itself. The press-gang is to support the brutal tyranny of the navy; and this tyranny they will tell you is necessary to keep in check the men supplied by the press-gang, and the sailors of the private war-ships are obliged to accept, for now, as men who are not forced will go to sea and slavery. Again say men, I ask of you, shall we submit every thing to these oppressors? Not only send our persons into the hands of tyrants but of fools—fools unable to perceive that were common sense like men with some degree of reason, having human faculties, but withal hearts open to kindness, the navy would then be an enormous refuge to many honest industrious men, to whom the lives of chimney-sweepers, scavengers, and hangmen, would no longer be preferable. But although we are not to hope for these improvements—they will arrive in some future time, when we, who might

have benefited by them are scattered in death—we have but the choice of two things—to take possession of the ship and gain some place of refuge; or to end our misery in a sailor's death and be revenged. No one, after all that we have suffered, can expect that we should prefer the lives of those who are aloft to our own—”

“No, Græme. No—never; down with them! down with the * * *.”

“One party must fall. Which has deserved it most?”

“They, they, they! Say no more, Græme; let's have at them.”

“You shall—you have been hunted to the bay; now let the hunters stand to it. My men, we are now embarked together; we have gone too far to draw back; let us be firm to each other. Do not be terrified because discipline is in array against you; but oppose it with its own children, which you are. Neither are you to fear striking him who was yesterday your officer—we are now all equal. No superiority can exist but by the mutual agreement of society—if that agreement is broken by society permitting the outrages of the press-gang, and the subsequent tyranny of our

officers, the sufferers are then freed from all responsibility and driven to a state of nature—if passive fools, they are slaughtered sheep—but if brave men and able, they are bearded lions—let those bear the blame who made them desperate; and this is justice, deny it who may—our way is now straight before us; let us pursue it at once. Do you agree to this?"

The crew assented with three loud cheers.

"Now then, choose some one as chief, and I will show him how I mean to——"

"You—you—we'll have you!"

"No, my men, you had better choose some one more capable."

"No, Grame; no—you're our man—Kavanagh, second, Macpherson third."

"Very well, my boys—if such is your wish, I will be the last to shrink. But, beforehand, you must all of you promise faithfully to obey me to the utmost."

"We will, my boy, we will."

"Very good. Then first go aft there, one or two of you, you'll find Mr. * * * abast a prisoner, make him promise not to assist the Admiral or tell tales, and then let him out of the bilboes, and ask

him for his watch-bill, we'll see who's on our side for fear of mistake.—And now at once, my lads, light some more candles fore and aft here."

This order being obeyed and the prisoner set at liberty, he gave up his watch-bill and went below to his berth. Græme then proceeded to muster all his men, amounting to five hundred and fifty, of the ablest bodied seamen in the ship. As he pronounced each name, he made the man repeat his promise of obedience and fealty. This over, he proceeded to allot to each his various task.

"Where are the gunner's crew?"

"Here we are, Sir."

"Down below to your store-room, and see that every thing is in readiness for action; fill as many thirty-two cartridges as you can; be careful of the light room, and station two sentries outside to see that no one approaches with a glim, send up to me all the cutlasses and pistols, and use despatch. Away there, twenty of the gunner's crew, and bring up all the cutlasses and pistols. Every man take down one of each from over the guns, those who run short must get supplied from the gunners. Carpenter's crew, away to my store-room and

get up all the adzes.—Aft here, all of you who are quartered at the gun-room guns—slip their breechings, knock down the bulk-heads and get them forward before the pumps, bear a hand, but do the thing steadily, and mind in the roll of the ship, not to crush one another—we'll show the old tyrant aloft what six hundred brave hearts can do when they set about it.”

No sooner had Græme taken the lead upon himself, than the scene was changed, a vast number of lights along the whole deck gave it a brilliant and animated appearance, while the gleams falling on the swarm of rude figures so busily employed, might—to one who knew that the end of their avocation was slaughter and death—well have conveyed the idea of Pandemonium with its inhabitant imps of darkness at work.

“ Here, Sir, here are all the cutlasses and pistols,” said the men, flinging down at the feet of Græme whole heaps of those murderous instruments, while every one obeyed him with cheerful alacrity, having been accustomed ever since he joined the ship, to regard him as their superior officer, not to mention the influence acquired over their minds by the readiness and address for his

present station, which he now displayed. For even *he* forgot his griefs awhile, and gave up his whole soul to the cause in hand. Stooping, he selected from the quantities before him the arms which seemed most trustworthy ; the others did the same.

" Now, my lads, are you all armed ? " he demanded.

" All—all."

" Have you each four rounds of pistol cartridge ? "

" Yes."

" That's right, my boys.—Then listen to me—I want a hundred men from among you for a disagreeable duty"—

" Here's one."

" Here's another."

" Here—here—here " responded three times that number of voices.

" But are all of you ready for this duty ? "

" All."

" Very good, then step aside here—three and three—so—Macpherson ? "

" Sir."

" Take these hundred men, they are as good as

the best of us ; place thirty-five at the fore-hatchway, twenty-five at the after-hatchway, and forty at the main ; and let no soul come down who does not give the pass-word—and that is, ‘ Vengrance for a murdered wife.’ ”—Here he was interrupted by a deafening shout—“ This is the post of honour”—he continued, “ divide your men at once, Kavanagh—my brave boy, we go with the rest to try our hand with the Admiral, and if the wrongs of many years, let alone being five hundred to four, cannot win the day, why then there’s no trusting to blood or tears. Come on.”

“ Huzza ! Vengeance for ever ! ” was the vociferated reply.

“ Are you ready all ? ”

“ All ready.”

“ Then down with those ladders.”

In an instant the cleats securing the ladders leading down the main hatchway were knocked away, and the ladders themselves laid on the combings below to give standing-room.

“ Here, my lads, eleven of you seize each man a thirty-two pound shot, and follow me.” Then taking up a cannon ball in both hands and raising it over his head, Græme stood on the ladders just

pulled down, while the hatches over-head, which the Admiral had barred or "battened down," prevented his egress on the main deck. The eleven having taken up a similar station, he asked if they were "ready."

"All ready."

"Now then, up with them,"—when the whole twelve bending their arms and knees, and then suddenly straightening the same, simultaneously discharged against the hatchway above the heavy impetus of the cannon-balls, propelled by the whole strength of these living battering-rams—still it stood. "Again boys, again." Once more they struck it, and splinters of the oak fell among them; but it yielded not. "Third time's lucky, now again,"—but no, it remained firm. "Fling down your shot, they've put some catamaran or other over it—yes"—thrusting his cutlass through the black tarpaulin which covered the grating, "they've capsized one of the main-deck guns on the top of it."

"We're done blue!" said some one.

"Done blue, no," replied another, "let's break through the deck."

"Break the deck, eh! Griffin?" said a third,

"You talk as if you were Herculiss, that cap-sized seventy thousand fiddlers with the jaw bone of an elephant."

"Hush, lads," interposed Græme, "we're not baffled so easily, we'll be masters of the main-deck within the half-hour yet, so cheer up. Aft here some fifty of ye; lay by your arms for a space, every man where he can get at them quickly. Carpenters, where are your adzes?"

"Here, sir."

"Quick then, rip up the deck from just before the after-hatchway to here, which includes one beam and two carlines. Get your saws and cut them all off close to the ship's side—mizen-top-men down in the cable-tier there—get two hawsers—bear-a-hand and coil them down under the after-hatchway, so that not a soul can go up or come down. Fore-top-men down below—break open the after-hold—reeve the falls, and hoist up half a hundred casks of beef and pork. Main-top-men—get the guns from aft, which you hauled out from the gun-room, place them under the main-hatchway, and see you leave no passage there for the Admiral to surprise us. After-guard—get the same thing done at the fore-hatch, and coil down

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"Done blue, no," replied an
through the deck."

"Break the deck, ah!"

a hawser on the guns as well; let it be chock-a-block, not a soul of them shall ever come down here alive. That's it; cheer up, my hearties, we'll soon have it all our own way: and bear-a-hand before the gale comes on to blow so hard that we can't keep our legs; the old ship rolls now as much as we can work with. Here, my lads, all spare hands that are left jump down into the cable tier, cut two of the bower cables, and pass an end up on each side, while some of you remain here and coil them down athwart-ship in two long coils, just forward of the after-hatch, close to where they're ripping up the deck."

These directions being given, Græme seized an adze and commenced scuttling the deck, which was done by cutting through the plank with the adze in a direct line from side to side, in two parallels; then sawing close to the bulwarks, the beam and two carlines which gave support to the mass underneath, the whole portion, about nine feet fore and aft, fell with a tremendous crash on the orlop deck below; where the cabin-bulkheads had been already removed to make way for it. As it gave way and left a dark impassable chasm, Græme looked with some apprehension in his

countenance, almost expecting to behold the weakened side at once give way, and the overwhelming tide rush in. The old ship, however, merely trembled, as if endowed with instinct to grieve over this mutilation of her hull for such unhallowed purposes, and the work of devastation went on once more. Despite the rolling of the ship, which now began to be very heavy, even on the lower deck, where—as nearer to the centre of motion—it was less felt than in any other part, the men, urged on by the excitement of the moment, applied themselves with a determination that conquered every obstacle. In a very little time, part of the hemp cables had been coiled across the deck on either side in a line with the after-hold, from whence casks of beef and pork had been taken and piled on the cables, so as to form the embrasures for two of the lower deck guns, which, having been taken from their port-holes, lashed firmly down, and pointed aft, made a couple of small batteries that commanded the deck to the very gun-room ports, so that none of the party aloft could descend by the cabin windows; while on the casks were nailed the pieces

of plank stripped from the deck, thus making a complete intrenchment, which it would have been impossible to force, when we remember that the deck had been cut away for the space of nine feet from before these guns on either side.

Thus secured abaft, the fore-hatchway was effectually blocked up by the hawsers coiled down under it, the main-hatch Græme had, for reasons of his own, left in a state that admitted of its being easily cleared. "Thompson—go down below, and see that all the young gentlemen who were in their berths during punishment, are marched into the cockpit, and tell the surgeon and his assistants to get out their traps

"Ha! What can that be for—madness—I hope they won't be setting fire to the ship!"

"Or blowing us up, sir?" A shade of gloom came across the Admiral's countenance.

"Grummet, we must get these unfortunate women below," pointing to the officers' wives, who, alarmed at the noise and firing, were now crowding on deck, hanging about their husbands' necks, some crying—fainting—in hysterics, and showing all the other marks of extreme terror to which the sensitiveness of the fair sex subject them; as if to prove how wholly dependent on the love and protection of man nature had ever intended them to be.

and hoist four of the quarter-deck guns on the poop,—they shall have a bloody reception !”

“ Ay, ay, sir—had we not better make a barricade of hammocks along the quarter-deck ? ”

“ No, sir, that will interfere with carrying on the duty of the ship. We are not quite so much afraid of a few rebels under hatches, as to encumber ourselves behind a heap of pursers’ blankets. Send fifty men down on the main-deck well armed to see that none of those scoundrels below get out from their confinement—Ladies, I must entreat”—advancing to the terrified females, who, grouped together, were imploring permission to remain on deck.—“ I must insist on your going below instantly, you only add to our embarrassment, and I assure you there’s not the slightest danger.”

“ Oh, Admiral, save us ! save us ! ” screamed the ladies, wild with affright, falling prostrate over one another on the deck beneath them, which shook as with some vast concussion, and then flung up a thousand splinters from its planks high in the air ; which, caught by the wind, were rapidly borne to leeward on the foaming sea, while a roar—a deafening roar and shout—burst from beneath, that might well warrant the conclusion of those who

cried, "They're blowing us up!"—"Oh! we're going down—we're sinking!!"

Peal succeeded peal—huge fragments of the deck, torn up by some resistless force from beneath, flew around, striking many and threatening destruction to more. On the broken and splintered planks, were strewed officers and men, some streaming with gore and crying out with agony for assistance, others merely felled unhurt. The Admiral, guessing what was the cause of all this dreadful commotion, hurriedly seized two ladies by the arms, and beckoning to the others to follow him, led the way to his cabin on the main-deck which had been given to them, assuring the fair refugees that it was the only place of safety.

CHAPTER IX.

"The sun went down—nor ceas'd the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—

• • • • •

The storm prevails—the ramparts yield away—
Burst the wild cries of horror and dismay!—

Hark! as the smouldering piles in thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!—

• • • red meteors flash along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudders at the cry!—

CAMPBELL.

FOR an explanation of the foregoing scene, we must return to the lower-deck, where the reader will recollect that Græme was employed in casting loose the guns from the ship's broadside. This done, the men, by means of tackles, hauled them to the middle of the deck, and securing them with lashings to the ring-bolts—their muzzles pointed towards the stern—took out all the coils or supports from the breech of each cannon, thereby elevating the mouths to such a degree that the shot would penetrate the intervening decks and reach the poop. Four guns on each side having been thus prepared, they were loaded

with one-fifth of the usual quantity of powder and two shot, each of thirty-two pounds. By discharging these, Græme intended to make a sufficient breach in the deck above to admit his men, in addition to the annoyance which the balls would occasion to the Admiral and his party, by forcing their way through the quarter-deck.

"We're all ready to fire, Sir," said the men stationed at these dreadful engines.

"Stand back, boys, all of you out of the way," said Græme, moving on one side, where folding his arms he stood prepared to meet his fate, if the concussion about to ensue should, through its want of vent, blow out the ship's side. He looked around; all were expecting the word—"Only one gun, my men, at a time.—Now then, the inside one.—Fire!"

A vivid flash was seen, and a stunning sound followed, while the compressed air felt like a stopper thrust suddenly into their ears, the ship shook violently as if about to fall to pieces, and the yawning deck above proclaimed it had not been in vain. As soon as the dense smoke cleared off through the chasm above, they beheld the gun

dismantled, owing to the lashing having given way beneath the recoil, while the hapless gunner was jammed beneath the mass—a corpse.

“Poor fellow!” said Græme, involuntarily shuddering at the mangled remains—then remembering how necessary was the mask of firmness to him—“here, my boys, right this gun, take poor Kemp from under it, and bear him gently down to the surgeon. Stand back out of the recoil of the other, if the lashing should give way again, and fire one by one.” Flash after flash succeeded, and with the roar of each cannon was heard the splintering of the deck above.

“Go it, lads, go it! We’ll soon make up our way to old Blue-beard.”

“Aye, my boy, we’ll smoke the old rat, he, Oakum, and old Holystone-Jack*: we’ll have a slap at them all together.”

“Here goes,—a shot for Jack, and another for Oakum.”

* Oakum, a nick-name for the captain, who was in the habit of picking up all the rope-yarns that fell in his way, and unravelling them into oakum. Holystone Jack was a name for the first lieutenant, from his being so particular in having the deck cleaned in that manner, which had just come into use.

"Well done, boy, and here's a third for old Blue-beard."

"More powder here, Master Monkey."

Thus, while sending these messengers of slaughter among their old shipmates and messmates, did these reckless beings mingle words of mirth with acts of destruction.

"A few more rounds, lads, and our breach will be large enough," said Græme, when a discharge from the opposite side seemed about to part the decks between which he stood, and give the ship up a ready-made wreck to the fury of the waves. A cry of horror was heard amid the crash, and looking towards the spot, he beheld a broken gun-carriage with parts of the gun itself strewed around, while five of their lifeless and mutilated bodies yet streaming with gore, added to the horrors of the spectacle. Above them appeared an immense breach caused by the bursting of the piece, which they, in their zeal, had thoughtlessly overloaded.

"Holloa, Mr. Græme! Here's the gun burst," said one of the seamen, "and a pretty skirmage they've made of it; but what lubbershole is that up aloft there?"

spring, which, from the pressure on its body of waters, finds a sudden outlet and rises into a grand *jet-d'eau*; thus the mutineers poured forth in an uninterrupted file, until the ladder below, giving way, cut off the supplies.

“Bravo, my men!” exclaimed the officer who headed the loyal party, and had been stationed on the main-deck to prevent any irruption,—“there goes their ladder, they’re cut off—now then, now’s the time! Hurrah, for old England! press them now.”

“‘Press!’—infernal tyrant, *that* have ye ever done, but ye shall never oppress more, take this in vengeance for a murdered wife!” cried Grame,

dressing his former mate, but one who now held the warrant (as the reader knows). He had been below during punishment at the pumps, was hurried in the crowd to the main-deck, and joined the mutineers as much from the impossibility of leaving them as from sympathy with the wrongs of his former superior. Having dropped the sounding rod and examined it, with a rueful countenance he replied,

"Fifty-three, sir."

"Surely, Grooves, you mistake."

"Ah! I wish I could think so, but you mind, sir, they've left off pumping, the cowardly rascals, for the last quarter of an hour."

to madness, and led away by a belief whose errors, passion had not allowed him to examine—it is little wonder that one from whom tyranny had reft all that makes life dear, should have stood forth in the fearfully determined prominence which he now occupied. Confident through his enthusiasm in the sacred justness of his cause, he proceeded to give the necessary orders.

“Stand out here, some two hundred of you, my brave fellows, and hold your ground in case they should be inclined to pay us a visit from aloft.—A dozen of you with muskets come here, and protect those under the waist-gratings, and pick those villains off from above. Armourer!—Is the armourer present?”

“Here am I, sir.”

“See if you can't unspike some of these guns while we get up one or two from the lower deck. Cut away three or four gun-tackles, boys, from these twenty-four pounders—but see that you leave them secured, or we shall have them rattling on us—then reeve a fall through the sheaves over head, while some of you jump below and secure the gun: when once we get him in the hatchway, unpin the trunnions—we'll have the car-

riage up afterwards, and mind the roll of the ship—no broken shins.—Kavanagh, my boy !”

“ Holloa, Bo ?”

“ Jump down below, will you ? and stand to the guns beneath on this side where they’re not pumping. I hear them making a move on deck. I think they’re coming down again, so, till we get some pieces up here, you must resume your fire from below, but don’t begin till I say ‘ when.’ ”

“ Ay, aye, Mr. Græme, I’m your man.”

“ Macpherson !” continued the carpenter, “ you must see to getting up the long metal, don’t be interrupted, they’ll have much to do to force us out of this.—How many do we muster for fighting ?” looking round. “ Come, three hundred of us holding this weather-waist, may laugh at old Blue beard’s dislodging us ; now, cheer my hearties, here they come !”

As he spoke, the noise overhead intimated that the Admiral’s party were opening the after-hatch which they had battened down after the last success of the mutineers, while a little addition of light stole through to illumine the twilight darkness below.

“ Down on them, my men ! down on them ! in

the name of your king and country!" was the Admiral's cry, as the first lieutenant jumped down the ladder waving with his sword for the men to follow him.

He no sooner appeared below to the eyes of the mutineers than three wild huzzas burst from them, accompanied by the clash of arms and the cries of "Down with the holystone * *, down with the old blue-bearded thief!"

On hearing this shout, the men paused, while the first lieutenant, finding himself deserted, stood with one leg on the ladder, calling to the men to follow him. Seeing that the mutineers made no advance from the line in which Græme had drawn

"Go down with you—On——Down——the first man that turns back, I blow his brains out!" roared the Admiral from above, compelling his party to the attack, who, now pushing forward in a body, bore before them the disarmed lieutenant to perish inevitably on the swords of their antagonists like an uprooted pine swept onward by the stream of some mighty river, to meet destruction in the cataract roaring at hand.

Once in motion, and they rushed upon the extended cutlasses, pikes, and bayonets of the mutineers, with the excitement of such a moment heightened into rage by the loss and wounds they had suffered from the subkatabomental fire of the insurgent party.

Immovably did Græme's men await the onslaught, until they beheld their opponents securely pass over the splintered shot-holes of the deck on which the latter unsuspectingly trode—never dreaming in their fury that any others were below.

"Give way to them, lads, give way, draw them fairly over!" said Græme retreating; then, seeing the favourable moment—"Below there, Grape and cannister, FIRE—FIRE!!"

It were hard to say, as this order was carried into execution, which rose in tones of awe above the other—the yell of pain and surprise as the sulphureous flames burst forth from beneath, accompanied with the iron shower scattering death and destruction, or the tremendous reverberating roar of the artillery beneath, with which the huge frame trembled like a mountain in the convulsive throes that bring forth her fiery offspring.

“They’re blowing us up!” cried the seamen.

“Fools!” returned their officers, “’tis only their guns, stand to it—have at them, hew the mutinous rascals to pieces—support them on the left there—Admiral, fresh supplies—send us quickly a few

stand a discharge that none could have stood—at once unavoidable and not to be returned—and then the panic became complete—those who had crossed the fatal line, either falling beneath the cutlasses of their opponents, or meeting death in their endeavours to repass it, while those who could contrive to scramble back with only a slight wound were esteemed lucky, the hatch being so hastily closed as to cut off some half a dozen stragglers. These, expecting no less than death from the mutineers, were clamorously imploring for an escape. But tortuous expediency was the policy of the tyrannical old officer aloft, and on hearing their cries, he merely ordered the grating to be secured by another bar, lest the same path which afforded retreat to his friends, should also admit his enemies.

“Cease firing, lads, cease firing below there!—Come, shipmates, throw down the arms which you have been made to bear for tyrants, and take quarter at the hands of men as brave and more free,” said Græme, stepping forward to the unfortunate seamen, who gladly availed themselves of his generous offer.

“Come, cheer up, shipmates, now that this

spree's over, it's well enough for us; we've lost but a few hands—ha! whom have we here?"

"Old Holystone Jack, your honour; how he's skivered! He's a made more mess on the decks in going off the hooks, than ever he'll be able to clane up again with his thundering bibles!*

"Ah, every bullet has its billet—take them away to leeward, boys, open a port and let them over gently—it's hard to say whose to make up his bed there next—they've got the parson aloft, I suppose, or he might give a bit prayer over their bodies; but it's all one to Him who ordered it—as the tree falls, so it must lie—a shipmate might have wished them to die in a better cause."

CHAPTER X.

"Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,
You see, is cured in him. Yet is there danger.
Desire him to go in.—Trouble him no more
Till further settlement. The arbitrement
Is like indeed to be a bloody one."

KING LEAR.

GREME having hastily arranged his dress in the best manner which the time permitted, and effaced such marks of the fray as might be revolting to a female eye, advanced to meet and thank her who had so kindly interested herself in his misfortunes, and accordingly addressed her in terms of unfeigned gratitude, but she interrupted him, saying,

"Do not thank me—it is unnecessary. I have scarcely merited so much at your hands. I felt for you—I still feel for your deep wrongs. I was present when the captain read the horrid letter which laid the foundation of all this bloodshed. I

merely acted by you as I would wish another to act by me—if you have the spirit to return this feeling, O! by how much more have you not the power?”

“I, madam!” exclaimed Græme, not exactly comprehending her meaning—“Can I be of use to you—say how? and I will be happy to ——”

“Can you! Do you ask that question? Is not every thing dependent upon you? Are you not leading on these men to take possession of the ship? Are you—forgive me if it sound harsh to your ears—are you not the chief of the men——”

“*Mutineers*’ you would say, madam, and need not be afraid to speak it out—the trampled reptile has turned at last; but we have wrongs, and bitter ones, to redress, and tyrants to humble, but for all that, we do not carry on a war with your defenceless sex. I cannot see very clearly how a rough fellow of a sailor like myself, can be of any use to you; but if it should fall out, you may reckon on so humble a servant to the last.”

“Generous seaman! this is indeed a full return; but I gave you credit for no less—you can feel for

the terrors which such horrid scenes as these" (looking round) "call up in a female breast—you who have so lately lost one—"

"O! name her not, I beseech you."

"Alas, then, I will not—yet let me implore you by the pangs which you feel for her loss, to consider the situation of many now on board, who are anxiously looking forward, at the end of this voyage, to meet those to whom they are bound as dearly as you were to her you have lost. Let me implore you to consider this. Let me entreat of you to think that the awful gale now raging around us, and hourly increasing, threatens destruction to our leaky ship, without our encountering the additional horrors of a massacre. To think of human beings firing their cannons through a vessel pronounced unsafe, even at sailing, and which the fury of the waves almost overwhelms, but which your terrific internal dissensions now threaten with instant destruction."

"Lady," replied Græme, striving to keep down the sad air of conviction which these just remarks had excited, "I cannot but admit that your apprehensions are not unreasonable; but even then, what would you have me to do?"

"Return to your duty—use your influence to

duty—he will be kind and indulgent to your errors; for surely, your temptations have been great. Do this, and I myself will kneel and obtain his forgiveness of the past.”

“Alas! Ma’am, your good and simple position would raise a smile of incredulity. I do not know that a heart so warm and natural has been betrayed into believing appearances. *Admiral good? the Admiral gentle?* He said, that he was a brave—determined—sailor, I could have admired your discrimination for he is all these. But who could be other than good and gentle to one who is all goodness and gentleness in herself?—No: he is a bloody-minded tyrant—the more to be feared from those good qualities in his character which you have named—he is one who has too often deceived us, ever to be trusted again;—yet there remains any other point in which it is possible for me to show my pity for your sad condition

meet the only being dear to me on earth, after a long and painful separation. I am the responsible guardian of his only child,—then by this child as well as by the dear remembrance of your own, I pray you to reflect, to ask your bosom what will be the unspeakable agony of him who loses that child, and her who gave it birth, through the mutiny of this night—the many months, perhaps years, of suspense before their dark fate is unrolled, the waste which life will then prove—this you can tell—this you can imagine for you have felt it. O! by every hope that is left to you on earth——”

“ I have none.”

“ Alas! then, by every hope you yet entertain

utter to the crew—infuriated and superior in numbers as they now are—relative to a surrender to the Admiral, would be the signal for my confinement at least, if not of my death:—no; if there be any surrender, it must be that on the side of the Admiral and his party, since he has lost many lives, and we must soon win by force all that we want—the possession of the ship. This if taken from him, would perhaps cost his life; but if granted to us—yes!” continued Græme, after a slight pause, as if to recollect himself, “to prove to you, madam, that my words are not empty talking, I myself will go to him, and by showing how

as e'er loupit in ae man's bosom," said Macpherson, with all the wary caution of his countrymen.

"Yes, Mr. Græme, Mac's right," returned Kavanagh, seconding the motion. "Some other hand should go with that message."

"I'll go my lads."

"And so will I," shouted each man.

"Kavanagh, what say you?"

"I say yes, bo', any one should go but you."

"Let's draw lots some twenty of us."

"Aye, that's the fairest after all, and Mr. Græme 'll manage it."

Accordingly Græme tore up several pieces of pa-

company, amounting to six hundred men, considering that our cause is a just cause before man and Heaven, that the superiority of numbers and position belong to our side; that we have command of all the spirits, water, and provisions of this ship, as well as the magazines of powder and shot, and the command of the rudder at our will, do hold it certain that any further fighting must place in our hands the command of the upper deck, and the lives of those who may be rash enough to dispute it; seeing moreover that in the attempts made by Admiral ———, to regain possession of the lower decks, a great many lives have been lost, we hold it to

“No—mum’s the word.”

“What’s auld Blue-beard doing?” enquired Macpherson.

“Oh! he’s spinning Grooves a tough *dialogue*—Now he shakes a fist at him—Now Grooves gives him the paper”——

“What does he say now?”

“Vast heaving—stop a bit—there—now—there’s auld Blue-beard in a reg’lar line—there he goes, stamping, cursing.—Now he hands Grooves over to the serjeant o’ marines.—Hark!—he calls the skipper and oshiffers to the capstan!”

“What’s the yarn?”

“I can’t hear—only there’s Blue-beard giving

was, seemed at once to sing the requiem of the ill-fated mariner, and howl the prophetic note of vengeance for such a deed of treachery.

The Admiral had indeed been mad enough to execute him on the spot as a rebel,—thus disregarding the flag of truce; partly as a sacrifice to his own rage, and partly under the mistaken idea that it would prove an example.

“The blood-thirsty sleuth-hound!” exclaimed Macpherson to the enraged crew—“Saw ye ever the like o’ that? Shipmates, ye are not men if ye suffer sic an auld limb o’ the de’il to live a moment longer than when we set our claws on him.”

“We won’t, Mac, we won’t; never fear. By

grow dark, and poke your head up by the booms, one of you there, to see what they may be about. Sampson, you have sharp eyes."

"Aye, aye, sir—it's getting as dark as a negar's phiz. Heart-alive, Mr. Græme, if the rascals haven't taken every man's hammock out of the netting, and made a barrycade—or whatsomedever you call it, like our's below—slap across the quarter-deck abaft the hatchway, and they've got the forecastle guns aft in port-holes; they must have looked sharp, for it's most of it done since they hanged poor old Grooves."

"And where is Grooves now?"

"Oh, there he hangs, sir, swinging away up

cover your lights and forward—tw—may be
the gun forward. Silent. Look, no noise and al
think of your revenge—George,” continued (tapping a young boy on the shoulder w
formerly been his servant.

“ Sir ? ”

“ Will you run down into the cock-pit :
Mr. * * *, with my compliments, that I sh
glad to speak to him here immediately,” the
ing to the men,—“ So, my hearties, forwa
him, gently there, no noise—mind the rol
to him bravely, that’s he, now again.”

Thus encouraging and directing, did
fulfil to an exactitude the arduous duties
had devolved on him, until the men had a

take up your attention. you would see to Mrs. Somers, with whose situation about I suppose you are acquainted. 'Tis a hard thing so young a creature to be in the midst of such a slaughter-house—though, if beauty and a gentle heart might stave off sorrow, she is another that never ought to have known it. To see her here with the little innocent in her arms—then muttering to himself as he drew his wrist over his face, “how a husband could go and leave such a—Well, well, Mr. * * *, this is all I sent to ask of you. Make my respects and thanks to her, and if I shouldn't see you again, why a long good bye—may you

CHAPTER XI.

"Rank falls on rank, and file on file succeeds,
And crowds rush on for every one that bleeds."

HOLLINGTON.

"HERE we are, Mr. Græme, chock-a-block!" said one of the seamen, pointing to the gun whose carriage they had pulled along the deck until its

waiting a second on deck, until a few more joined him, "Quick, my men, quick.—Spring up here, spring up for your lives, bear-a-hand—steady!—Now then, aft with us—here they come. Aft boys, aft!" and before the Admiral's party could recover from their surprise at seeing flames burst from the fore-castle or divine what was the cause, they heard the heavy tramp of the mutineers along the gang-ways, and the clash of their weapons redly gleaming in the lantern-light that made its way from below.

"Stand to your arms, men—here they come!" shouted the Admiral in a voice of encouragement. "Seize your pikes, be firm, keep inside your hammocks and they can't force you."

into an absolute flight. Iron shot, however, not being able to discriminate betwixt friend and foe, many of both parties fell, and the loyalists content with beating off the attack, retired once more within the barricade of their own hammocks, and betook themselves to their guns.

At this moment, a fresh body of mutineers were seen leaping on deck from the fore-rigging, as if they had clambered out of the sea, when Græme discovered, that owing to the gale, part of the fore-top had given way, and the foretop-mast fallen through the forescuttle, blocking up the passage and terminating the lives of the unfor-

old Blue-beard's quarters again. Fifty of you must take one of these in each of your left hands as a torch, and set fire to their barricade of hammocks; then throw a few amongst them to scare the jollies, and I'll be your caution, my lads, that they give way this time. We'll show them a little more light than they could gain from a purser's dip!"

While these matters are arranging forward, we shall have a few moments' breathing time to see how the officers have been occupied astern.

On the appearance of Grooves with a surrender, the Admiral, like the rest of his officers, cheated

The reader knows how mistaken was this theory. No sooner had he hoisted up the unfortunate envoy to the yard-arm, than he learnt from the shouting and commotion beneath, how far he had erred, and that he might instantly expect a yet more furious attack from below. Whatever were his faults as an officer, as a sailor he was fully equal to any emergency. Finding that it was to be determined by the strong hand, he lost no time in making the necessary defences. The guns from the fore-castle had been already brought to the quarter-deck, and the Admiral now made them bring all the hammocks from the nettings, and construct a complete barrier across from bulwark to bulwark, behind which he entrenched himself and men. Not content with this, he had, as a *dernier resort*, made such arrangements on the poop, as would enable them to take shelter there in the desperate emergency of being driven off the quarter-deck, which he would then be able to sweep with his guns—namely, two quarter-deck carronades hastily fitted and the swivels belonging to the boats. The result justified his apprehensions; but while he was preparing to see the rebels break forth from the companion where Macpherson and

his men were hammering like so many caulkers on a pay-day, Græme forced the fore-scuttle and took him by surprise.

This *ruse* would certainly have won for the latter the command of the deck, had not the accident of the fore-topmast, impeded the passage of the seamen to his assistance. The Admiral, delighted at having beaten them back, was already nursing afresh, golden hopes of victory, and marshalling his men, amounting still to two hundred and eighty, as prudence and circumstances dictated.

It was now about seven o'clock. The night was rapidly setting in, forestalled in its darkness by the dismal clouds that obscured the firmament; while the gale roared along over the foamy crests of the maddened sea with a wild prophetic sound, imperceptibly swelling in its bass note as if but the forerunner of the tornado so dreaded in those seas. On the foremast remained the wreck occasioned by the fall of its second spar; the canvass streaming in tatters from the topsail yard and flapping loudly in the gale,—the lighter gear and cordage flying away to leeward like snakes from the Gorgon's head. On the mainmast there luckily

more!—To your guns men, to your guns—stand to your arms—they come!”

Fatigued with the repeated skirmishes of the day, the loyal party had, after the last repulse, flung themselves down to take a little rest, they now sprung up, alarmed at the cry of their superior, and beheld a fierce and lurid flame towering from the forecastle, and flickering away to leeward, while the dull red gleam sent forth, rested on the sail bellying above them, the spars, and ropes; then casting a fiery glow on the savage faces of the seamen, holding their flambeaux, it became reflected on the startled and pallid countenances thronging the quarter-deck, while the last retiring gleam, ere it shot away into empty space, fell for an instant on the human pendulum at the cross-jack yard-arm. There, alas! it displayed the worn features which a violent death had convulsed, and the long queue lifted by the tempest like a pennon from its mast.

This last conspicuous object did not escape the penetrating glance of Grame, nor was he slow in answering the Admiral's alarm, pointing with his naked sword to the suspended body, while with his left hand, he waved the flaming brand above his

venge or death!"—They recover their panic—they press the barricade with ten-fold vigour—Grane is among them all, shouting and encouraging; while his cutlass flashes right and left in the red light, like the avenging angel's brand.—Cry upon cry succeeds; now "*England*"—now "*Revenge*," the latter mounts the highest, the first begins to be feebly spoken—the old Admiral's voice wears faint and hoarse—they shrink—The flambeaux are tossed among them, they fall back—the hammocks are left more unguarded—the mutineers redouble their efforts, they fire the barricade itself—the Admiral's party are surrounded by a circle of raging flame.—

while a scowl of savage exultation is visible on his countenance as the blow descends.—An officer's sword from above is suddenly interposed—the men seize the Admiral's collar from behind, and drag him up safe from the combatants, whose blows he is yet warding off in front—now they cut the lashing of the ladder, it falls,—they are secure.

“Give quarter—the bloody tyrant has escaped!—Give quarter!” cried Græme, as he flew in various directions amid the burning remains of the barricade, whose hammocks, some in flames, some only smouldering and fanned by the wind, lay scattered about the deck. “Put out the flames, lads; fling the burning wreck overboard, pick up these poor fellows, and see if you cannot secure the shot that are scudding about the decks,” he continued, giving such directions as were necessary to restore some portion of order; since the better to secure the barrier, the officers had lashed capstan bars from gun to gun across the deck, to which the hammocks were secured; while inside were piled shot-boxes of langridge, canister and grape, besides heaps of cannon balls. On the dispersion of these articles from their original arrangement, the motion of the ship made

them roll from side to side, threatening destruction to all those legs which met them in their destructive course.

Is it not, indeed, a matter of astonishment to a reflecting being, when he beholds the constant struggle around him to preserve that wretched boon—existence? Since at every turn of life, for one scene of happiness and enjoyment, ten thousand modifications of woe, misery, and discontent, present themselves? Happiness? alas! it belongs not to this world—even wealth, that philosopher's stone among the moderns, draws its possessor far away from it. Neither can it abide with poverty;

CHAPTER XII.

"Come child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

MOORE.

WE will now descend from the struggle of the fiercest passions to that of the most tender, though it would be idle attempting to describe which was most agonizing to the sufferers.

On the larboard side of the orlop deck was situated the gunner's cabin, corresponding in form and dimensions with that of the carpenter's berth already described. Within it were seated three figures, the dim light falling from a purser's dip-candle, discerning them to be those of Mrs. Somers, her servant, and the captive of the poop. The former was seated with her back against the bulkhead, nursing her child; upon whose face slowly fell those drops of anguish which the terrified mother vainly attempted to repress. The

servant leant on the table and sobbed aloud, convulsed with despair; while the third person, seated near his lovely charge, warmly but respectfully endeavoured to offer all the consolation in his power.

"You are kind, Mr. * * *, said the lady, "very kind, to devote the time that I am sure ought to be employed in thinking of your own preservation, to taking care of me—I who have not the slightest claim on you."

"A lady in distress, Mrs. Somers," replied the prisoner, "has ever the most imperative claim on my attention; and as for self-preservation, if your fears should be realized, we must all share a

“ But Græme sent —— ”

—“ I will not blame the unfortunate seaman, he has suffered enough to urge him to any lengths of desperation—Oh! who would have thought that the Admiral could nurse such blood-thirsty feelings in his heart—to hear his fair words too—dooming us all to such a horrible end.—My poor Somers! —my darling son! he will never see thee more; the rude waves will be thy cradle.—Oh! what would I not give to see him once more; to clasp him before I die, or even to hear one word, though it were only farewell—aye! or to send one line to tell him we are lost—if I thought I could do this—if I could only dream that suspense would be spared him, that he would not go on hoping month after month, even year after year, for a recovery which never can take place—as if these relentless waves would disgorge their prey—why should they, when human beings will not be turned aside from their deadly hate, even though the wrath of the Lord should clothe itself in tempests to forbid them? No, it is right we should—I will not arraign—but it does seem as if—Ah! how can I help grieving that the innocent should suffer for the guilty—to think that he should be

given up to all those horrors of doubt. Oh! too well I know their gnawing; but it must soon be over, dear little one! and then we shall sleep quietly together." And she lifted the infant in her arms, while a fresh gush of tears burst forth, and seemed to lull the paroxysm of her grief, as the drops that fall from heaven have power to still the perturbed sea.

"If this be in reality what you feel, Mrs. Somers, I think I can in some measure lessen your cares," said the prisoner.

"How? tell me, dearest sir, I beseech you!"

"The plan I was about to propose is one to which recourse is often had in extremities, and

ceiving it from Mrs. Somers, the prisoner hastily wrote as follows:—

"H. M. S. ———,

"Off the Isle of France,

"9 P.M., * * day of * * * * *

"The ship's company having mutinied and disputed the ship from deck to deck, and the vessel herself having sprung a severe leak during the gale which is now raging, the probability of her foundering at sea is fully apparent to all on board. To the end of making such a fate known and certain to those who may be interested, this statement is drawn up and enclosed; as the bottle containing the same will not be thrown overboard until the catastrophe is inevitable, the person finding this said bottle is conjured to take the earliest opportunity of giving publicity to these facts in England, and forwarding the following to Lieutenant Somers, Royal Bengal Artillery. Care of Messrs. * * * and * * *, E. I. agents, Leadenhall-street, London."

Having read this to Mrs. Somers, he begged her to add a few lines, whatever might be their tenor, when once more resuming the pen, she hurriedly wrote the following lines:—

"The above, my beloved Frederick, will explain all—nothing is left for me to say, except that your wife and infant are among those so shortly doomed to perish.—I am almost frantic. I do not fear—but oh! to be thus cruelly snatched away! God bless you,—never forget that I thought of you to the last. Julia Somers."

"Thank God it is over!—'surely the bitterness of death is past,'—Come here my darling, we at least will die together," and the affectionate mother pressed her infant to her breast and wept afresh, while the prisoner proceeded to seal up that sad testimony of human woe, and prepare the brittle case for its consignment to the flood. This

deck had been in a great measure cleared by the exertions of Græme, who had directed the men in getting out some of the small boats from the booms; by laying these athwart the deck near the mainmast, he had contrived a shelter from the Admiral's fire for his men. Into these boats he had flung some sixty of the men's clothes-bags, filled with the sand for washing decks, thus presenting a very formidable barrier to the enemy's shot. The guns drawn aft from the forecastle, Græme had once more conveyed forward as far as the waist. Here he lashed two of them securely to the deck, and pointing their muzzles towards the stern, menaced the party on the poop. Behind this were crowded the mutineers, whose rough and scowling faces, turned towards the Admiral's place of refuge, seemed to anticipate the joy of that moment when they should seize him as the victim of their unpitying vengeance. Oaths, jests, threats and execrations accompanied the mention of his name, while any ideas of mercy that they might have entertained at the commencement of the mutiny, seemed to have been banished from their breasts by the obstinacy of his defence and the loss of life which it had occasioned.

Involuntarily shuddering as he passed through this group, the prisoner made his way towards Græme, busily occupied with the duties of his command.

"I was in hopes that the work of slaughter would have been over by this time," said he, addressing the chief of the rebels, whose soiled dress and grimed features spoke of the late fray.

"'Work of slaughter!'" fiercely repeated Græme, glaring at the prisoner, whom he did not immediately recognize—then continuing, "Ah! Mr. * * *, is it you? Yes—I too had hoped it would have now ceased, but that bloody-minded old

adjusting the bandage on his wounded arm, "Did I think of his ferocious blasphemy uttered before he came to sea? Did I remember that a wanton whim gave a thousand lives to the chance of such a leaky tub's reaching England in safety? Did I remember the selfish barbarity that brought us upon this boundless brine, with water that brutes would deem too nauseous to drink? Did I remember the whole course of his tyrannies and those linked with him, and talk of mercy?— Never! if I did, the world should trample on my neck, and spit their scorn on me in passing! Never! I say again, he shall die in a way he least expected, and though this ship does 'go to *hell*,' he shall not go in her. And this I swear by my murdered wife, my murdered messmates and every wrong they have heaped upon our slavish condition," saying which, he raised the naked sword which during his speech he had pointed towards the poop, and struck it furiously against the hammock-rail. The steel coming in contact with one of the iron stanchions, shattered into atoms. He gazed on it furiously for a few moments, while his lip quivered with rage

and scorn, then hurling it from him into the waves beneath, exclaimed, "Yes, perish like this faithless blade!"—The prisoner remained mute. He was indeed surprised at the change which appeared in the prisoner's views, but he had miscalculated the effects of such intense excitement, if he imagined that it was to leave a combatant drenched in the blood of his fellow-creatures and infuriated at a protracted and desperate resistance, the same cool character that it found him.

"Well, Mr. Græme," he returned, "you are their chief, you must therefore be the best judge of what ought to be done in such a case. Heaven knows I have no need to plead the Admiral's

"I grant," returned the prisoner, "it is difficult, but still let not that deter you from making the attempt."

"Sending them another messenger to hang is out of the question," interrupted Græme.

"I know it—I would not propose such a thing, but you may safely summon them with a speaking-trumpet from here, holding your men in readiness to storm the poop if they return good for evil by any aggression."

"Well, Mr. * * *, there is some truth in that, but what are the proposals you would make?"

"Quarter to every one on throwing down his arms, except the Admiral."

"And do you think for a moment, that he will let them accede to that?"

"If he has any feelings of honour he will; and I think that it is just possible——"


"Possible, Mr. * * *; but no more; and supposing that fails what expedient have you next for saving bloodshed?"

At this question of Græme's, the prisoner remained musing in silence for a minute, and then replied, "Should this fail, I would offer them a truce of half an hour, in order that such officers as were

unconnected with the ship, should come down and see their wives, with free permission to rejoin the Admiral at the expiration of that time. That they would do this I think very improbable; and then in the interval, ten to one but many of the men would take advantage of the moment to desert over to us."

"Ha! that scheme is good; we'll put that in execution at once, Mr. ***; I'll just go and mention it to Kavanagh and Macpherson, meanwhile you stay here," said Græme, departing to take the necessary steps.

In a few minutes he returned with his colleagues, bearing a speaking trumpet in his hand



when presently was heard, in the hoarse accents of the Admiral, the reply.

“Mutineers, holloa?”

“—— his * * eyes,” exclaimed the enraged seamen, while a movement was evident among the crowd, as this daring answer was heard.

“Hush, my lads, hush,—let the old ruffian swagger it out, we’ll have him by and by,” said Græme, restraining his crew; then applying the trumpet to his lips again—

“Officers, seamen, and marines, now upon the poop of H. M. S. —— We, the ship’s company, summon you to lay down your arms and surrender. Quarter shall be given to all of you except Admiral ——.” When this summons was finished, the old veteran himself, whose figure being distinguishable to windward, was seen to retreat for a few seconds and join a knot of men, probably his officers, behind him, who, in a few seconds, advanced in a body to the break (edge) of the poop, when the Admiral, returning the hail, said:—

“Mutineers! We, His Majesty’s officers commanding [the ——], will listen to no terms of

which the first article does not stipulate for your immediate return to your duty."

"Down with him, he murdering old hell-bound. Aft with us, Mr. Græme, let us pitch the old —— to the devil," roared the seamen, brandishing aloft their cutlasses.

"Stay, shipmates, stay a few minutes more; they can't escape us long, the Admiral you shall have to do what you like with, but surely you'd wish to save the lives of your old watchmates and shipmates,—many of them that have eaten out of the same kids * with you."

"Aye, Mr. Græme is right. Save the blue jackets, but * * the old Admiral and marines."

in consequence, as well as that already spilt. As, however, you will let no terms be accepted but those of our submission—which is folly—we offer you a truce for half an hour, that such soldier-officers as do not belong to the ship, may visit their friends in the ward-room cabin. And we bind ourselves to let them join you again at the expiration of that time, if such be their pleasure: meanwhile all firing or other fighting shall cease between us.” A pause of some minutes ensued, and then the answer was heard.

“ We accept your truce.” When Græme demanded—

“ And on what shall we rely that you will keep it faithfully ?”

“ On the honour of a British Admiral,” sternly replied the speaker. “ But how, mutineers, shall we trust you ?”

“ By a nobler, a more untarnished gage, the good faith of British seamen.”

“ Hurrah, hurrah ! Græme,” shouted his men, on comprehending this repartee ; then pausing, and hearing nothing farther, they climbed their artificial sand-bank, and rushed aft to see the officers come down.

The Admiral, with a pistol in his grasp, stood at the head of the ladder placed for their descent. After some bustle on the poop, as if to make way for them to pass through—one solitary old man descended! A pocket handkerchief was swathed round his head, under his battered uniform-cap, apparently to stanch some wound. From beneath this straggled forth his thin grey locks, stained with the purple current so remorselessly shed; while he appeared scarcely able to support himself with the aid of his sheathed sword. It was General —.

“ But where are the other soldiers ? ” demanded

spectacle, "you belong to the ship, sir, and cannot pass, you are not included in the truce—back I say, sir, you belong to the ship!"

"Alas, most worthy sir, I unfortunately do," replied the stout personage whom the flag-officer attempted to repress, "yet I beseech you hinder me not, peradventure the good men—I beg pardon—peradventure the mutineers"—speaking the last word in a whisper, and then raising his voice again—"will allow me to pass, seeing that I belong not to the sect militant, and that our cloth wages no contention save with the spirit"—"and *water*," say, you drunken old vagabond," added the Admiral, giving the applicant a kick that sent him rolling over the ladder on the deck below.

Gradually the discomfited individual arose, displaying to view the burley person of the ship's chaplain.

Rubbing with both hands the part affected, he looked up towards the Admiral with much composure, half muttering, "Spirit and water you say?—so I will," and then toddled down the hatchway as speedily as his half inebriated state would permit.

"These two persons comprise all who intend

to take advantage of your truce," sullenly said the Admiral.

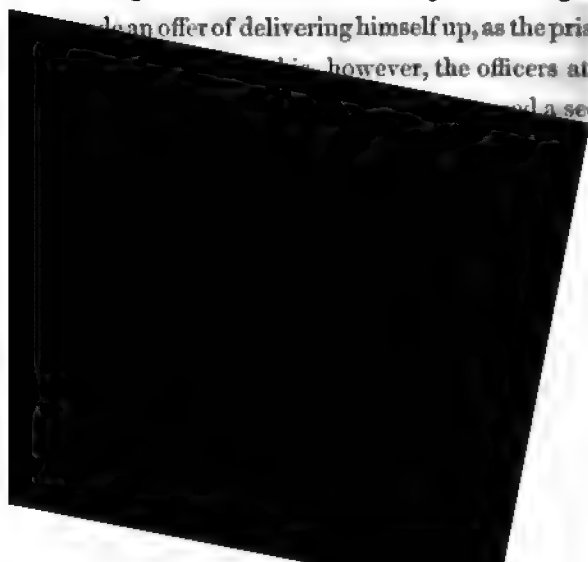
"Very well," replied Græme, and having placed some sentries from his own men before the poop, he gave orders to Macpherson to proceed below and serve out to the men an extra allowance of grog. This indeed their fatigues rendered necessary, and while they are drinking this we shall have time to ascend to the Admiral's quarters.

In the late fatal *melée*, the whole number of those who had contrived to escape to this last hold of power, did not amount altogether to more than one hundred and fifty, one moiety of which was composed of marines. The Admiral on hearing the summons, on finding that he was the chief object of vengeance

made an offer of delivering himself up, as the prisoner

of the day; however, the officers at

and a sec



He then summoned his men around him and said :

“ I call you together, my men, that I may indulge myself in the pleasure of thanking you from my heart for the conduct which I have observed in you this evening. For the forty years—more or less—during which my life and services have been devoted to my country, it has never been my lot to witness a more daring and admirable display of courage and intrepidity than that which you have exhibited within these few hours. Exposed to the fury of a gale, cut off from all refuge, denied those means of recruiting your strength which are accessible to the mutineers, opposed at the same time by a body of men exceeding yourselves in bulk, and headed by one whose ferocity and cunning are equal to the perpetration of any villainy—you yet rally around the standard of your country and the officers of your King, unsubdued in heart, however lessened in numbers. You yet live to bid defiance to their bloody threats, and to execute just punishment on these rebels. I see around me the best men that my ship ever contained ; and among the mutineers are the scum

and refuse of gaols and prison-ships. Ever since the entrance of these men on board, they have skulked their duty to throw it on you;—you therefore have to thank them for sharing before now, all those punishments which they alone had deserved. It has now come to a trial between you; we shall soon see who are to be victorious, thieves and burglars fresh from their loathsome prisons, their dens of crime and villainy, and unaccustomed to the sea—or you who have many of you been born upon—more of you brought up on it, from your boyhood, and surely I may say *all* of you honest, able, and gallant seamen.

Even now we are in all probability in the neighbourhood of some such vessel whom we are prevented from seeing by the storm alone.

“Fortune never deserts the truly brave. Within the short lapse of two hours the gale may moderate, the night clear off, and we may find at hand some friendly sail. By the mercy of Providence we have been enabled to get sufficient provisions for twenty-four hours—the power that has given that to our prayer can give us more. Remember, *we* fight for our lives and good name, since our enemies have mutinied and our existence endangers their safety. You must be prepared for their desperate attempts, since they fight each of them with a halter round their necks. Already they are half given up to licence and confusion; attend to the tumult which rises from between decks.—They scarcely obey the wretched villain they have chosen to head them.—He is but their equal, for they, poor fools, will acknowledge no superior. What can result from such madness but disorder and division? Again, they are the attacking party, we have but to defend a position naturally strong, and now improved by every suggestion of art.—They have to rout veteran seamen—we but to

remount our pyramidal beards and lands-
men mountaineers and intricacies, and trusting
only in their sense of magnanimity. You can-
not doubt which is to be victorious.

"I have more, my men, my gallant men, I thank
you—I have what will. There is not one here who
has not proved himself a hero, and I only entreat
you to remember that it is our imperative duty,
whether attacked or not, to put down mutiny or
rebellion in the cradle. He who acts otherwise is
himself a mutineer. whereas, on our successful
return to England, think of the honours and re-
wards that will be yours. You will be placed in
the first rank of our days. Hold out,

cheer came forth from exhausted lips, and was faint and weak compared to the cry of "Revenge!" with which it was immediately answered from the quarter-deck by the mutineers. Of this the Admiral took no notice; but having finished his remarks, he proceeded to complete his arrangements for the recommencement of the fray.

Not content, however, with trying to rouse their moral courage, he also remembered their personal wants, freely distributed the spirits and provisions which, with his usual foresight and providence, he had procured from the ward-room steward and caused to be placed in reserve upon the poop.

So universal is the dominion of genius, that these men, who in secret hated his character, and knew him as the tyrant against whom it was no injustice to rebel, yet felt a fresh courage and reliance in so desperate a situation, from beholding the cool and determined bearing of their superior. Nay, further, instead of execrating him more bitterly than ever, as the origin of all their dangers, they implicitly believed in all the assertions which he had made with so much art and deceit; and felt in that lone hour, an inde-

scribable attachment which the years of his former command had never excited. Truly, there is no task, however gigantic, over which ability and perseverance may not rise triumphant.

We will now return to the quarter-deck, where, as Græme was standing by the companion-ladder, the form of the old general suddenly presented itself before him. His face, from which all marks of the combat had been cleansed away, wore a subdued but melancholy expression, as he endeavoured with feeble steps to regain the poop.

"The truce will not expire yet for ten minutes, Sir; you need be in no hurry," said Græme, in a soothing tone of voice, thinking that he might have mistaken the time allowed.

The general turned round, and after narrowly examining the person who addressed him, replied, "I believe, sir, it is you who have undertaken to command these misguided men?"

"If, sir, you mean to inquire whether my name is Græme, and whether it is I whom the ship's company have chosen to assert their rights, I reply, yes."

"It *was* that—but it signifies little," continued the general, "to dispute as to mere names, when

we shall all be so shortly called to render a final account of all our deeds. I thank you for your intimation that the truce is not yet expired—it is now however all one to me.”

“But surely General, Lady ——,” mentioning the name of his wife, “has a greater claim on your time than the officers of a ship with which you are unconnected?”

“I beg pardon, sir. Neither Lady ——, nor any other individual of my family ever possessed so great a claim on my attention as my sovereign’s cause—but now, Lady —— can claim my care no more; the screams of the wounded and the roar of your cannon have effected for her more than your shot have granted to me—an escape from this scene of horror. On entering my cabin, I found that my wife was no more. My most cherished hopes will now be accomplished. I shall pour forth in the service of my king the remains of a life devoted to him from youth.”

“’Tis a pity so brave a man should perish! Are you determined, sir, on this unavailing sacrifice?”

“I am—pray let me pass.”

“I will, sir,” and Græme moved aside. “To such a worthy officer I should be sorry to refuse

my name, but must necessarily, since you prefer
 death—to me in the future, and as a soldier, I
 must not be seen."

The general, who was about to depart, paused,
 and taking the hand of the man in that of his own,
 said with much emotion—"You acknowledge
 that I am an extraordinary person, and you think
 that I am a great man."

"Yes, sir."

"Then let me request you, as you would like
 to be seen a hero in your old days, to return to
 your army. I am an old officer: that my grey
 hairs will testify. I have seen many fields and

CHAPTER XIII.

" Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, the pageant of a day.
So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."

POPE.

THE wind, which but a short time before had showed some signs of moderating, now appeared to increase, while the quick heavy rolls of the straining hull convinced Græme that if he wished to attempt the saving of the ship, the struggle now pending must be quickly decided. The sea also began to wear that luminous appearance which it frequently exhibits, and he therefore became anxious to have the ship in his own keeping before the phenomena of the former night should alarm his men by their return.

Having sounded the note of preparation, and

gathered all his party behind the boats where he ordered them to crouch down, he brought his two guns to bear on the poop, loaded with cannister-shot. Taking his speaking trumpet in his hand, he hailed—"Poop ahoy!"—

"Mutineers, holloa!"—

"The truce has expired—are you ready?"—

The answer "yes!" was scarcely heard, when its sound was drowned in the roar of the Admiral's cannon, who judging that an immediate attack on him was designed by the rebels, determined to be beforehand, in hopes of sweeping many of them off. In this he was led astray by his ignorance of their position, it being too dark to see their boats.

"Up, lads, up!" cried Græme, springing from his shelter behind the mast—"Return the old rascal's fire and board him in the smoke."

Quick—as the bitterest enmity could desire—flashed forth the rebels' guns, and away they sprang, yelling like a herd of wolves to reach their destined prey, before another fire could take place. In the former struggle, the bulwark near the poop had been very much shot away, on both sides,

so that the sea now and then made a complete breach over her. As the men strode on, the ship gave a weather roll, and descending from the crest of a wave into the trough of the sea, she struck her weather-side against one of the green billows, which, mounting upwards, poured its vast volume of water on her deck, washing off twenty human beings into the boiling surf to leeward. But to man's revenge what offers an obstacle? Unheeding the smothered groans of their sinking comrades, or feeling yet more incensed at their origin, they pressed forward with additional fury.

"Macpherson, place your ladders!" roared out Græme—in an instant up sprung from under the Admiral's poop-cabin, a band of eighty men, bearing a dozen ladders that had been taken from different parts of the ship, and setting these firmly against the combing (or edge) of the deck above, the mutineers clambered up them with irresistible fury, headed by Græme, and following their powerful leader in such a swarm as almost to press him on in spite of all resistance. It were but a vain repetition to go through the cries of havoc that soared above the roar of the tempest

on either side, "Revenge!"—"The King!" were knells that night to many a brave man, whose death would have honoured a nobler cause.

The Admiral's party, though startled at the stratagem which rendered their little fortress pregnable, were not easily daunted. Thrice did Græme attempt to get a footing—twice he crossed swords with the old Admiral himself; the last time having succeeded in giving his superior a slight flesh-wound in the right arm, the latter was obliged for a moment to retreat, when his opponent, following up his advantage, got a secure stand and pushed his success.

Silently, and with an indescribable fury, did they fight unheeded for nearly a minute, the Admiral's superior use of his weapon being counterbalanced by his wound—worn and exhausted as he was, it was evident he could not maintain such a fight.

"Yield! Admiral——, Yield! You Tyrant! yield! or I'll cut you into meat for your dogs!" thundered his antagonist with the foam frothing on his lips.

"Never, you mutinous villain, never!" hoarsely

retorted the desperate old warrior, making a lunge which was successfully parried.

"Here's the bloody-minded villain, here's the Admiral!" sang out a seaman who had been seeking for the especial object of their vengeance, and had heard Græme name his rank. "Hurrah! my lads, here's the old badger, let's catch him alive!"

A shout of joy burst from the seamen, and pouring onward they were about to execute this injunction, when the captain, whose ears had been equally faithful, called to the officers still fighting near him, as well as the few men who yet survived the slaughter and had not yet submitted, "Save the Admiral! fall back and save the Ad-

to hell, I say!—Since you take the Admiral's place, why not his portion too?" He beat aside the captain's guard, and, before it was recovered, his sword, urged onward by the leap of his huge body, passed through Grummet's neck, dividing the principal blood-vessels in its course.

Pressing his foot on the prostrate corpse to extricate his weapon, he passed on to the knot of seamen gathered round the Admiral, who, encircled with the poor fragment of his officers—their rear resting on the bulwark—fought with a desperation not even exceeded by the fury of revenge.

One after one, as the grating death-stroke of some ponderous blade crashed in the brain of a defender, arose a yell of savage triumph, until the chief who lately had a thousand dauntless beings at his beck, now, through his tyranny, could name no living man on board who would not gladly have shed the last drop of his chief's blood—yet there he fought alone against them all!

"Now! my men, rush in upon him!" cried Græme, catching his sword point upon the edge of his own steel. Well was he obeyed, and in another instant the brave but relentless Admiral —,

was an unchained prisoner, at the mercy of his unjustly enraged crew.

"Three cheers for revenge, boys!" demanded Ketchikan, and the wild hurrahs that arose in answer to the summons, seemed to contain in their tremendous compass but few notes of consolation for the captive.

Short was the suspense in which he was allowed to remain. "Bind the * * hand and foot!" was the cry, "and cast him down on the quarter-deck." A rope was now passed round the Admiral's extremities, and he was lowered down from the poop.

From the moment in which Gracie beheld his

After a short consultation, the mode of execution was resolved on, contrary to the wishes of their late chief, who found it useless to try and stem the torrent of rage that now bore the mutineers onward.

"Stop * him up neck and heels, Tom," said Kavanagh, handing a fox * to Collins, who had accompanied Mr. * * *, the prisoner, on deck. Collins received the bandage, and was about to execute his orders, by tying the neck and feet of the Admiral to the corresponding parts of the corpse of Grooves, which, stiffened in death, was now supported upright on its feet by the seamen, back to back with its murderer. Just at this moment Græme thrust into his hand a slender rope-yarn, and whispered "Collins, use this instead."

The seaman looked up, surprised to find any one befriending the Admiral; but observing in the mutineer's manner the compassion and pity which he felt at seeing even his deadliest enemy subjected to so horrid a fate, he substituted the weaker ligature and took less pains in tying it securely than he would otherwise have done.

* "Stop," a nautical word, signifying, to tie up. "Fox," a little twist of doubled rope-yarn.

slightly, as if to take one stern and farewell of the old ship, to preserve the worthless of which he was about to meet such a fate. Suddenly that eye which quailed at the near approach of death, caught the face of the prisoner of the poop, whose meagre and attenuated features formed a pleasant contrast with the ferocious blood-stained countenances around. Yes! such is the power of science: before that calm and quiet gaze the Admiral seemed to shrink into himself.

The prisoner said nothing, his arms were crossed on his breast, and he seemed to meditate "more of sorrow than of anger," on the awful scene which he now witnessed.

"And *you* are here, too?" said the old man hesitatingly, after a few seconds.

"I am, Sir."

"I had thought you were not among the notorious villains!"

tion for the Admiral, bound to so hideous a companion, was never contemplated. The reverend official, who had gone below to realize the hypothesis of his superior, by applying to the spirit-bottle, now made his appearance with faltering steps, bolstered up on either side by a sailor.

Having brought him opposite to the body, he showed symptoms of great terror; these were relieved by Kavanagh's desiring him to "read the dead-body riggulations over an old shipmate," while Collins, as an encouragement, gave him a slap over the back, exclaiming, "Come, my old Cock! let's have something short."

If in the midst of such conflicting circumstances

and it looked in a friendly way at the
other party.

"Then the man with the long face old
Bill—what's his name?—an honest old sailor's
heart went out to him—such a good fellow as he!—
There you are. Now bring him here to this
house in the garden. Give three cheers—a
cheer and a song, and then I'll be over-
board.—Now then.—Ready, boys?"

"All ready."

"Make sail.—Ho! ho! ho! Hurra!—Now
again.—Ho! ho! ho! Hurra!"

The last hurrah cheer was specially given to the

hard bargainer."—Once more the note of death arose—"Hip, hip, hip, Hurra!" and with its last accent drifting on the gale to leeward, were plunged at once the living body and the lifeless corpse into the agitated surge beneath.

As the repeated yell of exultation gradually drew to a close, the powerful men to whom the task of jactation had been allotted, exerted all their strength, and hurled the object of their wrath many feet beyond the edge of the vessel respecting which he had uttered his vain blasphemy, thus sent with the victim of his tyranny, to render an account to Him who created in the semblance of His own image, alike the emperor and slave, the exalted and the low.

In falling, however, from this height, the bodies came in contact with the lee main-brace, one of the ropes that during the confusion had been slackened so far as to hang down in a semicircle from its different places of attachment. Launched down head foremost, this rope came exactly between the neck of the Admiral and that of Grooves, when the impetus of their descent carried away the rope-yarn by which they were fastened, and the bodies falling with the brace

between them, were arrested by its coming in contact with the liquid of the fact. Here they hung head downwards for the space of five seconds.

"Look, look!"—cried the men aghast, pointing down at the bodies which seemed to hang suspended in middle air. "They won't sink—see to that—they won't sink—for a gun at 'em—ha! there go!"—as the rope-ways gradually gave way and the bodies dividing fell into the sea, whose boiling surface heaved into foam, displayed the phosphorescence so singularly beautiful in the warmer climes.

"That of the?"—uttered the women in one

Thus it buzzed from ear to ear until that subtle demon, the pigmy tyrant of our fancies, which rules alike our infancy and manhood, had wormed herself into those breasts where passion lately reigned in her most terrific mood,—passion, which to gratify its desires, had heeded neither the life of fellow man, the mysterious whisper of conscience, nor the known and acknowledged laws of God. True—but who raised that awful passion?—dread question!—just retribution! The tyrant who perished a sacrifice to its terrific power.

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to resist, no longer a mortal foe to subdue, though far more dire opponents now threatened them—superstition and the storm; they would not be united to see it, and each contented himself with shrinking from the supremacy which these last had gained over his own breast; they were no longer amenable to a superior.

In vain did the carpenter explain to them the cause of what they chose to deem supernatural; in vain did he point to the threatening horizon as pregnant with their fate.—All was unheeded. Macpherson was slain in the last assault, and Kavanagh was no more regarded than himself. Apathy, terror, and insubordination within, seemed allied with the tempest raging for their destruction without. Even the gangs at the pumps, which through all the carnage of the night, had never ceased to labour, even they now forsook their station, seeming rather to court perdition if allied to indolence, than safety with exertion. Having finally ascertained this to be the case, nothing further remained for Græme but to prepare himself for death. Alas! he whose dearest ties have been violently rent asunder, needs but little time to reconcile him to the change. His mind is already chastened and

drawn towards its great Creator by affliction—that stern tutor—that mortal Mentor, who, having unmasked one by one the glittering pageants of this world, has exposed the skeleton decaying beneath, and taught us that to the perspective futurity alone, may we look for that indefinable something,—be it bliss or contentment,—which is to satiate the restless cravings of the eternal soul.

Misfortune! bitter as thou art, and in thy first effects a stirrer up of rebellion,—here is thy chief good. Not only canst thou make the coward brave, but cool. When death is near, the most determined become sensible of that chain which

"It will soon be over now," remarked the former in a calm tone of voice. "All command is gone—the gale increases—it will blow a regular tornado very shortly;—the leak gains on us hand over hand."

"'Twill be a seaman's death, Mr. Græme, however."

"Aye, aye,—it matters little to me how soon it comes, but for that delicate, pretty lady below 'tis a sad fate. How could that iron-hearted old fellow ever allow her to put a foot in such a rotten tub?"

"Aye, how indeed?—But how can we be useful to her?"

"Ah Mr. * * *, I wish I knew."

"Well, suppose you go below and try to comfort her. Say, that I am about to throw overboard the bottle with the letter, meanwhile I'll try if I can reach the main-top and see if there's anything like a vessel in company. I should not like to give this to the waves while there is any hope of the ship's safety, so I'll put it under cover till the last."

"Have a heed what you're about, the mast's bitterly wounded, it totters as the gale puffs over it—I wanted the lazy hounds to fish it, but it's all a gone-goose with them!"

"Yes, it's all over with command. I see that the spar is wounded, but with death at every turn, it scarce signifies talking of one path in particular."

"True, Mr. * * *. I had forgotten that. After living some forty years, custom makes a man hug so well-known a companion as misery without knowing it. Then I'll be off below, I wish you may catch a sight of something if its only for poor Mrs. Somers—but maybe you had better step into the old Admiral's cabin and sling his night-glass round your shoulders."

"Right, Græme, I never thought of that. Now then, make sail below, don't forget my mes-

lating to such a huge floating village, no description can be sufficiently vivid and graphic to convey a picture true to its dread original.

Along the deck, among the guns, and in every nook which could afford the slightest shelter from the gale, were lying those poor wretches, who, disabled by wounds and writhing as well from their agony as from the parching thirst of death, had crept aside to die—their smothered groans mingling with the wild delirious screams of others whose pains and fears were too great for silence. The creaking of the vessel, the rolling of the guns broken from their tackles, the shouts of impotent rage and despair, the obscenities and blasphemies of those unconscious beings who had sought oblivion in intoxication, and the roar of the tempest, all were heard, all were distinctly adding to the Babel of sound that rose upon the troubled ear of night; but none carried to the heart of the hearer so mournful a reflection as the phrensied wail of woman, bursting from the after part of the ship;—mourning at once the violent bereavement of those most dear, and expressing the natural but unavailing horror of a death so little suited to their gentle sex.

That man should suffer is but natural, and to a sailor whose existence is one long scene not of mere misery, but dreary hardship, this dispensation appears anything but strange. — With woman, however, the case seems widely different; separated so long from one naturally so dear to him, and then beholding her solely in her “hours of ease” — the fount of life, gladness and beauty to all around — the contemplation in distress of this dear association of his brightest images, and the feeling that it is beyond his power to aid her, is to the generous bosom of a sailor an appeal most powerful of all.

Weakened, as the old hull naturally was, by the

ward-room cabin, was seen seeking her slaughtered husband.

Many were the disfigured countenances over which she anxiously bent, trying to recognize the lost one—but in vain. At last she found a body which had fallen in the death-struggle from the break of the poop, and now lay near the lee scuppers, where the bulwark was shot away. With frantic eagerness she stooped, passing her fingers over its pallid features, as if to ascertain their form—His dress?—it was a soldier. The faint glimmer, assisted by imagination, already more than half confirmed her suspicions,—in torturing suspense she waited the next illuming surge to resolve her doubt.—Hark! she hears the swell—the rush of waters—her strained eyes appear to start from their sockets—the billow mounts—it falls, and sweeps towards her with its glare of death.—“’Tis he! ’tis he!” was the cry but faintly heard, as she flung herself upon the body: lost in that dear yet dread embrace, she knew not how great was the volume of water pouring round her.—The ship yields beneath its force—she rolls to leeward, and as the brine pours onward, it sweeps into its parent deep, the warm fond heart that

sought, together with the insensible bosom which it found—found but in time to share in its final place of rest. That look of recognition was her last ! When next she gazed upon her lord, it was in the promised bowers of an eternal Paradise.

Every minute that flitted past, now seemed more and more to confirm the awful fate which they apprehended. On the lower-deck it was one scene of licence. Lavishly illuminated throughout with the candles taken from the purser's store-room, the glare displayed groups of seamen reeling about intoxicated ; others not so far advanced, were sitting over large casks of rum, hoisted up from the spirit-room, and broached with the most wanton

coats of their bodies within, while guns dismounted, and even the corpses of some who had crawled below and expired on their road to the surgeon, added to the horrors of the place.

"Holloa, messmate! holloa, what cheer?" said one of the inebriated men, kicking the prostrate body of a fellow-sailor—"Why don't ye answer?—as dumb as a mummy, you rascal!" and he commenced singing,

"Meanwhile to your health, my ould hearty, in gin,

A * * fine sight this, cried Brien O'Lynn!"

"Speak up, you drunken swab! and answer to your call, or I'll broil ye, I will—I'll make ye into a dish of bubblin squeak—snap dragon—I will—What! you won't answer?—Then here goes," saying which he ignited some rum in a saucer, and then flung it over the person of the other, mumbling with the coolness of a philosopher who tries some heartless experiment, "You'll make a * * fine grill, old chap!"

The warm spirit inflaming that contained in the sodden clothes, the blue flame spread with astonishing rapidity, communicating instantaneously with the rest swimming around, until, to complete this floating Troy, an undulating sea of

azure flame welled from side to side with every roll of the vessel, and cries such as the damned alone might be supposed to utter ascended to an offended Heaven.

Signs of great electricity in the atmosphere again began to be manifest; though not as yet so decided as those of the preceding night. The prophesied tornado now came on in reality, and while the mighty deep yawned beneath them, the heavens above opened its jaws of flame, as if to consume them by the opposite element.

When the prisoner of the poop arrived in the main-top, he found two seamen had forestalled him in his designs.

THE PORT ADMIRAL,

beheld the thin tapering blue flame of the
its rise above her dark hull, through the hatch-
as well as the ports, of the main-deck, and
taking to the blast, flicker away upon the lee.
It was not long before the red gleams of ignited
pitch became apparent, with their dense black vo-
lumes of smoke curling above. Her hull was now
on fire.

It was a terrific sight, that lonely mass of flame
drifting upon the dark tempestuous ocean; a pile
of human sacrifice for hundreds of the Almighty's
creatures—some guilty as crime can render fallen
man, others innocent and pure as mortality will
permit; and one—that one!—as fair, as bright a
sacrifice as ever idolatry could offer.

Short was the time it had to blaze, deprived of
its masts, the remaining one having quickly fol-
lowed its predecessor, the old hulk no longer pos-
sessing head-way, it brouched-to, and fell broad-
side to the wind into the trough of the sea.—The
water inside now mounting rapidly up to her
orlop-deck, she became too heavy to mount the
waves any longer, when a tremendous billow
breaking with all its fury on her deck, the hull fell
over upon its side.—A hiss—a shriek of human

agony was heard along the deep, and the dark mass disappeared from the surface of the waters, to plumb its way through the unfathomed tides below!

The flame thus driven from its prey, shot upwards, borne along on the wings of the tempest for a short distance—its purple light soon diminished—quivered—then expired. And all around was night!

CHAPTER XV.

But hark ! the Muse now sounds a softer string,
No more of arms and horrid wars to sing ;
Grace, beauty, wit, with powers transcendent shine,
And purest passion consecrates the line.

At last, Fairest of readers, after the scenes of horror

Who, contemplating the misery to which this helpless young woman was brought by the laws of her country, does not feel the slight tenure on which happiness is held?—"Laws!"—Oh rank hypocrisy!

Freedom is a gift so sacred that we cannot be too energetic in its defence, or too sensitive to the slightest encroachments which its enemies can make. Surely then, at a time when works of fiction alone are read, some commendation should belong to those who expose a system so hateful in itself and so hideous in its results.

But to return, more immediately to thee, Fair Reader, who, however thou mayest feel disinclined to enter into a slavery debate, art yet more nearly and dearly interested in such matters than thou mayest suppose; for ten to one but thou hast a brother—a lover—a cousin—or a friend at least in the service, on whom the galling chain of servitude and oppression is now pressing with bitter force—force, that if thou couldst know one half of it, might well cause thy bright eye to flow with tears, and thy gentle bosom to own those fears and apprehensions which yet more deeply embitter life's cup of gall. Yet, fear not,

there are still a few in existence who dare to drag these pests to light, despite of threats against their persons or calumnies and abuse on their character; and once brought forth to view—thank God and the press! there are thousands, and I hope millions, who can pity the degradations of their fellow creatures, and assist them to triumph over all. However, to recur once more, we are now bid to leave such a harrowing topic, for

“Sweet nature’s oracle—first love—that all
Which Eve hath left her daughters since her fall.”

As far as I now view the matter, it is impera-

ting on all men who, like myself, understand

during sundry refittings, payings-off, and recommissionings between the years of Grace 1800 and 1812, I shall proceed, demanding pardon for any topographical errors of which I may be guilty on the score of an old man's memory; which, for need of the due refreshment, is apt to grow incontinent.

Few, very few, I take it, of my readers have ever visited Plymouth—in my younger days called Plymouth-Dock,—without noticing the high grounds of Mount Edgcumbe, that form the western arm of the sound or bay; being on the right hand side as you look seaward from the land.

Few as can have failed to observe these, the chief beauties of the scene, still fewer I should think have contemplated the endless variety of wood, shade, and pasturage which here crown the Danmonian deep, without gratifying the spontaneous wish to ramble among their picturesque glades and lovely scenery, through the courtesy of the estimable Noble who owns the manor. Amid these “Amaranthine bowers of bliss” it is my delighted lot to roam, hand in hand with the lovely heroines of my tale; and if to the eye of thee, fair Reader, I can only represent them as

they once appeared to me, I need entertain but slight fears of acquitting myself satisfactorily in my undertaking, and affording some trivial pleasure to those who feel that nature's fairest scenes are yet a paradise.

On the brow of one of the hills forming this demesne, the dilapidated remnant of a gothic tower yet uplifts its gray and time-worn arch towards the heavens. Around its base lie scattered the stones which seem formerly to have composed its crumbling walls : on these the ever verdant parasite of ruins luxuriantly blooms, yielding a noble lesson of faithfulness in adversity—even unto

bounding along in scenes of beauty not inferior to their own. Time, who bestows on the objects of an antiquary's reverence the very halo which consecrates a heap of rubbish, has yet no particle of that feeling which his remorseless hand creates. Little, therefore, of this building had survived ; but the granite pinnacles, copings, loopholes, and window tracery, breathed, as it were, to the said antiquary's heart a melancholy and pleasing tale ; and while his eye wandered over their rough lineaments, the memory pensively reverted to the many beings whose brief span they had survived and whose actions they had witnessed.

Fronting the sea, the petty waves of which chafed on the rocky shore beneath, stood the gable wall, the shafts of whose high gothic window still remained entire, and surmounted the rest of the pile ; its northern angle yet displaying an arched buttress, with octagonal stone spire.— Within this window was a platform, where stood a young man of singular appearance, eying with feelings of devotion the beauteous scene before him. His figure was slight rather than powerful, but the symmetry that was apparent to a close observer, bespoke it capable of great exertion and

activity. His height was above that of the generality of his sex, but owing to the just proportions of his limbs, it was only observable by juxtaposition. He wore on his head a deep-blue velvet cap, bound with gold lace, the large leathern front of which, denoted it to be of foreign manufacture.

From beneath this escaped the dark hair, curling and waving in the morning breeze. His features appeared to have long been exposed to the action of the sun; they were small and marked. The eye was large and quick, but chiefly remarkable for the singular searching expression which seemed to dwell in its glance. The lips were full and

from the heart been arrested by experience, and converted into a repelling and sarcastic sneer. When he spoke, which he frequently did, to himself, his better nature triumphed, and the first intuitive feeling pervaded his whole countenance; but suddenly as some unwelcome or self-reproving thought passed through his mind, the dark arched brows contracted, the bright hazel eye seemed to lose its oblong for a more globular form, while the lip and nostril curled with disdain. In an instant, all was tranquil as before, and melancholy—the melancholy of reflection—assumed the place of both smile and frown. These changes were but a short epitome of his character; since a very slight acquaintance proved the last to contain that which we might love—dread—and compassionate. For the rest of his dress it consisted of a double-breasted jacket of blue cloth, the collar being turned over, a pair of very white duck trowsers, and low shoes, with gold buckles.

A black canvass band crossed his back diagonally, and suspended a small narrow bag, whose office was to hold the spy-glass, on which rested the hand of its owner. Beside his countenance, there was but one ornament that bespoke his rank

to be gentle, this was a Turkish scimitar, apparently too large to be wielded by so slight a hand. Skill is, however, at any time preferable to strength, and whenever that hand—by accident or otherwise—came in contact with the hilt, it was with that careless grace which bespeaks a long familiarity—a familiarity that for his years one would not have expected, no, nor wished to see. Nor was the weapon itself calculated to lessen the surprise which the stranger excited. A diamond of considerable value glittered at that point where the blade is riveted to the crown of the handle, the sheathing and ornamental parts of the latter,

rising over the long gradual swell of waters borne in from the channel; each heaving on its huge breast a hundred smaller waves, as if the mere rufflings of the partial and dying breeze.

Suddenly some specks like men appeared to rise and move about in her taunt black rigging—the stranger applied his glass to his eye. After an interval of a few minutes, a very long dark object seemed rapidly ascending to the top of each mast—simultaneously their careers were checked—when, lo! before the landsman's eye could distinguish their purpose, three additional yards appeared, as if by magic, to have assumed their stations at the respective cross-trees of each top-mast, while a musket flashed forth from either side of the deck; their report across the sea being accompanied by the sound of eight strokes of the ship's bell and the long-winded call of the boatswain's mate, which summoned her crew to breakfast on cocoa and biscuit. After a few minutes' inspection, the stranger withdrew his glass to contemplate the rest of the scene.

Immediately beneath him, the swelling brow of the hill sloped down to meet the sea, gradually exchanging its rich verdure for a browner tint,

the latter giving way to barrenness, until a low irregular wooden paling marked the boundary where cultivation ceased and nature assumed her reign over the black rugged rocks beneath. On these the waters softly murmured. Iron-bound as this demesne is, the little bay which we are now describing was comparatively an easy landing-place. It was formed by two promontories of the hill where stood the ruined tower crowning the height. From the nearest or left hand point ran out a line of rocks towards the small island of St. Nicholas, situated nearly in the middle of the Sound. This reef, never visible to the eye, and only to be noticed by the ripple on the surface at

that variegated the precipitous sides of St. Nicholas, and resting on its fortified height, where the ensign of Old England floated proudly on the breeze. Extending in a direct line from this, the observer's glance was arrested by the dark heavy citadel that frowned over Catwater from its elevated site upon the Hoe. Beyond, again, the sun's beams were reflected back by the white dwellings which skirted the town of Plymouth, whose borough remained hid in the valley. Extending from this point towards the west, succeeded a line of rocks, forming occasional bays and headlands for the extent of four miles, until it terminated in an abrupt point. Beneath the last, on a line of low rocks, sprinkled by the foam, was built a small octagon tower of some antiquity, originally erected to defend the entrance to Hamoaze; for which purpose a chain had formerly extended across the strait to Mount-Edgcombe. Through this narrow passage passed the waters of the river, and its tributary streams; as well as the flow of that ocean which engulfed them all.

Having once stemmed the pent-up tide that rushed along this outlet, the mariner entered a capacious harbour, capable of containing an im-

men-of-war, while in its more hidden recesses were stored in ordinary, a great proportion of those noble vessels, which exceeded even the large demand of that day.

From the commanding situation on which the stranger stood, he beheld the groups of masts that arose from the bosom of this haven, teeming with life, the gigantic sheds whose hundred windows gave light to the workmen building ships within, the men-of-war, some riding all-a-taunto, only waiting a few hours to go forth to victory ; others half dismantled, their crews busy in the work of refitment, while conspicuous for size, neatness, and

through a hazy mantle of azure, which rolled from off the inclosed scene, seemed to hang suspended on them from heaven, like the gossamer veil of Beauty, flung aside to delight us with a more perfect view of her lovely features.

Nature, though delightful at all times, is never so much admired as by those on whom affliction has pressed, or wrong has driven forth to stand apart from their fellow creatures, while the thousand springs of affection with which a sensitive and passionate heart overflows, is left to stagnate into gall. The stranger gazed stedfastly upon the heavenly view that opened before him, and as its kindly influence crept over him, he felt the many wounds with which his bosom bled, close their dumb mouths, as if the fragrant dew that floated round him could have sunk upon them like a balm. The soft and gentle passages of his life, fondly cherished, seemed to rise upon him. His perturbed spirits calmed, as with an opiate. Man was not near to excite those baleful passions which bring such guilt and misery in their rear. Nature only spoke of her Creator, while the "still small voice" proclaimed that this lull was such as virtue loved.

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should mortality be to me—except my plaything? Let me be steeled—insensible to the emotions which distract others, and far above them all,” extending his arm, while pride and pleasure glowed in his eyes and played in the gratified sarcastic smiles that dimpled round his mouth. Scarcely had these resolves passed through his mind, when another change became visible in his variable countenance. Admiration and curiosity succeeded, as his eye caught some interesting object beneath him, to the right. It was of short duration—pettishly turning his head away,—“Psha! What am I so soon to be tempted from my purpose? Why should I remember that there are such fair forms in this —.” The rest was lost as he endeavoured to resume his former thoughts, though—it may be feared—in vain.

The objects which had possessed sufficient attraction thus to disturb him, consisted of three figures now issuing forth from the dark grove of pines which clothed the hill to the right. The light tints of their dresses were distinctly visible as they advanced among the tall graceful boles of the trees; the light-hearted laugh that broke from one of them, being echoed among the hollows of

the crowd, and sending the young anticipators from the winter halcyon to stand along the hall, their white faces glowing in the sun-beams.

Florian continued in two circles and a quadrille. From one of the former it was that the sounds of movement proceeded, as she alternately danced and stopped round the other set—now scolding the worst man of the quadrille, now as suddenly leaving it to watch a dancer—as close a butterfly, as really dangerous to catch one of the young men that stopped just for a word no less treacherous than her own. The latter movement, as being the most fatal, seemed to suit her best.

yet it's very hard they shouldn't come to me! I've seen them come to Margiée there, I have"—tripping forward to bestow on her fair rival a stroke with the light birch-spray which she had pulled in her walk. Her companions had now cleared the wood. Suddenly arresting her flight as she looked up to the tower—"Why there's a man, I declare!—and he's quite handsome, too—Look!"—

"Holloa! save us!" rejoined the gentleman, "whom have we got here?—with his cat's whiskers rigged over his mouth—Some French son of a gun, I'll bet a day's pay!—Come, Chatty! let's go up and make his number—A rum figure-head he's got—some curled spy of that rascal Master Boney's—but he never would have the impudence to come *here*! Bear a hand, Girls! and clap on more sail; he doesn't see us—we'll have time to work up to windward of this hill, and get the weather gage of Johnny Crappo before he can make off. We must overhaul his commission for him. Clap on more canvass, Girls, clap on!" But these urgent entreaties were little needed, at least by that one of the party designated "Chatty," who stimulated by curiosity and the little she had observed, was as eager for a close inspection as her companion, and already

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own ideas to be aware of their presence, extending his hand towards the Sound, ejaculated—"Yes, this scene is most superb!" Then, suddenly turning round, he confronted his inspectors, whom it is high time that we should describe. To begin then with the ladies, to whom courtesy as well as feeling dictates that I should pay the first attention. A first glance discovered great similarity in age and figure. Seventeen years would have been generally considered the amount of the former, while the latter would have been pronounced to be slightly above the usual height of their sex. Correct as these surmises would have been in their general outline there were yet a few minute differences visible in these fair works of creation.

The eldest of the twins—for such they were—was named Charlotte, abbreviated by her father into Chatty—was distinguished in figure from her sister by the merest difference of height, in which the youngest had the advantage, as well as by the more voluptuous fulness that was visible throughout her form—their countenances presented almost as great a contrast as their characters. The contour of Charlotte's face was round—her complex-

ion of a rich brunette which might have been termed dark, but for the full black eye that glowed with all the liquid fires of youth and wit. Her features were all delicately formed, but yet strongly marked. Her nose was Roman, and bespoke a slight masculine tinge of character; her lips were wreathed with eternal smiles, while laughter served to display the additional beauty of her teeth. The crimsoned bloom of health and joy mantled on her cheek, relieved yet deepened by the jetty hair that wantoned around it—straying from a high and open forehead where all the candour and generosity of her disposition might be traced at sight. There she stood, a dazzling

she ever received, was "Margiée." Though it might not be so appropriate, it was at least a more emphatical designation than that of Chatty.

I have already said that Margiée was in a very trifling degree taller than her sister, as also that she appeared more slightly and delicately made. Not that her figure was at all wanting in those rounded lines which comprise the chief beauty in the human form—far otherwise: grace was in every movement. Nor was there any point where the most fastidious eye could have suggested any improvement that would not have deranged the symmetry of the whole. The differences in their figures were just sufficient to pronounce the one elegant and dignified, the other voluptuous. The same character extended to the countenance, which presented a small oval. So purely fair were the hues on her delicate features, that they might have been ascribed to indisposition, but for the clear transparency that put such a thought to instant flight, and the exquisitely soft eye which beamed through its long lashes over snowy lids that drooping, seemed to hide the orbs within, but in reality imparted a sleepy expression of such heavenly softness, that he who gazed

beauty, could not but have confessed that *Margaritha* was a model of *Patrician loveliness*. The first would have excited the surprise, the admiration of man—how such a noble creature could be formed in such a world—might have drawn forth the exclamation of *Shakespeare*, beginning with—

“ Now dances my rapt heart, thou noble thing ! ”

But the triumph of the latter, however delayed for an instant, would have been sure; and the most obdurate heart must have bowed before her fascination. Awed by her native grace and dignity, and involuntarily attracted by her elegance and softness, the beholder would have regarded her as a being of a purer sphere, too ethereal in her nature ever to be sullied by contact with the children of earth, and fit only to be enshrined as a gem*.—

* Should any of my Readers feel the slightest curiosity to behold the likeness of this exquisite original, they may at once be gratified by turning to the illustrations of the *Waverley novels*, where, in the portrait designed for *Flora Mac-Ivor*, they will find a most singular and striking picture of *Margaritha Salisbury*. The eyebrows in the print are scarcely enough arched, and the expression of the mouth is a little too cold and haughty; but in other respects it presents a strange and faithful resemblance. On the other hand, it does not at all embody the idea I had always formed of *Fergus's sister*. It appears to me to be too young, too femininely beautiful, too expressly formed for the tender endearments of love, to represent the resolute and

The former would have had many suitors and servants, the latter worshippers and slaves.

The gentleman in the centre, upon whose arms these fair girls now leaned, was not altogether unworthy of the relation in which he stood to them—that of a father. In his tall and portly figure the stock from whence they sprang was readily discerned, while the manly bearing of a sailor was visible in his ruddy weather-beaten countenance.

Rarely is it the lot of man to preserve in the decline of life such perfect remains of the bloom of youth. Few who gazed upon the high aquiline nose and untamed locks of this individual

and though the deep hues of a former day had now paled to a gold flaxen shade, the thinned locks curled around his honest and laurelled temples as gracefully as ever. He wore a round glazed hat; and it is saying sufficient of his good looks to remark, that even this frightful piece of our stiff national costume was not sufficient to mar them. His hands, kept with the most scrupulous neatness, but bearing honourable testimony of his profession, were crossed on his expansive chest, while the elbows were at the service of his children. A great coat of blue cloth, with plain buttons, entirely concealed every other part of his dress, except the stiff boots of black leather, which extended without wrinkle to his well-formed knee, while from their tops depended two tassels. His countenance seemed to blend the different dispositions of his daughters, and while all the fun and good-nature of Chatty sparkled round his mouth, the dignity and good-breeding of Margarita were apparent in his eyes and forehead.

Such was Sir Richard Salisbury, who must now be introduced to the Reader as the PORT ADMIRAL of Plymouth.

To revert to that moment of our history when the stranger first beheld the trio, after his exclamatory praise of the scene before him. The old officer no sooner heard his native language, than he internally said, "That's right, my jolly boy! I thought he couldn't be a Frenchman; too ship-shape in his build," and stepping towards the other with a frankness of air that more than compensated for his former suspicions, he added, "You are an admirer of the picturesque, Sir, I perceive?"

"Of every thing that is beautiful," returned the stranger, bowing slightly and glancing with a look of significant meaning at the ladies. Charlotte smiled, and received the compliment like one who accepts what is due, while Margarita barely indulged her female curiosity with a look in return, when her eyes sought the ground in evasion, and she slowly turned away her

beautiful?"

sister's arm from behind, while the Admiral chuckled with much good-nature at this extraordinary sally. There was something so full of fun in the black eye of her who put this home question, that it was impossible for any one to mistake its meaning, much less one so versed in the many readings of the female character as the stranger.

Bowing, therefore to Margiée, who seemed apprehensive of the construction he might put on her sister's question, he returned, "Truly, while another lady is present, and one so very fair, I dare not reply in an affirmative that would relate exclusively to yourself. Nevertheless, Ladies, if either of you have by accident ever beheld a mirror, you can forestall my answer. The more so, as I—vainly perhaps—pretend to some little taste in these matters."

"Oh indeed!—The very person I have wanted to meet for an age. Come, you shall be a second Paris, and tell me who is the prettiest—I or my sister?" pulling the latter forward.—"Come Margiée, come to be judged!"—But the latter took shelter behind her father.—"Ah bashful Margiée! that's not fair.—Sir Stranger! you can't see her features."

the exhibition of those sallies which he was accustomed so often to behold. Here, however, he was afraid that his daughter had touched an untuned string. Checking her arm therefore, as it hung in his, he said, "'Vast heaving, Chatty, there! that red rag of thine is like a frigate in a convoy, always a-head."

"Come, Bunting-main, none of those horrid sea similes of yours. They're as bad in their way as the prudery of my pretty quak'ress-like sister, Margiée."

"And for thee my friend, Chatty, I fear thou art too fond of the French coquetterie."

"Do you not esteem this unusually fine weather

names, and tell us if such a day was not made to be passed on the water?" advancing to the ruined window where stood the stranger.

"Yes, Chatty, this is fine weather for fresh water sailors."

"What say you, sister Margitee? Should you like a sail?"

"I should have no objections," returned Margarita, in the still and quiet manner so peculiarly her own.

The stranger remained a mute observer, and seemed to watch each movement of the last speaker's lips, as if their tones were to him a rich and cherished melody.

"Stopper there, my girls," said the Admiral. "All this may seem to you plain sailing, but could you tell me how you intend to go?"

"Why, to be sure you'll lend us your tender," and Charlotte threw her arms round her father's neck in the manner of young ladies who intend to take no denial.

"My tender has gone round to Portsmouth with the fleet, Darling."

"How provoking! Then you'll get us the commissioner's."

"Can't, Chatty, she's alongside the sheer-hulk getting her mast out."

"And is there nothing in the harbour that you can give us?"

"Not even a ketch. My boats are painting. So you've both tide and wind against you: unless you like to have that frigate lying off there—the *Voleur*. She shall trip round Cawsand with you. Dandy Fred, as you call him, will be happy enough, I dare say."

As this conversation passed, the stranger looked up, wondering to himself who this open hearted and unpretending old officer could be, endowed seemingly with such authority.

"No, no," pettishly returned Charlotte, with all the good-nature which a spoiled child can possess—"I won't have the *Voleur*—I don't like that puppy the Honourable Captain Dunderhead—he always makes such open love to me. Not that the last is so unpleasant," looking archly towards the stranger, "except when it comes from so unmanly a fop as Dunderhead. What do you think that creature does to his ropes, papa?"

"What, girl?"

"Why he actually scents them with *eau de*

Cologne!—No, no, I had rather remain at home than do him such an honour—with his conceit. He always keeps us to himself whenever we go on board—never lets any of the other officers come near us—and there are several much more pleasant than himself.”

“ Ay, ay, Chatty, he’s up to trap—he’s afraid they’ll cut him out.”

“ So that handsome, impudent Claristowe said, who is third lieutenant on board. And now I think of it, Margiée—oh what fun it will be!—let us take the day’s trip in her—I’ll flirt with Claristowe, and you with Littel (the junior lieutenant); and then the honourable coxcomb will be left all to himself. Yes, yes, we will!—oh I shall be delighted!” and she clapped her little hands in joyous anticipation of her admirer’s chagrin.

Margarita however did not seem to enter into this proposal with the same glee, but smiling faintly, as if at her sister’s vagaries, replied. “ Not so, Chatty, for me. You can indulge yourself. The fondness for flirtation, as thou callest it, seems happily confined to one branch of the family. I cannot see any delight in being stared at by so many officers.”

“Pooh, Child! that is thy want of spirit. You should think that *you* are looking at *them*—not *they* at *you*. But do let us go, Margiée. Remember, we shall not be alone: we can take off the whole crew at home. And then think what fun to leave Captain Dunderhead taking care of our sage aunt, Lady Sapphira! Oh it will be capital! Now do, Margiée. I long to set those two by the ears!”

But Margarita only shook her head in a manner that forbade the entertainment of such an idea.

“Look at her, Papa, the ill natured prude—positively ill natured. So I suppose I am to give up

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh Love, in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and where solitude combine,
Here are indeed thy perfect bowers of bliss,
And here thou art indeed a god divine."

CAMPBELL.

IN this dilemma Charlotte stood regarding the sea, somewhat chagrined at having her plans thwarted by scruples whose existence she could not understand.

The point already mentioned as being the one from which the ridge of rocks ran out, was on the left of the tower, and as Charlotte's eye rested on the wild pine-trees that grew on the edge, and stretched their shaggy arms down into the gulf below, she discerned through the openings of their stems the dark hull of some small vessel.

The last mentioned object was riding by a single

anchor, and in a few minutes a slight cat's-paw made her drag her cable veering into another position and coming distinctly into view.

Her hull now appeared to be long and low, rising gradually out of the water towards the bow, the monotony of the dark grey colour with which she was painted being only relieved by a very narrow ribbon of red paint. This however was scarcely visible at this distance. A small boat was floating secured to her stern, and the only signs of life visible on board were those displayed by a huge sailor, that like a mountain of humanity walked the quarter-deck, and in defiance of June flapped

period, and indeed but too little adopted since. As Charlotte contemplated this little vessel, its extreme beauty struck even *her* fancy, and while she admired the degree of exactitude, order, and neatness visible in all its parts, the idea of its serving her present need came across her mind as she pointed it out to her father, saying,

"See Papa, that vessel will do for me—we'll have that. What a delightful little cruiser she appears to be!" but the Port Admiral had already descried her low form as it rode over the scarcely ruffled surface with all the native grace of a sea bird, and was now puzzling himself to discover what she was.

"Why, Chatty, as to that, hang me if I know—The fellow has no pendant flying—and yet—why she can hardly be any thing else but a King's craft. Whoever commands her keeps her gear in its place—yards square—lifts, stays, braces—all taut—masts well set up too—a devil of a rake the fellow's got, though! Almost as bad as a Yankee. But it can't be an American, one would as soon expect to see Boney party here as Jonathan. How low she sits in the water, too!—she sails well, I know—A regular clipper—a day's pay for it she is.—

THE PORT ADMIRAL,
must have a closer squint at her. Sir, will you
show me with your glass for a few minutes?"
Addressing the stranger, and as the latter complied
with this request, Margarita observed a latent
smile on his features which excited a correspond-
ent one on her own. Hers was of pleasure to see
that the being before her was not so inaccessible
to the softer emotions of the soul as the occasional
coldness of his looks expressed—his had its origin
in a different feeling.

As the Admiral turned his glass towards the ob-
ject of his curiosity, the rest of the party waited
in silence to hear the results of his examination.
"Devilish snug!" muttered the Admiral, "devilish
snug! Not a soul to be seen aboard of her except
one thumping fellow that reminds me of Nat's
yarns of Polyphemus—he's got an overhand hitch
in his eye-brows, and looks savage enough to eat
new roasted on a studding-sail boom, as
were served Ulysses.—Yes,
such a sheer-

King's ship—neither pennant, ensign, nor uniform. She's a touch above me; I'm afraid she won't answer to my hail. If her skipper's a King's man, he must have a plaguy sight of impudence never to have come and reported himself, unless he came too late last night. Thank you for your glass, sir—I don't make her out."

The stranger received his telescope, and bowing, turned towards Margarita,—“Surely, Ladies, let the commander be who he may—whatever government he may serve,—he cannot at least disown his allegiance to youth and beauty. To two *such* applicants how could he give a refusal, even though the demand extended to one half of his kingdom?”

“Bravo! Sir Stranger, that is well said. Margieé, what think you?—But tell me, how are we to get access to that burly chief yonder, beating his huge body about, seeing that we have no boat. I think, sir, you must undertake the part of a dolphin, and transport your goddesses thither on your back.”

“Good! my Fair Juno; but before we proceed any further, with what are you prepared to propitiate that savage, her captain, since, like all rude

chiefs, he doubtless requires to be won over by some well-timed present?"

"Oh the mercenary wretch! and I've come out without any ornaments," looking at her plainly, but tastefully, attired person—"even a ring, and so has Margiée—we don't often wear those things."

"Nor require them," interrupted the stranger. Charlotte smiled, and proceeded,—

"Now is not this provoking? I'll give him—what should I give?—why, if I thought he'd estimate it any worth, I'd present him with my hand to salute."

"And would you bestow a boon of the same

Margarita bent her head and snatched away her hand, while Charlotte laughingly said, "What slyness in your wit, my friend!" allowing him to retain the taper fingers that invited admiration.

"Fairly won, by Jove!—fairly won, even if it had been the cheek. Ha, ha, ha! You weren't wide awake; you should have bargained for the cheek—kissing hands is ful-lal stuff."

"Come, Bunting-main, don't be rude," and his beautiful daughter patted him on the chin with that affectionate familiarity which speaks so truly of domestic happiness.

"Come, come, Captain ——?"—resumed Charlotte, and then pausing for him to fill up the space with his name.

"Croiser," he returned, bending gracefully towards his interrogator.

"Well then, Captain Croiser, since we have paid the forfeit, it is but fair that you should perform your part of the agreement. What say you?"

"That I shall be most happy. My little bark, Ladies, as well as her unworthy commander, are both at your service. You have but to name the

hour when you would like to embark, and I will immediately go off and have her in readiness."

"Thank ye, my dear sir,—it's devilish kind in you. The girls here will be delighted to accept your offer of the craft, but you mustn't be off like a shot. Can't you hail for a boat, and get that Polyphemus ashore, to give your orders, and then you can 'bout ship and take a bit of breakfast with the girls while they get rigg'd?"

The stranger's eye brightened, he looked at his vessel and then at Charlotte—hesitated—turned towards Margarita, and then accepted the invitation as cordially as it was given. This point be-

"I wonder who that fellow can be?" muttered the Admiral to himself. "A rum name '*Croiser*!'—don't like it—too Frenchified—a smart officer though—looks like a king's man—They don't get that cut out of the navy—none of your merchant service—free trader—aye, or 'honourable company's lead' about him—all right and tight—a clipping craft he's got too, by Jove!—a young fellow—good voice for hailing a top in a South-easter.—Well, girls, what dy'e think of him, eh Chatty?"

"'Think of him?'—he's charming. What say you, Margiée."

"I have seen nothing from which to judge, Charlotte—but we know thou art readily charmed and art able to bear the spells of more than one exorcist at once."

"Ah, Prudence! I know you,—you wish to have him all to yourself—but you shan't," brushing her younger sister's face with the birch-spray. A deep glow seeming to spread over her delicate countenance as she disclaimed the truth of this assertion.

"Now, then, Sir, I shall be most happy to accompany you," said the stranger, joining them.

"I have spoken to my burly second in command, and he will warp the schooner into Barn Pool as you requested, where she will be ready for us to go on board within half an hour's time."

"Thank ye, Captain Croiser. I hope this freak of Chatty's has not interrupted any more serious duty in which your privateer ought to be employed."

Taking no notice of this assumption as to the character of his vessel, her commander merely replied, that "a true knight can have no duty which he performs with so much pleasure as that of attendance on beauty," and offered his

and covered the space below, until it reached a belt of trees growing out to the very edge of the estate, and overshadowing the rocky barriers, which in blowing weather, were heard battling with the flood below. As they passed along, the deer started from their recumbent position to herd together in small groups and stare at the intruders on their solitudes; then retreating to the path below, whose sinuosities were visible through the belt of firs which it threaded, they gambolled onwards, an antler being visible occasionally through the scattered underwood.

Presently Charlotte paused, and looking round, as if to discover some object, said, "Where is my pet? I don't see him. Captain Croiser, I'll show you my pet;" then producing a gold whistle, suspended round her neck, she applied it to her lips, which, till then, would have been deemed inadequate to send forth such shrill tones, however aided by mechanical art. Presently a loud heavy tramp was heard—"Marengo! Hey, Marengo! here!" cried Charlotte. Obedient to that sweet and well-known voice, a horse was instantly seen rushing down the declivity.

"For God's sake take care! he will crush you to

THE PORT ADMIRAL,

ms!" exclaimed Croiser, fearing lest the animal should alight on Charlotte. The latter merely smiled and remained still, while the palfrey having approached within a few feet, cleared the path on which they stood, by leaping over their heads and alighted below, taking a sweep round to lose its impetus, and then caracolled with the wild joyousness of freedom until it arrived at the side of its mistress, when it stood neighing its recognition of her person and pawing the ground with impatience, while its long tail and mane floated on the air. Gently did the noble creature bend its high arched neck and rub its beautiful forehead against the fair hand put forth to caress it, the ruddy nostril distended with pleasure.

"This is my pet—my Marengo. Is he not beautiful, Captain Croiser?"

"He is indeed superb!" and the young sailor mutely walked round the animal to admire its delicate proportions.

"Now, then, down! Marengo, down!" said Charlotte, patting her steed on the back. On the instant, the generous creature placed its fore knee on the velvet sward, at the same time crouching down when its mistress standing on

little bank above, seized a lock of its mane, and vaulted on its back, having previously taken a shawl from her neck which her sister now wrapped round her feet; and before Croiser had time to believe what he had seen, both steed and rider were dashing at full speed along the common. Surprised as he was, he yet contrived to observe something fall from the lady's neck, and advancing, found it to be the gold whistle. Having picked it up, his surprise at its strange but beautiful owner was not lessened to find by its narrow circular pipe and barrel-shaped bowl, that it had been originally intended as a boatswain's call. Taking it back to the Port Admiral, he could not help expressing some surprise as he delivered it into the old officer's hand: the latter looked at it stedfastly for a few seconds, as if contemplating an old friend. Something like a tear glistened in his venerable eye as he raised his head, and laying a forefinger gently on Croiser's arm, he said,

“ Now I'll tell you a queer story about that—yes!—When I was a youngster, in the first American war, about six months after I got my swab, I had a shipmate callad Dick Ratline—little Dick Ratline,—smartest fellow I think I ever saw in my

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THE PORT ADMIRAL,

de; a boatswain's mate he was, a coxswain of my boat—the launch. Well, one day it was blowing great guns and marlingspikes; little Dick and I were sent off to assist some small craft which had got bilged on a reef of rocks. Its boats were stoved to shiverens, and tide rising. Well, ye see it was running such a sea, 'twas as much as ever the boat could live, and with her draft, we didn't dare attempt laying her 'longside for fear of being stove to pieces too; so what does little Dick do, but make fast to his midships a rope's end which we had brought with us, and swim under the craft's stern where they had deeper water, and could give him down the bight of the main sheet and haul him on board. Once there, he knocked down the skipper for being half-seas-over, turned to, built a rough sort of raft—got all her able hands upon it as well as himself, and we towed them every man off safe and sound to the frigate. Thus Dick saved fourteen lives. So the men clubbed together and gave him this call, which Dick laid by in lavender, and swore it should never be used till he got his boatswain's warrant, which the captain had promised to get for him the first opportunity. Well, some time after, we were on our way to the Admiral

and Dick was as glad as a grig to think that he'd got his bit of paper at last; when one night the boats were ordered away to cut out—three of them, and I had the command. Every thing being ready, away we started. Now, before we left the ship, what does Dick do, but take his gold pipe out of lavender and sling it round him—as he said to give it a warming, but some of his messmates told me afterwards that he felt rather faint-hearted—according to his own account—and so put this on to remind him of former days—a sort of filip to do his best. We pulled in—oars muffled—to within some hundred yards say,—the enemy lying away here on our starboard bow, within a little bight of the land, when, just as we were going to separate in three parties, head, stern, and gangway, what should come athwart us but a sweeping broadside from a cursed masked battery inland.—‘We're discovered, boys,’ said I, ‘hurrah and close!’ and we gave way like good ones, but the battery played us so well, and surprised us so much, that we were beat off. We'd hardly got out of fire when we missed Dick, and as some one had seen him taken prisoner, it spirited the lads up to rescue our game little

bantam cock. We clapped all the wounded into the small cutter, and told them to pull in by the shore from windward, making such a row as would attract the battery, while we sneaked round and boarded her on the other side from landward. By Jove, sir, it succeeded. Dick and another who were yet standing on deck when we swept alongside, managed to get hold of something in the shape of a cutlass, or a broomstick for any thing I know, and laying into the fellows behind, with loud cries of 'Old England for ever'—egad! they thought we had boarded them on both sides. Well, sir, just when it was all over, I heard some

but he forged a-head too quickly. Poor little Dick !” and the long gathering particle of moisture slid down the old veteran’s cheek as he turned towards the gay creature that now came galloping towards them.

As Charlotte approached, the bonnet that had hitherto confined her hair gave way, and allowed her jetty tresses to escape, while the rapid motion of the horse caused them to stream behind. Croiser gazed on the glowing image which now presented itself before him, and sighed—a sigh prompted by the bitter experience of life—a sigh which seemed to draw from the distance of futurity the ills which but too often form a portion for the most gifted of mankind. The exercise had bestowed on her cheek an unusually bright tinge—her lustrous eyes seemed to sparkle yet more joyously than before, while the hair that strayed in glossy tangles round her, gave that native air a *deshabille* which precludes the idea of art. Her horse, as if proud of the brilliant beauty it supported, fondly tossed back its head to meet her caresses, and curvetted before their admirers with gratified vanity and delight.

Scarcely did Croiser know which to admire

most, the unsuspecting being who now appeared before him decked with all the immortality which a fallen race can know, or the extreme grace of that horsemanship which enabled her to maintain her seat without the trappings of art. Her image conveyed to his heart an idea of splendour, of vivid beauty, and awoke a feeling of surprise that he had never met with any thing to compare with her before. "And yet,"—something whispered within him—"And yet she does not realize those soft visions which have floated through my mind—which have arisen in my dreams too impalpable and indistinct even for the eye of imagi-

love and joy—every sensation that nature and
care—have warmly exercised themselves. And
an absent air he seemed contemplating the
placid features of Margaret, while the untroubled
fancy traced in the mild movements before him
some faint resemblance to ~~any~~ ~~one~~ ~~and~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~
but whether in actual life, or in those waking
series which the spirit sees—their vivid
recollections could not decide. So long did the
abstraction last, that Constant was much aroused from
it by seeing the check he so ardently assumed
suddenly veiled, as much to hide it from his gaze
as to conceal the crimson from that corrupted it.
Then it was that he awoke to note the pallor on
Charlotte's countenance, from which the colour
had as rapidly faded, as on the features of her
sister it had risen. The Port Admiral alone was
unconscious of the change: for though the ladies
at large owned—and they suitably acknowledged
it by their favour—no gallant more devotedly
their vassal, he had gradually forgotten the expe-
rience which the youthful heart alone can teach,
that experience which gathers in a look the truest
revelation of the soul. Nor does this skill relate

alone to love ; in that all are, more or less, sufficiently expert ; but among men in the ordinary affairs of life, I believe it is a gift—if so—one most invaluable—one whose involuntary impressions contain more truth than the most subtle, the most minute deductions of reason, as the latter has often proved to its cost ; but to return—Sir Richard stood with his hands still crossed on his breast before him, smiling with honest pride and pleasure.—“This is the most splendid animal I ever beheld—except one”—said Croiser, correcting himself and advancing to stroke its neck, “What did you call it?”

“‘Marengo’ sir;” and the altered voice, where coldness and pride were mingled for the first time, fell unpleasantly on his ear.

“‘Marengo’!—the devil, no Chatty, you sha’n’t call it any of your rascally French names—you know I hate the infernal sons of”—and here the Admiral poured forth a volley of oaths to the memory of his Gallic foemen, with a zest that was not the least conspicuous part of his truly British character. “Don’t call it by one of that rascal Boney’s victories—though I wonder how they can

be such lubbers as to let him get any—but call it by Aboukir, Chatty, where he got a good licking from Nelson, God bless him.”

“Hold your tongue, Bunting-main, she shall be called Marengo, Buonaparte for ever;” and her good-nature seeming to return with her animation, she waved aloft her switch, gave the signal to her favourite, and both were soon out of sight once more.

“There she goes, ha-ha, harum-scarum little devil. Come we must haul our head yards. Look at your watch, Margiée—half an hour behind time. Bless us and save us, what the dickens shall we say to Auntie Saff.”

They now quickened their pace, and after following the same path for a quarter of a mile, they found Charlotte and her steed pausing by a gate that inclosed the more secluded part of the plantations from the deer. Having passed this boundary, they entered upon a carriage-road sheltered by the verdant canopy above; then speedily turning to the right, through a second inclosure, they found themselves in a still more sequestered pathway, which the thick overshooting branches rendered impervious to the sun. In this deep

shadowy solitude, echo seemed to have taken u her abode, and repeated every sound that awokè upon her ear from the hidden recesses of the vast amphitheatre, around whose brink the pathway wound. There, as they gazed through its apparently interminable depths, they heard each sigh of the morning breeze softly breathed through the trees with which its circular space was filled; their sounds multiplied and increased around, and finding their way to the senses, laden with the balmy dews they had imbibed. The noble deer here gave way to the timorous watchful hare, which occasionally skipped among the retreating wilderness, rustling the decaying leaves of a former year, and leaving the disturbers far behind—oak—elm—pine—and cedar, all contributed their shade. They paused to contemplate a gigantic pollard of the first species, among whose reshooting boughs was placed a bower—the ascent to which was by a spiral stair around the root. Passing quickly forward, the increased light upon their winding path announced their approach to day once more.

“Save us,” cried the Admiral, “here comes *Margarita’s* pet now—How has he got loose, the

dog—here he comes capering along—a king's messenger, I suppose, from Aunt Saffy, to let us know that she's waiting breakfast." This speech caused Croiser to look up in alarm, as if in anticipation of beholding a second Marengo, or maybe a cub elephant by way of a change; instead of which a young gazelle tripped lightly by, to fawn at Margarita's feet, and then rub its silver collar against limbs that vied in beauty with its own.

Margarita did not point it out for his admiration, but he could not help observing with a secret satisfaction, the different disposition the sisters displayed in choosing their favourites. Soon the trees on their left hand gave way to a high bank, retreating to its summit, and only throwing their branches over from above. Gradually they quitted the woody amphitheatre on their right—the blue sound became visible once more, and instead of fronting St. Nicholas' Island, they found themselves almost opposite the town of Plymouth-Dock. Suddenly the road turned to the left, when they stood before the eastern front of what was once the Castle, but now bore the less ambitious title of The House.

To their present view it displayed two of the

four octagonal towers which flanked the several sides. Though the tumultuous days had passed, when it served the sovereign's cause as a fortress for King Charles, there yet gleamed forth in its turretted and warlike form, as well as the granite mullions which secured the stained glass of its Gothic windows, some reminiscences of its ancient glory, that might well awake in the breast of its owner, that generous pride of ancestry, which fittingly indulged, does honour to the human heart.

The towers at each angle rose above the body of the building, while in its centre, the square heavy keep yet retained two granite pinnacles —

On a spirally carved column of stone it stood, as if to remind its careless observers—that however we may cull the sweets of life, and surround ourselves with its transitory joys, Time still pursues his pace. Alike to him whether his progress be quite unheeded or diligently noted, or whether his path be over flowers or a wilderness. Within the bounds of this parterre might be found almost every flower that could delight the eye by its colour, or give pleasure to the senses by its perfume; nor least amongst the last was a small rich rose, several trees of which had been made to climb over the sphere-formed tracery which surmounted two parterres at the end of the terrace, each having in its centre an elegant and similarly wrought vase. Beyond these the garden terminated in a marble flight of steps, extending towards our party, and rounded off in a semicircle by a classic railing, with low capitals, the last upholding colossal imitations of the pine fruit, and running round the castle to its opposite flank.

On an elevation to the left of the terrace, rose a continuation of the wood through which they had passed, and which formed a grateful screen

at the back of the castle, its elm trees bending gracefully to the blast that mourned among their leafless branches in winter, or reflecting back as at present, in chrysolite hues, the beams disporting on their leaves. The walk on which our party now advanced, ran beneath these until it reached the entrance to the castle from behind.—Leaving this tract, however, they crossed the lawn to the flight of steps before mentioned, where Charlotte dismounting took the proffered arm of Croiser—with some slight hesitation—and they all ascended. Marengo, who remained outside, here put his head over the railing and neighed—Charlotte turned and waved her hand towards him.—Thus convinced that his services were no longer required, the noble creature regarded his mistress for a few seconds, slowly turned his head, and then darted off at full speed to regain those solitudes in which he was so free to range.

Before entering the house, they separated, the girls to cull flowers, the gentlemen to look on.—While thus employed, the rose-bud which Margarita had been wearing in her vest, fell to the ground, Croiser gently walking towards it picked it up, as he imagined. unseen—not so, however;

its late owner perceived what had taken place, and gathering a fresh flower said,

“ Captain Croiser this is fresh, you had better give me my rose-bud again.”

“ I can refuse nothing from such hands—and yet allow me to keep the other ; faded flowers are best suited to my fortunes.”—The unobtrusive melancholy conveyed by the low tones in which this was uttered, caused his hearer to look up. Such a look, thought Croiser in after times, when its memory came over him like a dream of vanished youth, was a dear repayment for many woes. Nor did she lightly forget that moment—sorrow to her was never breathed unheedingly. She had too much of that feeling so visible in her arched eyebrows—that feeling which I fairly confess has puzzled my philosophy, as to whether it most soothes or embitters our passage through life—I mean—Romance; be that as it may, it is this feeling which so unequivocally elevates our kind above the brute creation.

END OF VOL. I.



love and joy—every relaxation from misery and care—have so war mly entwined themselves.” With an absent air he remained contemplating the placid features of Margarita, while the enraptured fancy traced in the mild lineaments before him, some faint resemblance to objects seen before, but whether in actual life, or in those waking reveries which the spirit owns—the bewildered recollection could not decide. So long did this abstraction last, that Croiser was only aroused from it by seeing the cheek he so ardently admired, suddenly veiled, as much to hide it from his gaze as to conceal the crimson flush that overspread it. Then it was that he awoke to note the paleness on Charlotte’s countenance, from which the colour had as rapidly faded, as on the features of her sister it had risen. The Port Admiral alone was unconscious of the change; for though the ladies at large owned—and they suitably acknowledged it by their favour—no gallant more devotedly their vassal, he had gradually forgotten the experience which the youthful heart alone can teach, that experience which gathers in a look the truest revelation of the soul. Nor does this skill relate

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THE
PORT ADMIRAL;

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“CAVENDISH.”

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
COCHRANE AND M'CRONE,
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1833.

“ A CHIEF ON LAND, AN OUTLAW ON THE DEEP,
TO HER HE MIGHT BE GENTLENESS: THE STERN
HAVE DEEPER THOUGHTS THAN YOUR DULL EYES DISCERN;
AND WHEN THEY LOVE, YOUR SMILERS GUESS NOT HOW,
BEATS THE STRONG HEART THOUGH LESS THE LIFE AWAY.”

THE PORT ADMIRAL,

A TALE OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

"And thus as he called them by title and name,
They entered, and breakfast was served as they came."

THE Port Admiral now led the way into the breakfast-room, the folding windows of which opened upon the terrace. Here Croiser found the breakfast party assembled, and after glancing his eye round the old oak pannelling, on which hung various family portraits by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was introduced to the Admiral's guests.

"This, Captain Croiser, is my sister, Lady Sap-
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B

phira Affectus—Auntie Saffy we call her—but that's only for friends, seeing she doesn't like to go by that tally."

"Sir Richard, don't be such a bore.—The Port Admiral, Sir," turning to Croiser, "always seems to think it necessary to enter into family details—but we," drawing up her majestic person, "forgive him these slight solecisms in consideration of the constant society of sailor-captains in which he is condemned to mix—as well as the want of that accuracy and closeness of style which a mathematical education——"

"There, there, stopper Lady Saff, we want none of your mathematics here, your Greek and your Latin. It's enough for me to know plain sailing, a dash of trigonometry and navigation, and the nack of breaking an enemy's line—none of your hick, heck, hock, and other three-decker line o' battle words—taking an old officer six months to get one out—your hypotenuse of the triangle or whatever your rigmarole may be. We want none of that, do we Bombast, old Boy?" bestowing a hearty slap of his hand on the shoulder of a mean little figure

which quivered beneath its weight. The little oddity thus addressed, was a person under the middle height, spare and meagre in figure, but yet more shrivelled in countenance; the latter bearing that indefinable expression which we always associate with an itinerant Methodist preacher. The nose and lips prominent, the forehead receding, the eye half shut, and the mouth drawn down, presented a character contemptible to others, yet evidently one most satisfactory to itself; while a vacant wonder-stricken appearance about the eye-brows bespoke that habit of exaggeration which in reality formed so great a part of his character. To complete his personal attractions,—he wore on his round shoulders an old black coat, which, to judge by its loose and slovenly fit, might have come from the bag of an old clothes-man—duly shaken to give him the uppermost. His trowsers and waistcoat might have had the same origin, the latter being much stained and the former tight at his feet—thence bulging out into an immense bag at the hips to contain his hands and any bits of biscuit, crusts of bread—old nails—pieces of minerals—odd stones, or

singular plants, gradually filling during their existence in his service, to be emptied only when their tattered state condemned them to the bag of a Solomon of lower note.

This interesting personage called himself a great traveller, a greater author, and a captain in His Majesty's navy to boot, and certainly never did naval captain appear such a fright in plain clothes. Though I must confess, however sorry for the honour of the cloth, that the old *régime* of these officers generally resembles that of bumbailiffs, or retired Bow-street myrmidons, in apparel, more than anything else.

But to proceed, this Captain Beattall Bombast was once a midshipman under the Port Admiral, and having been invited to spend a fortnight with his old officer, he became so delighted with his quarters, that he honoured them with a much longer stay than had been at first contemplated, until he seemed to have set himself down as a domiciliated toady or hanger-on of the Admiral. In this design, however, he was violently opposed by the brother of the last officer, the chaplain of the dock-yard, who, though somewhat cracked,

had more than sufficient discernment to pierce the character of Bombast, and determined by his sturdy and relentless opposition to effect that which the good-natured indolence of the Admiral would not let him bring about—the ejection of the captain, and with it that of his friend Major Puff—a yet more ignoble animal, whom he had the impudence to ask on a visit to himself, like the Town mouse in Pope's fable.

The Major himself was, it was shrewdly suspected, only a lieutenant, but he boldly stuck out for his majority in the militia, to which redoubtable corps he belonged, and therefore it was as a matter of courtesy awarded him; but as to his head-quarters or the county to which he belonged—these were little topics which he deigned to mention but rarely.

Having acquired some knowledge of the alphabet in his youth, he now eked out the paltry pittance of his half-pay by murdering such "poor devils of authors" as he could hurt or injure by his silly remarks; and edited a sort of periodical, very famous as the organ of sundry old women in

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the army and navy, as well as the actual sex in real life.

Of these last, he was the "god among the small fry"—"Wonderful Major Puff! How can he, at *his age*?—Oh dear, it's quite charming to see how he hobbles along!" said they, and for these "gratifying voices" the wonderful Major honoured them with his company to *tea* twice a week—and returned the compliment twice a *year*; when all the deaf subalterns of marines and paralytic half-pay lieutenants of the navy congregated together in the wonderful major's smoky apartment, to recount how implicitly they pinned their wonderful belief on his wonderful productions, which, truth to say, contained more wonders than the celebrated "nine wonders of the world." Then would the wonderful Major get up on his leg,—for I grieve to confess that he possessed no more,—and make them a speech to the best of his usually-much-fuddled abilities; assuring them with a triumphant air, that the "United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal had risen no less than ten numbers within the short space of eighteen months,"—then

came his proud determination ever to support it with the same ability, and down he sat, saying:—
“But, gentlemen, we may yet be deceived, 'tis hard to say how the cat will jump.—Alas! the chances of war are often most disastrous.”—A sigh followed, accompanied by a gentle stroke of his hand along the wooden member which supported him, leading the deluded hearers to suppose that he had lost his leg in the capture of Quebec at least. But alas! no such thing,—a fortnight after his being presented to the militia ensigncy, he went out “for a day’s spree” with one of his former acquaintances, a foot-boy, and the latter, not relishing the lately assumed superiority of his previous equal, refused to pay the tavern score for their beer, and accused the Wonderful Major of “spunging on him all day”;—hereupon they fought it out with the readiest weapons, to wit, those of nature’s own providing, and the military man received a fracture of the leg which rendered immediate amputation necessary. A delicacy of sentiment always prevented the wonderful major from dwelling on these minute details with any perspicuity, although he would frequently lead the by-

standers to form high ideas of his martial achievements by some well-timed and distant allusion, such as—"Those who have testified their patriotism by the loss of a—a—very serious affair, sir, I assure you,"—and again, "There are misfortunes to be met with in the service, sir, which no pensions, however honourable, can make up to a man. To think, gentlemen, what I have suffered!—But men of merit don't dwell on these things—they are left behind in those posthumous memoirs which the world always demands of distinguished characters."

During the time of his service, now long past, he had once been ordered over to Ireland, but was countermanded by the time he had reached Cork. As is often the case with exceedingly weak or silly men, this transmigration from the place of his nativity, formed an era in his life that was never forgotten, as the reader will see; and from the moment he returned to his country quarters, the wonders he had seen and experienced in his travels formed a never failing theme.

To proceed. Captain Beatal Bombast being addressed by the Admiral, felt rather at a loss between

his wish to give the accustomed assent to all that his superior said, and the dread which he entertained of Lady Sapphira, whose tongue, let me inform thee, Reader, was much more pleasant to encounter on paper than in person.

"Why, truly, Admiral," he replied with a strong nasal accent, which still more confirmed the stranger's prepossessions that he had at some period of his life twanged under a hedge, "though this is a most delicate point to determine, I should opine that we officers are not required to have that varied skill in accomplishments which the more polished sex can boast. As you say, Sir Richard, it is our part to guard our country, whereas the leisure enjoyed by the ladies cannot be better employed than in devoting themselves to those erudite studies which do honour to human nature. Now, sir, in the Longbow Islands this is the case——"

"*Where?* Captain Bombast," inquired Lady Affectus, somewhat soothed by his speech.

"In the Longbow Islands, Madam,—you'll find it in my last book of travels—I was going to say, that there, while all the men go hunting and fishing,

the ladies of the tribes stay at home and further the progress of literature and the fine arts."

"'Literature and the fine arts,' Captain Bombast. What, savages?"

"Oh dear! yes, Lady Sapphira, they've twelve colleges and three universities—though to be sure they never would let us see them."

"In—deed. Never knew—it."

"Oh yes! Ma'am," said Major Puff, the toadey's toadey, "a fact; for when I was abroad in Ireland"—

"When he was 'abroad in IRELAND.'—What a fool!" broke forth from the stout but cynical looking brother of the Port Admiral, the Rev. Nathaniel Salisbury, who was sitting in a high-backed easy chair, resting on his elbows and looking down on his feet. The latter were placed in an inverted position, that is, the toes were pointed inwards towards each other, and the heels separated vice versâ. Every other second, the ball of each foot was alternately lifted, and then suddenly struck on the carpet, the heel itself remaining fixed as a pivot, by which means the dust collected in the soling was suddenly expelled by a small hole in the stitching,

having the effect, on a pigmy scale, of a cannon discharged from a ship's side; while by moving the members in different positions, the owner was pleased to say it represented a frigate-action.

This new toy he had only found out within the last week, and he therefore pursued its enjoyment with all the fondness which man has for novelty, while the cunning twinkle of insanity in his eye agreed indifferently well with such a singular amusement. Among the many eccentric traits in his character, the foremost was a habit of uttering his thoughts aloud with such an absence of mind as to be insensible to the effects produced on his hearers. It was in one of these fits that he uttered his opinion on the Wonderful Major's incongruity, who having always been accustomed to regard his journey to Ireland as a piece of foreign service, had, by frequent repetition of the fact, got too much into the habit of thus expressing himself to get rid of it.

"'Abroad in Ireland' Sir!" repeated the chaplain, raising his head and addressing the other. "Do you know what you talk about, Sir? Ireland's a part of Great Britain."

"Stuff, Brother, it isn't *that*," interrupted Lady Sapphira—never better pleased than when contradicting.

"But I say it is *that*, my Lady Saffron—with your stuff."

"Pooh! Sir, Pooh! One can never differ from you sailor people without your growing scurrilous."

"*'Scurrilous!'* You don't know what it means."

"Don't I indeed, Sir!—Then at least you ought to do so, for you have enough of it on board a ship."

"How can *you* tell, ma'am, any thing about ships, *you* who take deuced good care never to go nearer than half a mile to one?"

"No, indeed. I've no wish to be poisoned with your horrid pitch, when I can learn all I want from seeing you on shore, and books."

"*'Books'*—there you go again, always *books*."

"Books, Sir! yes.—Why to hear you talk, one would think that you were educated in Kam-schatka—that you had never read a page of the divine Tully, or a passage of the impassioned Demosthenes."

"Well, that's more than one would think of you."

"Pooh! I say again, one would think that you knew not a classic from a cat, and had never studied the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle in your life.—Why don't you prove it?—you can't prove it; you sailor people can only assert a thing, and then swear fifty oaths that it is so—you can't prove it, I say."

" 'Prove it!' Yes, I can prove it."

"Stuff! no such thing."

"But I say I can."

"You know you can't; or if you can—do it."

"Well, so I will—Now let me see, what was it about?"

"What—was—it—about?" repeated Lady Sapphira, trying to recollect herself in vain.—"Well truly, that's a pretty thing, to expect that I'm to tell you what it was about!—I want to hear you prove it, that's what I'm to do."

"Well so I will, if you can say what it was."

" 'Say what it was,' indeed! No, you're to *prove* it, but you see you can't, and now you pretend you don't know what it was about,—that won't do for me—it may do for you sailor people—but *I* see through it—you're beaten."

" 'Beaten!' No, I'm not beaten, Lady Saffron,

you know it. I see what it is, you've forgotten the starting point as well as I, but this is always the way with you blue-stockings, you pretend to what you know nothing about—you've no more reason than Tom Collins's cat, and when it comes to the push, you get off through your cunning—bother a fellow out of his what-d'ye-call-it, and then cry out that you have won the day; but I'll get to windward of you yet, Miss Saffey, I will. Margiée dear," turning to his favourite, "what was it we set out with?"

"Why I fear, my dear uncle, that I have got somewhat entangled as well as yourself, but here—your coffee is cooling, and if you will drink this cup, I'll endeavour to recollect in the meantime."

"Bravo—my hearties—ha, ha, hah! Now that's what I call a regular set-to—go it, Nat,—go it Saffy—gun for gun and scorn all favours. But come, Captain Croiser, though they may choose to hold an argument in this manner, it's no sort of reason that we should'nt get a bit of breakfast. Chatty!—Margiée!—why holloa there, girls! here's your knight-errant wants a seat!"

"Bring him here, Bunting, and if he'll promise

to behave himself, he shall sit between me and Margiée."

"What is our guest's name?" inquired the chaplain, eyeing him very steadily.

"Croiser, brother, Captain Croiser."

"Good name;—Captain Croiser, happy to make your acquaintance. My name, Sir, is the Rev. Nathaniel Salisbury. I have the honour to be the rector of Donomore, in the see of Durham, presented to me by my particular friend the Duke of Daredevil, whose scarf I also wear as private chaplain; they call me Master of Arts at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, and chaplain to H. M. Dockyard, at Plymouth. My principles, sir, are concise; as well in politics as in religion—I fear God and honour the King"—

"‘And curse the French,’ say Nat.;" but the clergyman took no notice of this interruption from his brother, and went on with his exposition which he generally repeated to every stranger. "These are my nieces, sir, that is Charlotte, and this is Margarita, or the pearl of the ocean."

"From the Greek word *μαργαριτα*," interrupted Lady Sapphira.

"Come, my Lady Saffron, don't break into my conversation in that manner. I suppose this is what you call the closeness and polish of a mathematical education."

"'Break in'—pack of nonsense, Brother, it's no break in—I appeal to you, Captain Bombast."

"Why truly, Lady Sapphira, as far as my knowledge goes——"

"That's a very short way!" muttered the reverend Nathaniel.

"Lady Sapphira, it is always permitted to every one to enter into the conversation. For when I was at the Longbow Islands, which every one admits to be one of the most polished of countries—Do they not, major?"

"Oh yes, captain, I heard of nothing else during the time I remained abroad at Cork."

"Exactly.—Well, my lady, at the Longbow Islands the things as common as—as—you may say as pea-soup, my Lady."

"'As pea-soup'?'—Indeed—never—knew—it," drawled out her ladyship, who possessed two distinct moods, the hot and argumentative, and the imperturbable and affected; in the former she poured

forth a continued flow of high learning; in the latter a string of hard names with a lisp most imitable.

"Pea-soup, eh! Captain Bombast? Well now that's what I call a classical simile," returned the scholar of Brazen Nose.

"And why not, Sir?" inquired Lady Sapphira, taking the part of her ally—"Why not pea-soup, as well as the *res frumentaria* of the immortal Julius, I should like you to tell me?" But instead of replying to this question, the chaplain turned to his brother the Admiral.

"I'll propose to you a riddle, Richard: Why would Auntie Saffy be quite a catch to the government washerwomen?"

"'Cause she's chock a block with hot water, I suppose."

"No—d'ye give it up?"

"Yes."

"Well then, because she'd do for soap in one water and blue bag in the next?"

"Now, Captain Bombast, is not this infamous? This is the way that a woman of learning is treated. As I said before, they can't answer our ar-

guments, and so they insult us; but this comes of their mixing with such *quisquillie* as are to be found in the navy.—Now did you ever Captain Bombast, did you ever meet with such conduct?"

"Why, really, Lady Sapphira, I am happy to say not often, for though I stayed a considerable time at the Longbow Islands, as well as in the revolted States of America until they"—

"Tumbled you into a ditch, Captain Bombast."

"'Tumbled *me* into a ditch,' Mr. Nathaniel, I really am surprised! I really wish, Sir, that you could be more circumspect in what you advance."

"Why captain, can you pretend to deny it?"

"Can I pretend—why—truly—really I am sure,"—and the captain stretched forth his long scraggy dark neck around which his neckcloth was always as slovenly tied as if it had been a halter—"how can you—or rather how could you?—why I am surprised you should ever have entertained such an idea."

"'Entertained such an idea!' Bless me! I always took it as granted for a fact, that one day for something you had done contrary to their notions, they had bundled you into a ditch or a horse-

pond, I don't know which, and so you, to pay them off, came home and wrote a book against them."

"Well, Mr. Nathaniel, to think how men may be calumniated! But I really am surprised that you should believe such a shocking report!"

"Yes, captain, very shocking, particularly if it was cold weather! Was it summer or winter when it happened? No wonder you considered them so rude and ill-bred after that; but how was it, Captain, that you never put it down in your book?" But the captain was far too cunning to criminate himself, and he therefore pretended to be deeply engaged in answering Lady Sapphira, assuring her that in the Longbow Islands such cases of ill treatment of the fair sex were very rare.

"Ah, sir!" responded her Ladyship, "I apprehend in those islands in which you have been so felicitously favoured as to roam, that they have no navy in which to enclausate men until they become thoroughly stultified."

In the interim, while these disputes had been thus warmly carried on between these high belligerent parties, Croiser, whose feelings inclined

him to a widely different path, had been saying his best things, and paying his most assiduous court to his nymphs of the morning, surrounded and inspired by all the guardian sylphs of tea and toast, Guava jelly, orange marmalade, curried prawns, preserved pine, and the many other little niceties that meet on a breakfast table. The meal being over, the ladies dispersed to array themselves for the excursion on the water, when Lady Sapphira, despite her protestations against the *quisquilæ* to be found afloat, and the anger she felt for the Reverend Nathaniel, determined to be of the party, in which determination she was followed by the marvellous Captain Bombast and the wonderful Major Puff.

All things being ready, they set off through the noble avenue of trees fronting the house, and turning off to the right, arrived at a low railing which divided the sward of the park from the smooth beach of Barn Pool. Opening the gate reserved for the embarkation of the family and their friends, they descended to a boat which Croiser had ordered to be in waiting, and were immediately rowed off to the little bark which

was lying with her sails unfurled in readiness to bear them where they pleased.

The Port Admiral having seen the last of them on board, waved his hand with a "Fare ye well, my hearties," and turned back to the house, saying, to Margiée's repeated invitations to be of the party, "Duty first, and play afterwards," a rule to which he rigidly adhered, and now prepared to cross the water to his official residence; since he merely occupied his present abode as a connexion of the family during its absence.

CHAPTER II.

"Will had promised his Sue that this voyage well ended
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore ;
His pockets well lined—why his life should be mended
The laws he had broken, he'd break them no more."

WILL WATCH THE BOLD SMUGGLER.

LEAVING our friends on board to all the enjoyment which awaited them, it is now, Reader, the province of your historian to pass over the day spent on the water when the party returned at night-fall to sup with the old Flag Officer, as well as a few of the succeeding hours, until about three o'clock *ante meridiem*, at which time Captain Croiser was enjoying sound slumbers under the venerable roof of his hospitable entertainer, and the dim hazy light of a moonless morning fell on the little schooner once more quietly at anchor within Barn Pool. At this hour, so sacred to

spirits emancipated from their bondage of clay, a tall and well-proportioned figure issued silently from the thick glade encircling the western flank of the castle, and pursued its way with stealthy and noiseless steps along the rounded and open waste, at the foot of which the building is situated.

Presently a low bark was heard; the slight rustling of the grass, heavy with night dew, ceased as the figure paused—a low hissing whisper arose upon the stillness of the night, the bark was hushed, and the figure moved on once more with quickened steps. As it passed along, the dromedary deer started from their broken sleep to gambol away, and leave the vicinity of those unhallowed footsteps which broke in upon their sacred recesses. Presently the horizon revealed to view the dark square outline of a church tower, crowning the heights of Maker. Pausing as it approached the latter, the figure was seen to stretch out an arm, first towards the sacred edifice and then towards the sea, as if in the very act of summoning “spirits from the vasty deep;” then, after a brief pause, it struck off in that direction where the

waves of the latter were heard reverberating on the iron-bound coast which opposed their progress.

Having arrived by a somewhat circuitous route at the low paling that protected the deer from the dangers of the precipice, a hand was thrust into its breast, and then, as if satisfied with the result, it slowly mounted the paling and disappeared gradually in the gulf below.

After a cautious descent of some thirty feet down the rugged and sinuous footpath leading to the sea, the figure was once more seen to emerge from the shadow of the cliff, and pursue its way among the rocks at the bottom, where the waves

the figure approached this spot, it stumbled over a fragment of the broken rocks, when the rolling masses, severed in their descent, were heard tumbling into the water at a little distance below.

"Who goes there?" suddenly demanded a hoarse voice, as the dim figure of some gigantic being started up from the ground. A dead pause ensued; a sudden click, as of a steel spring, was heard on the side of the intruder, re-echoed on the part of the huge sentinel, whose large proportions were yet more increased by the haze of the morning.

"Who goes there, I say? You thief o' the night, find a tongue—or here's into ye!"

"A friend."

"Then make sail and tip us the word."

At this invitation the first figure advanced, but holding out something in his hand, which its faint glitter proved to be a pistol. When within ten yards he halted, and addressing the sentinel who was similarly prepared for his reception, said, "It is'nt in 'sunshine' is it?"

"Never, Bo!"

"Then is it 'moonshine?'"

"That we hate worse nor an exciseman."

"But a dull look-out and a misty morning?"—

"Make our time of day."

Having satisfied themselves by this mysterious dialogue that they knew one another's business, the weapons of death were quickly returned to their proper places of concealment about the person, and extending hands to one another, the lesser individual inquired, "What cheer, my hearty?"

"Why, my cove, pretty bobbish, thank ye! but how is it that you're not here afore? Here 'tis close upon the stroke o' seven bells in the middle watch, and I've a been hanging on here, knocking about ever since five bells. I can tell you Bo, this here cold haze is very bad for a poor fellow's vittalling office. But better late than never, so let's bring-to here, and have a drop of something short."

As he said this, the sailor accommodated his person on a fragment of rock, motioning for his companion to take a seat beside him; then thrusting his hand into his rough coat, he pulled forth a pewter bottle of a flat oval shape, which might hold near three pints. Long usage seemed to

have imparted to it the bright glow which the sailor regarded with such reverence as he rubbed it on his sleeve.

"That seems to be an old companion."

"An ould companion! You may say that, Bo! This is my Castle-Rag Sal! Maybe you think that's a rum name for a canteen to go by; but the matter on't is this. When I was a youngster, I was spooney, or in love, as the land-lubbers call it, after Sally Moffat, what lived on the Barbican down yonder there, as we see in the bight o' the harbour; and Missis Sal taking into her head one day when I was on a bit of a crusse to kick the bucket, why ye see, she left me quite incontrou-
bale for her loss as ye may say; and going to Nan Pigget, who lived by forking* the King's stores—God bless her!—Why I bought this canteen—full of blue ruin, and called it after Sal to invalidate her memory as the tombstone said. For—shiver my timbers!—I was'nt going to be stingy, and so I had a bit of a holy stone stuck up in the churchyard: but the lubbers I see

* "Forking," that is, stealing them, or rather perhaps buying them, knowing the same to be stolen.

t'other day, have been a shifting some o' the bulk heads of the black barracks*, and Sal's stowage has been broken up. However ye see I've a taken good care of this, seeing I fill it reg'lar five times a day—every eight bells—for her sake; till now, bother me if I don't think I like it better than Sal herself. Well here's to her health—the dear creatures! they're the salt o' life as ye may say, at any time;" and the seaman tossed off the ardent spirits contained in the metal cup, which screwing over the mouth of the canteen, answered the double office of a cup and a cover.

"That's the true stuff, my Boy!" said the last comer, as he moved his lips after the manner of a connoisseur—he having been helped the first. The other made no reply, but refilling, proffered the spirit again.

"No more, my lad, no more, thank ye,—though the air is fresh for July,"—and he pulled up his cravat, to hide his features, while he attentively scanned those of the sailor.—"A dram of that might put life into a half-starved Greenland whaler."

* "Black barracks"—sailor's name for a church.

"Ay, aye, trust Tim for knowing the right narrow tape of Mynheer Schnapsh."

"Tim's your name, is it?"

"Aye, Bo!"

"But Tim what? V ut other name d'ye bear on the ship's books?"

"Ship's books!" interrupted the seaman, in a somewhat savage tone, arresting the passage of the spirit towards his lips. "What have I to do with your man-o'-war's ship's books?—Not I—it's a fib—a lie I was going to say," he added, in a half laughing undertone of voice, while his eye twinkled with intoxication.

"You mistake, old Boy, I didn't mean to call you a man-of-war's man, if it's that ye dislike so much?"

"Well, I do then!"

"Very well, my Hearty; but I knew you belonged to that tight little craft there; the raking three-masted schooner."

"How did you know that?"

"Oh! how did I know that? I knew it well enough, so I only asked you what your other name was."

"Why, my service-name, as you call it, is Tim Tarpauline, only they call me 'Nine-fathom Tim' for shortness."

"Well, that's a back-handed way of keeping a reckoning too! And what have you to do with nine fathoms?"

"Why ye see, ever since I bought Castle-Rag Sal, here, I've never been sober, 'sept by some infarnal accident—that's to say sober as a church. Once, I mind it well, and that was one of the worst days that ever I saw in my life; seeing that I was upset in a boat 'long with five others, in nine fathom water, off Cape Maccaroni, up the Straits. Well, ye see, the other five were all drowned, but as there was'nt enough water to drown me, it only came up to my neck, and there was I left shivering and shaking like a foretaupsle in the wind. I would have walked ashore, but I knew the ground was all ups and downs, rocks and shallows, and so, if I went to move, I might have got into nine and a half, or may-be ten fathom; and then I should have been flumgusticated; for as to my swimming, at that time—and more shame to me—'twas like a pig of ballast—

right to the bottom, though now, to be sure, it's more like a cork, for I've had one or two hard tries at it."

"Well, and how did ye get out of it?"

"Why, they come and pick me up at last, after I'd been there in the cold water for four hours, and so much of it soaked through me, that, drink what spirit I will, I can't get it swabbed up again."

"No, so I should think!"

"Ay, aye, but it's no laughing matter, for ever since that time I've never been able to keep any warmth in my feet—all flies to my head! To be sure, I take lots of the true stuff, both Nantz and Schnapps, and I've had the very best advice for it, but Lor'! it's no manner o' use that I sees: so here's to your jolly good health!" and down went dram the third. This finished, 'Sal' was returned to her resting place, and her owner got up, and taking a few paces, while he flapped his long arms, like an albatross does its wings, he resumed his seat once more.

"Well you seem to have an easy time of it aboard that craft; with nothing to do but lay at your killick in harbour." The sailor turned round,

and fixing his lowering and rather ill-natured glance on the questioner, seemed to be scrutinizing the motive which induced such an inquiry. Not tracing any thing to raise his suspicions, his grim features relaxed into a smile, as he turned his head away, and clanking his feet, replied,

"Yes, yes, my Boy, we've a pretty easy time, thanks be to our skipper, and as I get, so I give, seeing I'm his first mate."

"The devil you are!"

"You may say that, and not be so much surprised after all."

"And what do ye do all day?"

"Oh! little odds and ends; ye see I generally

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about me, I see the diskiness is pretty n off, and the sun's beginning to rise there the east, or it may be east and a leetel bit see seeing as how that's the case, I takes a di to wish him a good as it may then I'm up for all the ."

" Ah my Boy ? Th when it's a diskish morning. Now suppose it s'nt a diskish morning, what d'ye do then ?

" Umph !—why—then—let me see !—why then—come dang it, that's a bit of a pauler," rubbing his head, " why then old chap I do—just the same."

" Well, come, my Hearty, that's honest ! and if you have it all your own way, why what can ye wish for more ?"

" Hah ! Come belay there—that's a bold word. To be sure I've a tight berth of it, but still when it comes to wishing, I think I could wish for a better."

" Well, come now, suppose you were to have a wish, what would ye ask for ?"

" Ask for ? Why—Let me see, I hardly think either, when it comes to the push.—What do I want particular ? Should I have Sal back again

—but no, though that's no go, cause she's dead poor creetur!—One of the deaf uns that won't answer to her muster, though the clerk of the cheque bawls as loud as a boatswain in a white squall.—No, that won't gee—so what shall I have?—I've just got a fresh supply of Snapsch in, I an't near run out o' pigtail yet—I sha'n't be hard up for soap for six months to come, and I've lots of ingans! (onions.)—What *shall* I have?"——

“——Come, Master Nine-Fathom-Tim, you're not so hardly off as you think.”

“Vast heaving! Now I think of it, I'd wish myself ould Sir Dicky Saltberry, the Port Admiral.”

“The devil you would!” exclaimed the other, somewhat quickly. “What would you wish yourself the Port Admiral for?”

“‘What for?’ Why don't ye see he can get swipy* 'pon duty without so much as being logged down in the report; much less brought to the gangway! Now, that's what *I* calls having a *snug* berth of it!”

* ‘Swipy’—*Anglice*—tipsy—three cloths in the wind.

"And is that all?"

"'All'—no! That chap lives a roarin' life of it, and smuggles! Lor! they tell me he smuggles like a good 'un."

"Pooh!" returned the other with a pettish tone of voice, "you mustn't believe all the trash you hear. The Port Admiral smuggle? Do you think the Port Admiral would dare to smuggle? I have heard he's a very strict officer, and, faith, I believe it!"

"Well, and who said he wasn't a smart officer? The old boy may be smart enough, and like to do a little business by starlight yet! Now I dare say the old chap would have no objection to some dozen ankers of this stuff here," taking another dram—"All I can say is, if-so-be he would'nt, why, he's no judge of licker!"

"'Liquor!' Why those great Dons never drink any thing else but wine?"

"'Wine!' Whish, don't they? then I pities 'em! none o' your Admirals for me!—But howsoever, I've heard Sir Dicky's a gallows old boy; and if-so-be that be the case, why I wish he was here for his sake!"

A suppressed smile was visible on the face of the other, at this remark, as he turned towards the sea, where some object engaged his attention.

"Here they come at last!" he exclaimed.

"Ay, aye, here we have them at last, sure enough. Mister Derrick's rather behind time: it's close upon eight bells!"

An ordinary spectator might have strained his eyes for some time, without discerning the object to which the attention of the sailors had been drawn, and which long experience alone enabled them to perceive. Soon, however, the measured splash of oars became faintly audible; and in a few minutes the indistinct form of a large lugger ap-

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the waves, which in windy weather a fury in lashing the rude barrier of stone. Into this small but secure haven the lug now steered; and to the uninitiated eye landsman, every part of her hull above was seen to be entirely w

"Now, my lads—in oars, in oars, and your killick!" said a rough voice proceeding aft.

Obedient to these orders, the sweeps were on-board, and a very large and heavy stone, secured to her bow by a rope, having been dropped over-board, the vessel brought up at her moorings, and the crew leaped on the adjacent rocks, still some two feet under water. This, however, was no inconvenience to them, since their feet and legs were protected by rough leather boots, proof to the water and reaching nearly up to their loins.

The captain, or as he styled himself "Honest Joe Derrick," was the last who left his bark, saying "Here! Which o' ye's more like a horse than a thief? 'Cause he'd better 'way aloft there and give the signal."

"Ay, aye," answered one of the subordinate seamen, making his way towards the bluff already mentioned.

Having arrived close to its base, the sailor picked up a small pebble, and succeeded in flinging it with as little force as possible into the ilex tree growing above. A shrill clear whistle as of some bird was heard in reply; and in a few minutes a rope was let down. Passing the end under his arms, the seaman knotted it securely round his body, and was then seen to ascend gradually into the shade of the ilex tree, within the hollow of the boughs of which he disappeared. Landing on this point of the cliff, he found his companion who had drawn him up by the aid of a rude windlass, and they now crept on their hands and knees through a low hole that seemingly led into the bowels of the rock. After proceeding for two or three yards, they entered a square chamber, where nature had received some slight assistance and embellishments from art it is true, but the joint efforts of both had failed to produce any thing very comfortable.

The natural chill of such a subterranean abode was but poorly diminished by the pan of glowing charcoal, whose fumes proved suffocating and sickly after the fresh air outside. This first room opened into a second, which by the candle held in the iron head of a boat-hook stuck in the wall, was seen to be a dormitory, where six rude bed-places had been cut in the rocky sides, and filled with the aromatic leaves of the *Stissa*; the terebinthous odour of which, is poison to all the insect and reptile tribes.

Between these two chambers ran a narrow passage terminating in a flight of steps; the last passed over the first chamber in a diagonal direction, and found their way to the light at some four feet immediately beneath the brink of the precipice, to gain a safe footing on the top of which required a firm heart and steady hand. This exit would have appeared from above a mere fox's hole to the eye of a stranger; and even had he known the whole truth, six men could have maintained their position within, against as many hundred from without.

Hastily pursuing their way up this rude stair-

case, the tenant of these cells and the sailor gained the summit. Very few minutes had elapsed before the silence of the morning was broken by the neighing of a horse—thrice it was heard to rise and die away among the heath-covered hills around, succeeded immediately by the crowing of a cock. After an interval of some seconds, the neigh seemed to be caught up again in the distance, and yet the interval elapsed precluded the idea of its being an echo; scarcely had this ceased when the ear recognized a similar sound still farther off—again and again, until it fairly melted into the far space beyond.

“Come, Bill, the lads are all ready, jump down below and hand us up the tackle and spar,” said the sailor to the other, betraying the secret, that this imitation of the lower orders of the creation was only a device by one portion of human beings to deceive another. Being thus reminded of what he had to do, he who supplied ‘the cock’s shrill clarion’ descended once more to his cavern, while the other waited near its mouth.

Presently a band of some fifty men came running down to the point, warned by the signal

that their presence was required. They were mostly habited in the coarse smock-frocks of the pensantry, while some wore a more nautical form of dress; but in all, the silent and methodical mode in which they proceeded to work, proved that such occupations were not new to them. In a few minutes a stout rope was handed up to them from the cavity beneath, and then a long pole was gradually launched over the steep face of the precipice. As one end of it was made fast to the rope, they proceeded to drag it up a few feet inland of the brink, where grew the trunk of a black pine, whose branches had been severed by the lightning. Around the very base of this tree was passed a double grummet, or lashing, constructed for the purpose, which received the heel of the spar and acted as a pivot, while the other end projecting over the cliff was attached to the head of the tree by strong ropes some ten feet in length. This end was also fitted with pulleys and a tackle that descended to the shore below. Long as this temporary crane takes to describe to a landsman, it required in the hands of seamen but a few minutes for its erection.

"Now, my men," said the sailor, "some dozen of you stand by to run away with the fall—the rest stand off in two and two to pass along the creature." Obedient to the word of command, the men separated on the instant that the crane had been erected; twelve of them taking the end of the tackle in their hands, and a slight jerk being given to the ropes from below as a signal that they were to hoist, they all ran quickly inland until the goods were pulled up to the farther point of the spar, now swung round by a gilguy, or slack rope, attached to it. The precious freight was then disengaged to be handed from man to man into the interior of the country with wonderful rapidity, and the tackle lowered below for more; this precious freight, consisting of French brandy with alternate ankers of Dutch Schnapps; so pure that—by his own confession—more exquisite was never sipped even by the fastidious Nine-fathom Tim.

To descend, however, once more to the scene below. Skipper Derrick, having first conversed with the lesser smuggler of our acquaintance, and set his boat's crew to work in the task of unlading

their lugger, he approached the Patagonian, saying, "Well, Nine-fathom Tim, what have you brought this turn?"

"As prime a cargo as ever you wish to see; some of the finest Brushall toggery as ever a Duchess had on her back."

"Well done old boy! I hope you've brought us a sample of it."

"Ay, aye! here's sample enough," continued Tim in his gruff phlegmatic voice, and rising from his seat, he began slowly to strip off his pea jacket, then his waistcoat, and lastly his Guernsey frock, saying, "Here my lad, lend a hand to unfrap a fellow."

"Ay, aye!" responded Derrick, taking in his hand the end of what appeared to be a broad band of linen, wrapping the robust form of the seaman.

"Are you fast?" demanded Tim.

"All fast, away you go, Tim!" No sooner did he receive this intimation than his huge carcass was seen to spin round like a tectotum, unfolding at every turn a yard of the broad swathing, which in reality contained the finest lace, folded closely

for the purpose. When Tim had thus disburdened himself of many a fold, he appeared in a great degree to have lost that plump obesity of figure, that before distinguished him.

"Why now Master Nine-fathom, they'll be asking you where you've managed to leave behind you all your calipee?"

"Gallipee, old boy. My fat, if you mean that, is a sort o' shifting ballast that goes here or there. So lend us a fist to make a fresh stowage."

"Holloa! why what have we got here?" inquired his brother tar, looking at the canvass belt which the other took up from beside him, and now proceeded to wind round his waist, to make up, as he said, the loss of the lace.

"Why that's my shifting ballast, I tell ye; lend me a hand to get it on."

This finished, his clothes were put on once more, and he resumed his usual appearance. While these matters were going on between our friends the dram-drinkers, the lesser one of whom appeared to have little to do save look on, the skipper had been busily employed with his crew; and in the course of a quarter of an hour from the

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time of the lugger's arrival, every drop of oil had been hoisted up the cliff and dispersed from thence through the country.

"No sooner had the last anchor been taken out of the boat, than six men taking all the brooms from her store-rooms, set to work scrubbing her hull, which in a few seconds was divested of the lime that had been used to whiten it, and now appeared with its original coating of black, the other being employed from its enabling them to escape the eye at sea.

"Now my lads, stand by to jump in and shove off," said the captain to his men, and then going up to the looker-on, he walked aside with him. Scarcely had they opened their lips, when the sound of running footsteps in the direction of Cawsand awakened the captain's attention.—
"Hark!" he exclaimed.

"I hear nothing, Derrick," replied the other, putting his hand up to the organ, whose extreme sensitiveness had been somewhat dulled by the roar of many actions. "Yes—is it—Aye, as I may keep my feet from the bilboes, here are the land-sharks!" continued Derrick, apostrophising

himself and interpreting the sounds with a quickness that frequent hazard had cultivated. Forgetting in his anxiety for his boat and crew, the safety of the person with whom he was talking, he leaped towards the sea, exclaiming in an elevated whisper, "Boys, to your boat! the blunderbuss sharks are down upon us! here come the sogering ——."

Quick as chickens fly from the appearance of a hawk, did the smugglers hasten pell-mell into their lugger, with the exception of Nine-fathom Tim and the other sailor, neither of whom fully comprehended the danger.

"On, on, my men! Now's your time for a prize!" was heard the voice of the custom-house officer, urging his people to secure the smugglers before they could effect a retreat in their bark, the sound of whose oars they now heard.

"What's the rout, you Nine-fathom there? What's the rout?" bawled his late boon-companion, bounding over the rocks that separated him from his fellow in distress.

"Matter! why, sink their hulls, here are sojers come down from the Custom-house."

A TALE OF THE WAR.

"Save us and bless us! then we're sure as my name's Dick —."

"Caught! Ay that ye will be, if ye lie-to like a dogger in a calm! Hear-a-hand for y life! Here they come —" as he said this, ti of their assailants be — visible, in clan over a high ridge o rocks close at hand, w just behind them, t day bursting in the e threw its vivid glare so as to make the interven objects doubly distinct.

Bestowing many imprecations on the souls and bodies of these interlopers, the lesser sailor skipped along for his life towards him of the Nine-fathoms, at the same time wondering how their deliverance was to be achieved, and giving himself up for lost.

"Here, my boy! Here! make sail. Give us your flipper," said Tim, seizing his comrade's hand, and then clasping him with both arms round the waist, he grasped the end of the tackle that still hung down from above, gave it a pull to attract the attention of his friends aloft, and sang out, "Pull up!"

"There they are," cried the Custom-house of-

fier, attracted towards them by this sound. "Down with them, my lads! Secure the rascals, every head's a prize—Follow me! Stop, you villains, stop, in the name of the king!" added the incensed and disappointed officer, as he beheld our two friends quickly ascend into the air, closely conjoined as though they were one flesh. He was within three yards, when they thus eluded him; and there he stood with mouth agape, scarcely able to comprehend what he now witnessed. Not so, one of his men, for his eye having caught the end of the rude crane above, he levelled his piece and fired.

"Oht, seize it!" cried the lesser sailor, singing

"Cease firing! We don't come here to murder men, either," said the officer below, on recovering his senses, and beholding a second man in the act of taking a deliberate aim at the 'vanishing quantities' above. "Here, stand from under, I shouldn't be surprised if one of them didn't come down yet, for some bird was wing'd." This augury, however, proved untrue, and Tim having held tight, they were both swung in, and safely landed.

"Now, my lads," said the latter, "they chaps can't be up here for half an hour, do how they will, so down with that derrick* and tackle, stow it away snug for the time, and then make off every mother's son of ye!—How are ye, shipmate? Are ye ready to heave a-head? We must stand by for a run!"

"'Run'! the rascals have shivered my stern-post! 'Run! I couldn't make a knot an hour of it—the villains! I'm regularly—No, no, this is a dry-dock business, I fear! here Bo', lend us your shoulder."

"As sure as I love Sal," returned the other,

* 'Derrick,' a technical term for a sort of crane.

"this is a bad business! Here, old Cove, since they sharks have damaged your back, you must go snacks with mine. You take the shoulders, and I'll keep the rest." And according to this generous division, Tim bent his nine-fathom body to the earth on his knee, when after some little difficulty and many interjections, in which frequent mention of the stern-post was interpolated, the twain set off; appearing as if the gigantic statue of Carlo Borromeo, in the plain near Lago Maggiore had got under weigh, rather than like any thing of human flesh and blood; while their late assistants in the illicit transactions of the night, crowded together in a body, and made the best of

those blackguards on the scent, to come and interrupt a man in an honest job. What d'ye say? I vote we pay him for it."

"Pay him! pay the gauging rascal out for it," shouted one and all.

"I assure you, my dear fellows,—hiccup—upon the honour, my dear gentlemen, of an exciseman, I exsure you—hiccup—twas'nt I. "I am na fu', I'm no' that fu'." It was in vain, however, that the man of measures protested. Nine fathom Tim was called on to give his opinion, but lo! neither Tim Tarpaulin nor his friend were present! they had been dropped behind, and the cry arose that they had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. This only contributed to hasten the fate of the unfortunate gauger, since, after a consultation of a few minutes, they bound him hand and foot, and conveyed him up the steep hill on the opposite side of the road to that by which they had arrived.

Fright had now cured his hiccups, and in some measure restored his senses, but though he bawled lustily, he failed to make out a case to their satisfaction, and was therefore doomed to suffer. On arriving at the crown of the hill, one of the party,

a seaman, who in conjunction with many of the rest had been drinking too freely, cut a stout sapling, some four feet in length. This done, he approached the prisoner, who had been allowed to sit on the ground, and who unconscious of what awaited him, had, as the easiest position, drawn up his knees to his mouth, and put his fettered arms over them, while on the former he leaned his head and bewailed his cruel captivity. Springing on his prey in this the most desirable of all positions to his persecutors, the sailor thrust the stake under the joints of the gauger's knees, thus pinioning his arms beneath the sapling, so that the sufferer could not extricate them. A lashing having secured the

down the steep declivity, bound after bound, as the ashen point came in contact with the ground, and then, by its pliability, flew off with increased velocity; while at every turn the shrieks of their victim grew less distinct as they were borne away upon the morning breeze, that came sweeping up the hill all freshly from the sea, and scented with the blossoms of the furze.

"There he goes, reekyshaying like a long twenty-four shot!"

"Ay, he squeals like a dying pig at Christmas!"

"Now half-a-pint Jack, whether he fetches the bottom or brings up all standing half-way?"

"I say, bring up."

"I say, no."—The last voice was right, for with a final bound the body cleared the brink of the hill, and was lost to sight among the thick branches of thorn that overhung the road. The smugglers just stayed to witness this consummation, and then with an inhuman shout, they speeded off, nor heard the indistinct groans that struggling on the air, seemed to announce the fate of the unfortunate exciseman.

Let us now return to our friend Timothy Tar-

again, at this distance, memory, whom we left,
 like a second *Kama*, bearing an aged friend from
 the battle. At first I'm scolded on very rapidly,
 but the other sailor cried out, "Save us, ship-
 mate. In 17 and this year was less heavily,
 for my shipmate is terribly shaken, and—Oh
 dear, three weeks—taking of stern-posts, puts
 me in mind of my old story—*Just leaving there!*
quoting for quating every jolter you make is like
 a ship running on a coral reef—well, as I was
 going—*For the part* as we shall be hard and
 just in *the part*: so that's he—to tell ye
 what I was a wee wanderer, a picanninie, some

when they ran him up alongside a ship in the night-time without his knowing any thing about it; for which he swore he'd bring them all to a court martial; but as she turned out to be a prize, and struck after the first broadside, he thought 't was better to say no more about it. But holloa! the other fellows are off; and they've left us where the little boat was," exclaimed Tim, discovering that his comrades had outstripped him.

"Never mind, old Boy, we can get aboard your bark through these grounds, as she's lying off Barn-Pool. You can hail for a boat; so now up with your helm, hard a port!"

"Well! come, we can bear up for that, whether or no!" replied Tim, following his instructions.

Having arrived at the park palings and surmounted them, the less statured sailor acted as the guide of Tim, until they reached a labyrinth of paths, which terminated in an arbour; here the guide confessed he had lost his way, and desiring Tim to remain stationary, lest they should become more involved, while he hobbled off to look for the right path, our wounded friend managed to drag his limbs after him in an opposite

direction ; for he now found out that he was not so seriously hurt as he had at first apprehended.

Instead, however, of returning to his comrade in waiting, he continued on his course with all the haste he could make, until he arrived at the castle ; when taking a key from his pocket, he admitted himself as silently as possible into the building, and securing the door behind him, stole up to his apartment.

Having reached the latter and locked himself in, he hobbled cautiously up to the bed-side. A clinking sound pronounced him to be arranging the tinder-box—he struck—ignited a match—a wax candle stood at hand—he lighted the wick, then taking off his hat and handkerchief, that muffling round his neck concealed his lower features, the quickening beams would have displayed to the astonished spectator,—had one been present—no less a person than—Sir Richard Salisbury, the PORT ADMIRAL.

CHAPTER III.

"No more—no more, I will away,
Or else this charmed heart will prove
How fatal is each fond delay
Near that fair form I madly love.
Yes love ! and O 'twere heavenly bliss,
But for its sister twin—Despair."

ANON.

As the heavy bell of the castle tolled eight, Croiser descended from his dressing-room, and passing through the saloon laid out for breakfast, stepped forth on the eastern terrace to enjoy the fragrance of its parterre ; fanned, as it was, by the fresh breezes of the ocean.

Turn where he might, not a cloud was seen to dim the pure azure of the firmament ; the glorious orb of light held on his course in untarnished splendour, leaving beneath him on the vast circle of the horizon, that pleasing haze where the neu-

tral tints of night and the warmer hues of day are so delicately blended.

“ We shall have a hot noon,” he muttered as he observed this, and then stood mutely gazing, to drink in the glorious prospect that burst upon his eye. In addition to much of the scene that he had before contemplated from the ruined tower, he now beheld on his right hand the noble avenue of elm and oak trees, from among the branches of which there gleamed forth on either side the turretted lodges that formed the entrance to the domain. The front of the castle faced this vista, and as Croiser looked down through it from his elevated site, he beheld the waters of the harbour bounding the park, their opposite side surmounted by the town of Dock, above the spires of which, the reader will remember, rose the tors of Dartmoor—forming a blue setting to this lovely picture of nature, that made its young admirer sigh, and recall with much emotion those sunnier climes in which part of his days had been passed.

“ Oh that azure belt of distant mountains! Am I in England—or am I not still gazing from the ramparts of ——?”—he checked his half-uttered soliloquy; then added in a more subdued tone of

voice, "What a chequered destiny my few years can shew!" Slowly he turned his head like one who loves to revel in these the luxuries of our common parent, when his eye suddenly caught an object that left all inanimate competitors for his attention far behind.

It was the graceful figure of Margarita. The morning breeze had called a little more than her usual colour to her cheek, while the dew it yet contained, slightly disbevelled her hair and added a dash of freedom to her loveliness.

"Yesterday I scarcely imagined that she could have looked more enchanting under any circumstances, but—" thought Croiser, while the palpitation of his heart filled up the sentence more truly than any words.

"Allow me to wish you a good morning," said he, hastening to her side;—but she heard him not—her beautifully proportioned arm, leant on an Italian vase—in her other hand she held a freshly pulled bouquet—thoughtfulness and pleasure mingled in her countenance, where the elevated eyebrow betrayed the airy dreams of happiness in which the delighted spirit was indulging. "Surely it was from some form of native grace like this,

that Hogarth took his Line of Beauty!" thought Croiser, admiring her attitude with the devotion which mortals are fabled to have felt on unexpectedly encountering some exquisite divinity. "Dream on, bright spirit! Drink of the only nectar life has yet discovered! Too soon will such ecstasies fade far, far beyond your recal! *I* will not be the sacrilegious wretch to annul one instant of them. Alas how soon they fly!" and the gloom settling on his countenance bespoke his fears that they had already passed from *him* for ever! The last feeling was not allowed however to predominate long.

Watching the direction of her eyes, they were seen to be fixed on the delicate little spars of his

he, busying himself in the pleasing task, while Margarita murmured some sounds intended to be an apology. As he gave them back to her, she turned her head aside with a look half frightened and half angry, scarcely returning an answer to the little compliments which he uttered. One less accustomed to her delicate sex, less versed in interpreting the trifles by which their inmost feelings are manifested, might have set this down to displeasure, and have read in the averted countenance, timid eye, and constrained manners of the lady, an unequivocal expression of dislike. Not so with Croiser; he had studied woman too deeply—too devotedly; he had pored over every precious page which her nature unfolds as a delightful exposition of the most exquisite problem of his God. Not a glance—not a breath was lost upon him; and as he interpreted those symptoms aright, a delicious glow of pleasure seemed to arise within his breast, mingled with doubt as to the manner in which he could have raised such an interest, and incredulity as to his powers of discernment—so soon may our judgement be warped where self is concerned; but in no case sooner than in matters of the heart.

With what delight did he for the first few minutes of their interview stand and gaze on that lovely countenance, marking the rise and fall of the roseate blush that bespoke her confusion and his triumph! He was as yet without the vortex, and could still therefore contemplate its whirl, and speculate on the varied action of its currents; not long however was he allowed to retain the coolness necessary for such an observation. Soft and dreamy as was the expression of her full delicate eyes, the warm bright glances of youth still slumbered in their recesses, and ill at ease as Margi  e evidently was, her truant looks would not altogether be subdued, but seemed to wander, despite of her,

its vital current. Both felt the propriety of speaking, without the power of utterance. Croiser was the first to recover himself, but his words were wanting in the eloquent flow with which they were usually delivered.

"Is—perhaps—that is—I scarcely think you have completed your bouquet—I fear I interrupted you—do allow me to gather some more——."

"No! I thank you—you are very kind—I believe they are all here—yes, I picked up the whole of those that fell."

"Are there any others which I can add, to your collection?" and Croiser moved on before, as the surest method of recovering the self-possession of both.

Margarita made some indistinct reply, to the effect that she "imagined she had gathered the best already, but if Captain Croiser could find any better for her to give to the Port Admiral, then she would thank him."

"You are right," softly returned Croiser, surveying the parterre; "the fairest flower of these lands is already your father's—though I fear you are not the person who can form any adequate idea of its value."

"Where?" demanded Margiée in surprise, examining her bouquet. Then looking at him, she discerned the latent meaning of his speech, as the change on her countenance proclaimed. "I fancy, Captain Croiser, that in France, where you confess to have been so lately, they teach something more beside those acquirements attained in our simple schools—how to veil a compliment, think you?"

"I grant it, they do," he replied, "but only to those whose beauty is equalled by their wit, since the dull would be unable to unravel it, and those without attractions unable to inspire it."

"Flirting with the Quakeress! by all the 'slings

"The lips are scarcely less rebellious than the eyes—I love justice, so I shall punish both," removing one hand, and preventing his further utterance, in defiance of the threat, whose execution seemed to afflict her but very little. "This is too bad of you, Margiée, to come down and flirt with my chevalier, after my having declared my intention of having him all to myself. I understand now, why you made such haste to dress this morning, and wouldn't wait for me to come down stairs: a very pretty hour for an appointment this!"

"Charlotte! I wonder that your giddiness outruns your discretion so largely."

"Nay, now, Margiée, don't be angry with me! it would only have shown your taste—for to tell you the truth, I myself should have been very happy of such an opportunity; but alas!

'Nor suitor, nor a swain have I,
The cause I'll no divine;
If 'tis a faut, I'll still deny—
The faut's nae faut o' mine.' "

Singing this old distich with much untaught melody, Chatty clasped her more sentimental sister by the waist, and in an instant were waltzing

round the time-worn sun-dial, two of the brightest ephemera that ever yet disported in Apollo's beam.

"Can such beings indeed fade? and resolve into the dust on which we tread?" demanded Croiser of himself, losing in that mournful remembrance of our nature, all the bliss of such a scene.

"Dearest Chatty, let me pause!" cried Margarita, obliged to give in.

"Yes, you shall, love," replied Charlotte, arresting her rapid whirl and impressing on the pure brow of her younger sister "that humid seal of soft affection" which bespoke them twin in

gravelled walks at every two or three steps, that one would have imagined him hired to transplant cabbages (did these flourish in such a soil) by my defunct friend, General Stewart, of the Scottish Agricultural Society.

"A fine morning to you, Ladies; a very fine morning to you. Well, I declare, you've actually been out before breakfast! Where may you have been?"

"On an immense journey, I assure you, Major! We've just been abroad in Ireland and a most disturbed state it's in—and are only now on our return. I desire that you'll put our arrival at full length in the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal. I engage to pay all extra expenses and correct the spelling and bad grammar."

"Really, Miss."

"Nay, Major, never trouble yourself to apologize for the insufficiency of your education, we all know that follows as a matter of course with '*military men*.'"

"Fine day, Miss! Very fine day, Miss!" was the nasal salutation of Captain Bombast, who next approached, "Where may you have been, Miss, this fine morning?"

"Oh dear! Captain, we're tired beyond all patience, we've just returned from the Long-bow Islands!"

"What, Miss?" said the Captain astonished.

"I say we've just come from the Long-bow Islands, where we met your father and left him upon the shore sighing for White Horse Cellar and a piece of bread and butter." *

"Ugh! Ugh! eh—ehem, a very fine morning this, Major Puff!" resumed the great traveller, now turning to his friend, much chagrined.

"A beautiful morning—I may say a very beautiful morning, Captain Bombast," replied the wonderful Major, while Charlotte tripped along to the

quence of which his jolly viage was not to be visible until the hour of dinner, which interval he intended to dedicate to resting himself. He however begged to assure Margiée "that his appetite was undiminished, and requested she would give him a full allowance."

Having seen to this order, and sent the servant on before with a sufficient supply of jelly, marmalade, toast, eggs, ham, coffee, &c., as an invalid might want, she presently paid the old officer a visit in person, to assure herself that he had not diminished his ailings in the report sent down.

Breakfast being finished, Croiser repaired to the billiard-room with Charlotte, when, having lost sundry rubbers to his fair antagonist, they were joined by Margarita, who proposed a stroll through the grounds till the hour of dinner. In the course of their walk, Charlotte explained to Croiser that Sir Richard Salisbury was about to give a grand naval dinner to all his junior officers, from which "Bunting-main" had insisted on excluding all the females of the family, very much to the annoyance of Charlotte, who felt anything but pleased at losing this opportunity of making sundry conquests among the sons of Neptune.

"It is so horrid of Papa," she continued, "to have all those rough creatures dining together. However, there is this consolation, it will be very stupid! So you see, Captain Croiser, if you like to dine with all these——"

"Thank you—I feel no very great desire to have my ears split by four or five hours of incessant talking on corned pork, salt junk, banyan days, pursers' books, water stowage, ballast, guns, and prize-money, and so Ladies, if you could make room for an unworthy——"

"Knight at our table—am I right?"

"Exactly so."

"Well, now thou art a good creature! I like

that she had now determined to play off in return for her exclusion from the Admiral's dinner party.

And in the prosecution of this little scheme, Fortune favoured her by throwing in her way, on the very day when the dinner was given, the coxswain of Commodore Wheezey. This officer was her utter aversion, he was a great tyrant, and far more hideous than many shapes which Sin puts on for our temptation. He was one of the party, and his ship was lying at anchor in the Sound. The commanding officer on board having suddenly perceived a strange sail in the offing, prepared to get under weigh in chase, and as the first step sent the said coxswain to acquaint his Commodore with the fact, in order that he might come on board. Charlotte happening to meet this sailor on the lawn, put some money into his hand, and sent him back to the tavern at the landing-place to wait the coming of his superior; desiring him at the same time to treat his men to some spirits, then, without the loss of another instant, she hurried off from the spot where this rencontre took place, to the room where the banquet was at its zenith.

The meal itself had not long been finished,

but the servants had withdrawn, and the babel of the wine-cup was attended with sufficient noise to prevent any slighter sound from being heard. Making the most of her opportunity, Charlotte with the utmost caution turned the key on the revellers, and extricating it from the lock, made off without delay to such a spot in the grounds as she deemed safe from all pursuit. The confusion of the party, on discovering the situation in which they were placed, and the consternation of the Commodore, on hearing the signal guns from the ship, can easily be imagined. The junior division of the party seemed far from chagrined, but the seniors gravely shook their heads

around him, and enjoyed in the society of the gifted but placid Margarita, a happiness that had long been unknown to him, a happiness that bid fair to detach him from all beside. But the time had at length arrived when he found it imperative on him to depart. "To-morrow," said he, awaking from the reverie in which he had been pacing his chamber before retiring to rest—"to-morrow I must—I will end this delusion; once at sea, and this weakness will leave me. And yet," he added, seating himself at his toilette, and leaning his forehead on his hand, "how poorly will all my schemes of ambition repay me for the sacrifice! What dull aching at my heart is this? I am unnerved. Were I only free to choose? Were I not in *his* power, were I uncompromised in honour—I would have happiness of a different cast! In such a retreat as this, with such a form to clasp to my lonely bosom! Exquisite happiness! No schemes, however gigantic, can make up to me for its loss! Shall I abandon them?"—suddenly starting from his position and pacing the room once more. "Would to Heaven that I could!" Croiser paused; and leaning his arms on the mantel piece, he

from any one source at the little museum
house - a few things got which seemed by the
circumstances to be on the point of being long in
the hands of some individual for years.

"Your picture of modesty and beauty," he
continued, expressing the quaint simplicity
of my whole character in my look so deeply, "if
my heart with no more in me, I might yet re-
turn to the temple for the truth, and if not
soon, it will be long. Yet how firmly I
trust that in me at the end of all this an-
noying struggle is no more: Yes, I have seen
the effects of that in a young man: Poor

had proposed to follow—the bubble whose pursuits now call on me to leave behind contentment and domestic bliss? Let me awake before it is too late! Is not the end of life to be happy? Without a doubt! Then can I hesitate between the imaginary felicity of 'successful ambition, and the possession of one as devoted as myself? Yet *is* she as devoted? How do I know it? Is not this vanity? Am I not pledged—bound in honour? Is it not weak to waver for an instant? Compromised as I am, I will go through with it, I have forsworn those failings of the heart, which can subdue natures less stern than mine. I do, I do feel the sacrifice, fair Cherub, and thus I wear it!" pressing the miniature to his lips. "And had it been yet greater than it is, I would have sustained it rather than endure a stigma on what is more sacred to me than my life or even my love—I will go, dear shadow! I will go—to-morrow! I will look on your dear original once more, and then leave for ever one who can tempt me to forget every thing except herself. Had I but never seen her! Yet regret is a useless grief, as the deed is done, this shall serve as a memento of one delightful era of my life, as

well as of the sacrifice I have made for *him*. I have forsworn the weaknesses of humanity, and I will keep my oath, be the price what it may. I'll think of her no more!"

While uttering these words, Croiser unfastened the ivory miniature from its frame, and hanging the latter in its place, once more pored long and ardently on the former; then putting it away very carefully in his note-case, with a lock of hair which once belonged to the same fair owner, and which had likewise been taken without her knowledge, he extinguished his candles and sought repose.

Alas Humanity! How often is a resolution broken, even in the same breath in which it is made; for while Croiser strained every faculty to contemplate only those visions of pride, ambition, and glory, which he had so long nourished, the delicate form of Margarita seemed to hover around him, and he started up to fold to his tortured bosom the fleeting phantom which he was not allowed to possess, yet vainly endeavoured to banish! Gradually her soft image became more and more impalpable—now he was sighing at her feet, now her hand was clasped in his, and then

his head was pillowed on her shoulder—Rapturously he gazed on her light hazel eye, until its drooping lid gradually closed over the expressive orb within, and slumber fell upon his soul, bringing in its train those foretastes of felicity which only inexperienced youth can know.

CHAPTER IV.

• I saw the power of the living God.

Was not the power of the living God.

Which is the power of the living God.

By the power of the living God.

But you the light that is the power.

Was light from the living God.

VERSE.

tinctly visible from the light which fell on them, while the back-grounds remained in gloom.

The night wind which was rising, sighed heavily among the turrets of the old building, as it swept around in numerous eddies, and its sounds were echoed and multiplied in the large chimney, now no longer wanted for its original purpose, but closed at its lower aperture, where the polished brass dogs for supporting the wood fire remained alone on the spacious granite hearth. The fireplace, which alone would have admitted a man to stand upright in it, was surmounted by a high sculptured mantel, over which was the bust of a former lord carved in oak and large as life. The features were in profile, and the head was protected by a plumed casque. As the rays of the candles fell on the high cheek-bone, the prominent eye-ball, and aquiline nose, it almost seemed as if the grim chief had been restored from the grave, and contemplated with no little sternness and severity the peaceful purpose to which his ancient armoury had been turned.

How such ligneous gentry may feel, I will not pretend to determine, but had his hero's heart been made of flesh, even of such callous flesh as

we meet with in these modern times, he could not but have smiled in rapture on the fair occupants of his former magazine, and have acknowledged in their eyes, weapons far more resistless in their execution, nor less subduing than the spears, arrows, and cross-bow bolts with which it had been stored in his own day. Saving the marks which I have mentioned, the thick walls with their narrow, high, and embrasure-like windows, little was left that bespoke the former use of the apartment. A carpet from the looms of Persia covered the polished oak floor, and rendered inaudible by its thick shaggy pile the fairy footsteps that tripped over it. The rest of the furniture, while it bespoke comfort and elegance, was yet in strict keeping with the room. Between the gothic windows stood the toilette, supporting a large mirror, beside the carved and gilded frame of which burned the candles; around were ranged in the most scrupulous neatness, sundry brushes, combs, and perfumes, with many other little nicknacks, the very order so evident among which, at once proclaimed the sex of the owners; independent of the delicate being who sat opposite in one of the high backed chairs of the Elizabethan century.

Her dark hair had been loosened from every confinement, and while one hand was seen glittering through the profusion of its glossy locks, disentangling some rebel curl which was no sooner released than it sprung back into its former convolutions, the other held a little figure of porcelain, the inscription on the base of which pronounced it to be Napoleon Buonaparte, First Consul of the French republic. Being hollow, it was filled with one of those delicious perfumes for which our Parisian friends are so justly celebrated. As Margarita inhaled the delightful odour, she raised her eye to the mirror opposite. Her hair parting in the middle of her forehead, fell down on either side, and while it increased the oval shape of her features, seemed by the contrast to take away even the slight shade of colour which generally played upon her cheek, leaving it pure as the snowy veil of Chimborazo. Her countenance still more touchingly displayed its usual expression, where the romance of youth mingled with the warm yet plaintive softness so characteristic of the Beauties of Erin; she being connected with that rich land by her mother's side. Well

might one say of her in the words of the blind bard of Paradise,

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love!"

She appeared to start at the pallid hues thus reflected, and sighed—that long suppressed sigh which seems to steal involuntarily from the hearts of those with whom a shade of melancholy is a natural trait.

"Well! and what art thou sighing about?" inquired Chatty in a gay tone of voice, and desisting from her amusement of whirling round the room, she approached her sister, then put her arm round Margarita's neck, leant over the chair, and affectionately kissed her forehead.

"Sighing? did I sigh, Chatty?"

"Sigh? yes: you're as mournful as an owl in an ivy-tod, as Honest Jamie would say. And now I think of it, I do believe you are in love, so make room for me on your knee and let me see."

"'Love!' Charlotte? I am surprised to hear you talking of such nonsense to *me*; you know I leave that to *you*," replied the younger twin, giving

to her sister the seat she desired, while the latter laying her head back on Margiée's shoulder and embracing her yet more closely, proceeded to gain the desired information by a species of eduction denominated—if my remembrance of these little matters serve me correctly—coaxing. In this, however, not the slightest feeling of art or guile was mixed up. On the contrary, these caresses were the spontaneous effusions of a family love which they inherited from the amiable old Admiral, and which was as beautiful as it is rare.

“What have you here? My Napoleon—Croiser's present! Tell me, Margiée! Is it not Croiser of whom you were thinking?” Margarita was silent. An answer was however unnecessary; her confused look and the sudden suffusion of her cheek betrayed the truth.

“How silly of you, Charlotte! I wish you were less fond of bantering.”

“What then! do you not really care about him?” inquired the elder twin with a look of much animation.

“I am surprised to think you can entertain such a thought! What! a stranger whose birth

and family—whose occupation even, is unknown to us. Very much after using our guest for a fortnight, he still shows all approaches to such a knowledge, and wears a mask of the greatest mystery. How guilty of you to suppose such a thing?”

“Well, well. I’m glad you don’t love him—because I do. So now I shall have him all to myself?”

“Of course, but will you tell me more?”

“—Jack.” said Margaret. “I am in determined earnest. I assure you.—why not?”

Margaret turned her head slightly so as to meet her sister’s eye, and then replied. “Are you po-

"Why the wretch is so ugly and so bearish, that it was a great piece of presumption in him to have any hopes at all."

"Fie Charlotte! But even granting these paltry excuses for having gratified your love of conquest, what can you urge against young Falconer, as accomplished and handsome as he is amiable?"

"Pooh! all a pack of stuff. 'Urge?' Why has he not quarrelled with me?"

"Nay: I should rather think it must have been *you* who quarrelled with *him*: but granting the contrary, I know that he has ample reason; for who that has any affection for you, can see you carrying on a flirtation with every one around, and not be grieved at your thus marring the many noble qualities so conspicuous in you!"

"Now! what a horrid prude are you Margiée! Will you never be kind enough to spare me these continual lectures? I think that you might do so, considering that I am your elder sister, and"—

"Ought therefore to know better."

"Nay then, my Lady-Pearl, since you are so desirous of retrieving my errors, suppose you make it up to the poor swain yourself. I'll turn over to you all right and interest in this handsome,

months, and accomplished many noble, and
 now was in Lady Catherine's hands."

"How much, but the watch will not exactly
 suit—for you were sufficient witness, the first
 summer I did not yet feel myself reduced to the
 alternative of accepting the watch even of my
 nearest ones, and for next, because, while
 I am not—unhappily—one of those
 patients who fit from flower to flower."

"Very good," returned Charlotte, rising rather
 surprised. "Inwardly you shall be known as a
 patient Lady Catherine; your advice need dread
 no change nor shift of opinion from one to time.
 Her name will be well I shall now take it

shameful to lavish his offerings on me and yet present none to the 'ladye of his love!' Nay! do not put my Napoleon down, allow me to request your acceptance of it." And as Charlotte thus concluded, she proffered the figure of Buonaparte which contained the scent to Margarita, who had just replaced it on the toilette.

The latter merely waved her hand as if to reject it, while she replied with great coolness, unlocking a drawer in her toilette-table and displaying a little French box of polished satin-wood, "Your unusually kind offer has been rendered unnecessary by the 'gentleman-ruffian' himself, who very kindly gave me this present the day after you received your own—perhaps you would like to examine it?"

"Oh certainly!" replied Charlotte, very much surprised, while she endeavoured to hide her vexation under the mask of her usual levity. "Well I declare—one, two, four, five, six, different scents—*pommade l'Arcole—huile de l'Egypte—rouge rosée*—a perfect toilette in miniature! And so he thinks you want a little rouge, does he?" Charlotte pronounced the last phrase

with a tantalizing tone of pleasure, as she drew forth the gilded little book, on the back of which the name of this feminine abomination was written. —“ ‘*Rouge rosée*’—doubtless very fine! Certes, he must already contemplate your charms, heightened by a delicate *couleur de rose*,” she continued in her bantering tone; when opening the book she appeared to read something that suddenly rendered her even more pallid than her sister, and bursting into tears as she availed herself of the nearest seat, she exclaimed, “Margarita, you have shamefully deceived me! I could not have expected this at your hands!”

“Nay, dearest Love, you wrong me, indeed you do!” quickly replied Margiéc, her gathering displeasure instantly dissolving before her sister’s grief. “What could make you imagine it for a moment?” taking up the fatal object, of the existence of which she had hitherto been unaware, and was therefore at first annoyed at the hint which, according to Charlotte’s interpretation, was conveyed by it. To her confusion, she beheld that the leaves of the cosmetic itself had been cut out, and in their place a piece of writing

paper had been inserted, bearing the following lines in Croiser's hand:—

"Hence! vile cosmetic, and reserve for age,
The withering splendours of your crimson page!
To that fair cheek no charms could 'st thou impart,
Where nature shames the brightest hues of art.
There the pearl'd ore—the madder's vermil lake*
Must mar the loveliness they seek to make.
Thy merest touch would taint that perfect whole,
Whose pure complexion speaks a purer soul."

"On my honour, Charlotte, I was ignorant of these lines until this moment!" said Margarita. After a slight pause, "What would you wish me to do? Shall I send them back?"

"No, oh no!" sobbed the other, "it's no use to do that. I have no right to dictate to you whether you shall repel or receive the advances of any one! And surely he has a right to please himself."

* The cosmetic, sold under the name of Pearl powder, is, I believe, a preparation of zinc or bismuth, while the rouge itself not unfrequently is made of madder root. My Reader may wonder how I should know so much about it; but will she be pleased to recollect that I am a very old man, and one to whom these things are permitted, in the words of Pope,

"One wouldn't sure look ugly when one's dead—
And—Betty —— give this cheek a little red."

"But consider, Charlotte, he might have meant nothing by these silly lines—further than a casual compliment."

"But tell me, Love," resumed Charlotte after a pause, "do you not really care for him?"

"As a guest and a gentleman, Charlotte, I respect him, and should be sorry to hear of anything befalling him. But as to my entertaining any deeper feeling for him, the thing—is—out—of the question. Though I assure you this is the case, yet I beseech you——."

"Now don't reproach me, Margiée, but I thought that—that—in some little trifles I observed a greater partiality for him than you generally show to—to—the young men that Papa always has about him!"

Despite of the positive assertions that Margaritha had been making, the last remark from her sister produced an effect that one might not have expected. Twice she attempted a reply, but her self-possession failing her, she remained silent.

"Then I may confide, Love, on what you have said?" inquired Charlotte, once more flinging her arms round Margiée's neck. "Because you know,

dearest, if you had marked out our fiery hero for a conquest—why—I wouldn't for worlds think of interfering, but stick to my old, detestable suite, Colonel Sefton and Lord Falconer, and that great sea-bear, Fairfax."

"No Charlotte, you will not interfere with me."

"Then why, dear Margiee, do you sigh in saying so, and blush when I mention him? Why I declare even now I feel you quite trembling!"

"I have sufficient reason to sigh, Charlotte," returned the sister, passing over the other less equivocal signs of emotion, "when I reflect on the store of sorrow and misery which you are laying up for yourself; fixing your affections one moment, to withdraw them the next. Consider, very few days have elapsed since we completed our eighteenth birth-day, and yet, if I am to believe all that I hear, you have felt or fancied this same passion of love no less than four times—while to me it is perfectly unknown—except by name! Remember how fervently you protested to me that each affair was to be your last. The first survived six

months, since which, every succeeding transport has proved of yet shorter duration than the one which pre-occupied your volatile bosom. It was only two months ago that Lord Falconer was every thing. How many hours, night after night, have you not kept me awake proving that his beauty vied with or surpassed that of Apollo; that Crichton himself was not more accomplished, or Chatelar more fond or devoted! Sad Charlotte! After this, to think that in five weeks you should quarrel with this deity of your heart, and dethrone him to set up a perfect stranger, inferior to him in appearance!"

"Nay Margiée, I will not grant that!"

It's so spaniel-like, I might do what I choose to him and he'd never resent it. It tires me always to see him running after me, and if I merely look twice at any other man, why he's ready to faint or expire, or some stuff of that sort. Now there's a nice fierceness which gleams out occasionally from Croiser which I like, as if he were determined to maintain his own station—he has all Lord Falconer's ardour without his milk-and-water."

"Come, now, Charlotte, this is very unfair; you cannot accuse his Lordship of want of spirit, since we know Papa's opinion of the way in which he commands his fine frigate; besides, how many officers have we heard praising his bravery in the extreme! Again, Charlotte, this fierceness which you now so frowardly admire, will scarcely brook to be made the plaything of your heart, as so many others have been. Do consider where this may end! I scarcely pretend to advise you, but do, dearest Charlotte, do reflect! Mild as Lord Falconer is to you, he may not, at his return from sea, which must be shortly, feel so mildly inclined towards Captain Croiser! Reflect what misery you might bring upon us all by their collision. And even," she continued, seeing that these arguments

made some impression on her hearer, "supposing that no actual ill arose from such a proceeding, how can you lightly make up your mind to tamper with the feelings of one who deserves so highly at your hands? I know—I am sure—I have very sufficient grounds for knowing that Lord Falconer is truly attached to you; more so, perhaps, than ever Captain Croiser may be, or even supposing that he was—in such an energetic character you must be prepared to find a lord as well as a husband."

"*A lord indeed! I find a lord in my husband!*—Nay, I should not fear that much, be the man who he may!" retorted Charlotte, quickly, with

namesake, the 'Shipwreck' man, and imagined he must be quite a poetical hero. I can't tell how I was so stupid—but *Croiser*—O! *Croiser's* just the very personage! Now don't laugh, Margiée—I do feel quite convinced of it this time. Besides, I don't like Falconer's blue eyes—you know they're too soft for a man. As for changing, I declare I won't change again, on my word of honour, sister! and you know I am very scrupulous about that. Then again, as to *Croiser's* never being so fond of me—why that will pique my affection for him, and keep it alive, and then that will be a pleasing task for me, and I think I can effect that—at least you know, dear Margiée, I have never failed before!" glancing slightly at the mirror.

"Yes, yes, Chatty, this may all be very well; the risks that concern your own happiness you must be content to undergo, as the price of your fickleness. The person however whom I most pity is poor Falconer: what is to become of *him*?"

"Dear me, Margarita, what a teasing lecturer you are! You talk of my having been four times in love. I'll put the same question to yourself.

And how many times have you been in the same predicament?"

"Why, Chatty, if your descriptions of this tremendous passion be true, I may safely answer, Never."

"Yes, once I think!"

"Never, I assure you—to what do you allude?"

"Pity is a-kin they say to love; and you seem to afford a great deal of the former to Falconer. Come now, Margiée, suppose you take him in hand, just *pour passer le temps*! With your talents you could soon mould him to any thing. I should think too, his soft, pliable disposition would amalgamate admirably with yours."

a part as unfeminine and unmaidenly as it is dishonourable and unworthy."

"Come, now, Margiše, your code is very severe; but maybe one of these days, you'll gain a little more practical experience in these matters. Theorists are but poor lawgivers! I yet live in hopes to see you over head and ears in love yourself. Oh! how I should delight in it! However, meanwhile, I tell you what we can do for this 'Shipwrecked' man. You know there was a sort of flirtation between Falconer and that lively rattle, Lucy 'Talpoys, whom Papa calls my second self; well, when Falconer comes home, I can ask her to come and stay with us, and then we can fling them together constantly, and so make a match of it. I know she likes his title."

"His title,' Charlotte! How can you mention so poor a bauble? You run on in such a style, I shall soon begin to think that you have no heart at all, instead of one for every person. You talk of love as if it were melon-seed, and had only to be sown in a good hot-bed and protected from the weather, to spring up at once into fruit; instead of regarding it as a passion sacred at least, if not dreadful;

since its results are often fraught with the most fatal influence on the rest of our existence!"

"Well said! Margiée, a direct plagiarism from the last romance. You are, as I said before, a most scrupulous theorist, but we shall see by and by!" As she said this the light-hearted beauty laid her head on her pillow, while Margarita, who was conscious of having allowed more of the romantic sentiment of her character to escape than usual, remained silent, until the tacit communion of those pure hearts having ascended to the Power which claimed their homage, she lit the little lamp which was to preserve a light through the remaining hours, and joined her elder

As Charlotte's eyelids warmly seconded this motion, the gentle and regular breathings of these bright buds of promise, soon announced their enjoyment of that dreamless slumber which flies the couch of care, ambition, vice, or guile, to bestow its invaluable bliss on purity and worth.

CHAPTER V.

“ Farewell ! farewell !—the voice you hear
Has left its sad farewell with you ;
It next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew !
The accents, which I scarce could form
Beneath thy frown's controlling check,
Must give the word above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck ! ”

burst on his view, and at once recalled the fair enchantress of those woods, whose image was so inseparably linked with every beauty which his eye surveyed.

Hurriedly arraying himself, he walked out to take a last farewell of those pleasant scenes, and indulge in the reflections which he might be so naturally supposed to feel. Directing his steps to the ruined tower, where he first met Margarita Salisbury, he pursued his route muttering his "wayward fancies as he roved," until his career was suddenly arrested by some huge moving bulk, and looking up he beheld himself opposed to Tim Tarpauline of the Nine Fathoms, who, like himself, was wending his way towards the tower, now within a few yards.

As Croiser surveyed the exterior of his faithful mate, he could not help thinking that he was dressed as if on the occasion of meeting some one of importance. His blue jacket, the seams and edges of which were covered with black-painted canvass, seemed sprucely brushed, his low and round poled hat was exchanged for one of the same form, but of a newer date. His long cue was 'nattily' arranged; even his old dark duddee or short pipe,

which always retained its station under his hat ribbon, even that appeared polished up, while his canvass breeks were white as snow, and shoes displayed a pair of new gold buckles. So smart an appearance excited Croiser's inquiry: "For what port are you bound, Tim?" But Tim having assured his honour that "he only came there to have a little bit of a reconnoitre as it may be," began to inquire "if his honour had met with a fellow knocking about here, who complained o' being rather loose in the stern post?"—This having brought on sundry questions, Tim explained that "having lately gone to a bit of a

good a yarn as ever I'd wish to hang up a dull hour by. Aye, your honour, he not only spins a good yarn, but what's nearly as good, he can hear one—though I do wish for his sake he'd larned better manners when he was a younker. There was I left alone with Sal at low water, to hang out till gun-fire—obliged to freshen the nip with a thimble full at a time, for fear of running short, and then in a pretty hubbub meanwhile, seeing how my old timbers might hap to get aground for want o'—

“Not water, Tim.”

“Umph, no, your honour; I've had enough of that ever since that time off Cape Maccaroni”——

“Well well, Tim,” interrupted his commander, checking the oft-repeated tale of his wonderful escape from drowning, “we know all that, but tell me did these things take place on the same night that they rolled the poor devil of an excise-man over the hill?”

“Aye, your honour, the very same. Lor! what a rumble that fellow must have had—they made his ribs crack again, I know—and to think of the chap not being much the worse for it after all!”

“Ah! by the bye—so they tell me. How was it he managed to escape?”

“Why—ye see—your honour, they put an anken stretcher athwart over his arms, and in between his knees—lashed taut, as I understand, so that when they come to give him headway over the hill, the stick took the ground at every turn; by the matter o’ which ye see, he fought shy o’ monkey’s allowance, more kicks than coppers. Well, on he went right enough fifteen knots on a bow line, till he made the bottom o’ the hill, when just as he thought it was quite dicky with him, he brought up all standing in a thickset hedge o’ black-thorn that hung over the road. Well, your honour, there he be stuck luckily enough head uppermost, hailing and squalling to every chan-

he's had that for the last feeften years, ever since he was 'nocolated by the small pox; while he swears lustily 'twas all done by the fuzz bushes coming down over the hill. I've a heard o' a fellow," added Tarpauline in a half-musing manner, "being rolled down over Deal beach afore he was quite dry, and the shingle sticking into his fissiogamy, but this yarn o' Dugald Mac Me-teit is a reg'lar clincker! Howsoever, the boys have christened the place 'The ganger's loup,' and so it will be called, I dare say, long after fat little Dugald's brought up in Deadman's Bay.—We'm all creatures of clay, your honour!" and as Tim came to this sombre conclusion, he drew forth 'Sal,' and applied that very respectable lady to his lips, though not with the views which would have actuated such a suitor as his commander, since Tarpaulin would doubtless have derided the—to him—unmeaning pleasures of osculation.

" 'Creatures of clay,' eh? and so you drink to your morality as if to confirm its decrees."

" Ah! your honour, like other clay, we all want moistening before we're fit for moulding. A fine breeze to-day, your honour; I'm thinking—may-

be—that you'll be wanting to be off soon—we've made a long lay of it here."

"Yes, Tim, yes, I've just been thinking so; I sleep on board to-night, get ready to weigh, and make sail at daylight to-morrow morning," and with this brief command he hurriedly left his faithful dependant to hasten down the steps of the tower, towards a gate in the plantation where he had just descried the advancing form of Margarita. On arriving at the spot, however, Croiser found that she had gone back, and deploring his want of luck, he hastened along the road which he supposed she had pursued, with the purpose of overtaking her, little dreaming that he was

"How silly and unguarded I must have been, since even my careless sister has seen that I have occasionally thought of him; I hope it has escaped his own eyes! Not for worlds could I endure that he should know it. Henceforth I defy even the scrutiny of my own heart to discern a repetition of it!" Poor Margarita! Though soliloquizing thus, and generously giving up to her versatile sister the only preference which the innocent warmth of her young bosom had ever engendered, she nevertheless felt, despite of her arguments, no slight pang at the surrender. With regard to Charlotte's quick observation, she was deceived. What eye, what penetration so quick, so searching as those of a rival? But as it happened, Charlotte had gathered her ideas on the subject rather from the attention of Croiser to Margarita, than the reverse; but this fact she was of course too much of a woman to acknowledge.

When Croiser at the breakfast-table announced his determination of sailing by sunrise on the ensuing day, great was the surprise manifested, and no little lamentation, since his spirited yet docile and attractive manners had insensibly attached every one to him. Nor was this feeling of regret

unfelt even by the most insensible animals—to wit, the cat—the dog—Captain Bombast—and Major Puff; the latter of whom mumbled to his worthy brother traveller—“ Haven’t met with a more intelligent young man since I parted with Ensign Huggins, whose society I had the bitter misfortune to lose when I was abroad at Cork.”

“ Very true! very true!” drawled the captain. “ as my father would say, a most superior young man, just what that young chief would have been had he but had the advantage of a little more civilization—I mean young Hatchee-Matchee Madderhead, you know, a prince of the Longbow Islands!”

It was to little purpose that Charlotte used all her oratory to persuade him to delay his departure. There were a thousand sights unseen and pleasures unexperienced. But alas! so they were likely to remain. I know not whether his resolution might not have been thawed before the gentle breath of Margarita, but as she forbore to put it to the trial, he was saved the pain of a refusal, and Charlotte the mortification which a contrary course would have created. Even the Port Admiral himself, while gently tapping Croiser on the shoulder,

as his noble and venerable figure leaned forward to the "ha, ha, ha!" which concluded one of his best stories, even he seemed surprised and affected, to say nothing of losing so admirable a listener,—though this office was a real pleasure,—and assured him "he should be delighted to give him snug stowage and a berth in his mess—ay, by the mast, as long as ever he'd chose to hang out—though it should be till all's blue. Well, well, if ye can't, ye can't, ye see," he added, on Croiser's polite and grateful refusal, "and that's all that's about it; but may be you'll be putting in here again some odd day or another; or may want a port in a storm suddenly, and if that should fall out, and you don't bear up for old Dick Salisbury, hang me if I don't call ye a Frenchman! There's Chatty ready any day to have a romp with you; Margiée will sing ye a song, and every man-jack of us be right glad to give you a jolly welcome! And now I must say by bye, and God bless you—so farewell, my hearty, since I have to hurry over to the other side of the water and see about some rascally court-martial of that cursed little snivelling son of a hound Commodore Wheezey: he's always up to these freaks or worse. I wish some one would

have the spirit to tailpipe the little rascal so that he might dash his thick head against the next lamp-post*. He'd try me I believe, if he could, if it was'nt for one thing—that I won't let him."

Dinner passed without Sir Richard's return, and Croiser proposed to take their usual walk in the private gardens, where, with few interruptions since his arrival, he had been accustomed to pass many happy hours with the lovely twins.

The more urgent details of this my history, kind Reader, which have prevented my noticing this mode of passing their time before, compel me to defer to another opportunity any description of these truly beautiful retreats, further than such as is absolutely necessary for thy present comprehension. You, dear Reader, are already aware that on descending from the northern or main entrance, the eye beheld on either side a double row of oak and elm trees, forming the grand avenue. Said Reader, I take it, is also aware that the avenue was terminated on either side by a turreted lodge and gate; that on the left hand being the

* This wish of Sir Richard's was nearly accomplished, since the Commodore was subsequently stabbed, but unfortunately he recovered from the wound.

carriage gate from without, that on the right hand being the entrance to the private gardens; the walls of which extended towards the house in a parallel with and at a little distance from the right hand or eastern row of the aforesaid avenue, by the termination of which a vista was opened to the eye, displaying the blue calm surface of Barn Pool.

Here, as the atrocious reader will also call to mind, was the private place of embarkation, its smooth and level strand occasionally serving to run out the bathing machine now laid up beneath the shade of an adjoining cork tree or ilex, the whilk I do not pretend at this present writing to remember with that degree of precision for which we naval officers are so pre-eminently noted. At the end of these gardens nearest the house, a high wall gave way to one of less dimensions, surrounded by a railing and circumvallated by a fosse, over which was a small bridge leading to a private *entrée* reserved especially for the family, in contradistinction to the lower one at the lodge, through which came the visitors from the neighbouring towns.

Towards this door advanced our trio, as the

rich evening sun threw his expiring gleams along the sky, gilding the extreme foliage of the summits of the high trees beneath which they passed, and leaving the space below in that hallowed gloom so sacred to the heart. The chattering chough as it passed, gladdened itself in the genial ray that tipped its plumage, and uttered a shrill note of joy that broke the holy stillness of the spot, where the whispering leaves had kissed into silence the breeze of day, and now seemed hushed in the repose of nature. The soft grass was scarcely heard to rustle beneath their light footsteps. But sound and Charlotte were ever friends, and scarcely had Croiser unlocked the little gate and entered the covered way of trellis-work matted with clematis and jasmine leading to the recesses of the garden, than her loud and joyous laugh awoke the echoes of the wood, and roused a hundred drowsy jackdaws, now circling aloft in rapid flight and imparting to each other in their peculiar but not unpleasant cry, the groundless terror of the moment.

The first garden into which they entered, was laid out in the English style. On their emerging from the covered way before mentioned, they found

themselves under a gigantic cedar tree. It had already numbered fifty years in its present site, and beneath its dark and horizontal arms was a tablet announcing it to be "Cowper's seat," and inscribed with an appropriate quotation from the poet. Opposite to this stood a small but chastely designed pavilion containing two rooms with musical instruments and books. Immediately before Cowper's seat was a fine Portuguese laurel, the overpowering perfume from the flowers of which might be discovered at a considerable distance on the water when the breeze wafted its precious fragrance along Barn Pool, and even obliged our fair friends to rise from the bench where they had at first seated themselves, and retire beyond its more immediate neighbourhood.

"Come," said the restless Charlotte starting up the first, "let us all race off to the French garden, and the one who arrives in the pavilion the first, shall receive a pair of gloves from the other two."

"Do excuse me, dear sister!"

"No, Margiée, I will not! Captain Croiser, help me to get her up, this horrible laurel will kill me. Now, then, are you ready?" and away they

bounded, Croiser following close to Charlotte, while Margarita ceased her attempt at running on the instant that the other two were out of sight. With a melancholy feeling which the hour inspired, she sauntered onwards, and plucking one of the many splendid flowers of the magnolia growing close at hand, inhaled its delicious perfume and mused on the transitory character of happiness.

"I have no heart to mingle in these romps of my gay sister," so ran her thoughts, "and yet why is it? I think I have felt a change in my disposition and feelings within the last month. But a short period since, these things were not in-

had missed the route, which would have led her to the proposed rendezvous, and now feeling inclined to be alone, she determined to enjoy the extreme fineness of the evening, and, by returning through a more circuitous walk, give to the other two a longer space of time for their *tête-à-tête*, which in the present state of Charlotte's feeling would, she rightly conjectured, be far from displeasing to that fair damsel.

Little did she dream, when speculating on the passing days of girlhood, that those tranquil feelings had quitted her bosom for ever, and that her emotions had received an impulse as novel as it was indefinable; an impulse on the ultimate result of which, the happiness or misery of such a gentle being was entirely to depend.

As she looked upon the ocean before her, she beheld it unruffled by the slightest breath. A thin dim haze seemed to float above its polished surface, in the strong and darkening mirror of which every tree was visible. A gentle murmuring was heard as it met the surrounding shores, and here and there might be seen the circling but silent eddies, caused by the high tide that was just ceasing to flow into the harbour, whose

full waters checked the flagging motion of the mightier current.

The dying ephemera, too, that had sported their brief existence since sunrise, were seen occasionally to fall upon the waters, then instantly dispelled by the rising of the piscine race, whose prey they became. The hum of the distant city rose upon the air, and undulating over the silent tides, fell like a charm upon the spirits. Margarita lifted her eyes from this entrancing view where every form of earth appeared to have a fellow-image mirrored in the deep, and beheld the last red gleam of the sun kiss the extreme point of Staddon heights, and then soar away into the

the gathering dimness of night. The high land of Staddon seemed to loom stupendously vast in the distance, throwing the deep broad shadow on the waters beneath—when suddenly a yellow glare appeared behind them—it rose—it increased. Surely it is some conflagration—it is—it must be! No! it is the moon—swathed in the falling mists of day—her purple robes of majesty. She rose to assert her dominion in the firmament, and shot her trembling rays upon the ocean with all the timidity of a youthful and virgin queen. By degrees they became stronger and bolder as her disc emerged—her lower segment cleared the mountain and she poured forth her full effulgence upon the lovely scene; while her bright reflection gradually stole along the whispering tide till it seemed to lip the shore at the feet of the entranced beholder. Gradually the spell dissolved which had chained Margarita to the spot till now: sigh followed sigh, intuitively, from her innocent bosom, at the association which such a solemn scene called up in one so naturally meditative as herself, and then she turned away to join her sister and Croiser.

Passing along by the battery, and turning to the left through a walk which commanded a view of the inner harbour, she paused for a few moments

in the little temple dedicated to the Poet of the Seasons, and having admired this fresh view of the crowded haven, proceeded through the Italian garden, so named from the style in which it was laid out, where the first object that she encountered was the old gardener, Jamie Maxwell, busily engaged in tending his favourite flowers ; his lean and decrepid figure bent beneath the weight of a large watering pot, until his natural tendency to grow double appeared increased to a ludicrous extreme.

Indeed no part of his person was likely to inspire much respect, for wasted to a mere skeleton, and displaying on his shrivelled features the discon-

e'en t'ye! Ye'll be coming to me now for a bit posie, and it's vera welcome ye are. — Here's a bonny twig o' the limmon tree and it's covered wi' the blossom; and here's a fine——"

"Thank you, James, thank you! I'll take your flowers, they are beautiful, but I merely came through on my road to the French garden. My sister Charlotte and Captain Croiser are there, are they not, Jamie?"

"I dinna exactly ken, my Laddy, but it is possible they'll be there as ye say."

"Thank you, Jamie."

"Ay, aye," as she moved off, "it's thank ye, thank ye, now, but de'il the word mair sin' this dark brow'd chiel's cam amang us. For my part, I'm thinking he's like to drive thae lasses clean daft with his clishmaclavers. They've no a single thought for Douce Jamie Maxwell, now," and he peevishly returned to his former occupation; while Margarita, after pursuing her way among sundry green alleys, passed through a complete arch of evergreens and found herself in the French garden.

Its form was nearly square, the whole space being enclosed with perpendicular walls of some eighteen or twenty feet high, composed entirely of

the clipped branches of the ilex, winter laurel, and other rarer trees whose foliage, unimpaired by any severities of season, afforded a continued relief to the eye throughout the year. The flower-beds, which were surrounded and intersected by walks, formed a square plot, where rose-trees, clematis, and jasmine were, by the aid of trellis-work, made to grow in an uninterrupted festoon of flowers from bed to bed, arching over the entrance of the four little alleys leading to the centre of the garden, where played a rustic fountain; its falling waters flowing over several superb Indian shells, and returning into the surrounding well, through the tiny billows of which glittered the purple and golden hues of sundry little fishes, doomed to a blissful captivity.

Around the edges of this well grew the *Nympha Alba*, spreading its broad leaf and snowy flower on the surface, the latter folding itself up into a beautifully shaped cup as the hour of evening drew nigh. Two very fine trees of the magnolia were seen in full bloom near the bottom of the garden, and their rich odours mingling with the hundred other scents with which the air came loaded, and cooled by the falling spray of the fountain, seemed like

the breath of Paradise. While this enchanted spot refreshed the senses, it elevated the soul above the jarring world without, and gave no faint conception of the intellectual pride and delight, with which our first parents must have trod their bowers of bliss.

At the head of this delightful little spot stood a pavilion, containing, like that in the English garden, two rooms. They were fitted up with books, and containing those instruments of music which the fair goddesses of these sacred haunts loved to wake to harmony. In the centre hall of this pavilion was a beautiful statue of Meleager, while two mirrors being placed behind, seemed to form an endless vista, and reflected back the images of every thing within the garden, as well as of those who passed by a little opening on the opposite side, which penetrated through several of the walks beyond.

"Surely," some of my readers will exclaim, "into such a retreat as this, no heart could enter without sharing the happiness which such a scene diffused." Alas! that fabulous deity is neither of clime, country, or degree, and the only shrine in which she is ever to be found is a contented heart!

"Is that you, Margarita?" demanded Charlotte, as she heard the light footsteps of her sister; then on seeing her figure, "What an age you have been! A perfect snail in your pace, I declare! Remember, Madam, that you owe me a pair of gloves, and since you have made your appearance at last, sit down and sing to us. Here is your harp, I have just succeeded in reducing it to something like tune."

"Nay, then, Charlotte, you had better indulge us by singing yourself!"

"No, no. I must have my request. I feel lazy this evening, and you sing better, and I like your voice better; besides, I have been piping already — 'so sit, good cousin.'"

Here Croiser joined in the request, and seating herself by her sister's side on the sofa, Croiser being on the other, she prepared to comply with their request. One half of the window before them was thrown up, so that they could just perceive through the clambering foliage of the passion-flower, the play of the fountain as it rose sparkling in the dim twilight, then fell swerving on one side to the occasional current of the air, and refreshingly moistening the surrounding flow-

ers. From the room in which they were sitting, also, an open door led into a large conservatory, the warm odours of whose exotics mixed with the many native scents without.

"Now none of your doleful ditties, Margiée, for I see that you're looking very romantically inclined, but pray give us something cheerful: for instance 'Love a Maying.'"

"Nay Charlotte, if you will have a song, it must be one of my own: you are the best minstrel for your peculiar music!" Pausing for a moment as her taper fingers swept along the harpsichord, she seemed to wait the moment of inspiration. The scene she had just witnessed on the terrace was yet floating on her imagination, as she accompanied a deep yet tender melody with her voice.

She had not proceeded with many lines before "Holloa, Margiée! Beshrew me, but that's a regular-built psalm!" was heard in the hearty accents of the old Port Admiral, who having strolled into the garden, on his return from the town, where his official residence was situated, had listened with his usual delight to the music of his daughter's voice, and now looked in on the party.

"Yes, dear Bunting," replied Chatty, "I told her not to give us any of these doleful dumps; but she is such an obstinate girl, she cares nothing for the commands of her elder sister. Come in, and bring her to order."

"No faith! not I—I'm dodging along here to get a mouthful of fresh air and pick one or two of the pretty flowers; besides old Ben Bucket and his family are just arrived at the house, and so I must go up and fetch down lovely Lady Anne."

"Oh Bunting, you abominable flirt! I'll tell her husband the Admiral! I declare you are almost as bad as myself."

The Port Admiral made no reply to this sally of his daughter Chatty, save by a "Ha-ha-ha, you little vixen!" and he proceeded, as Charlotte said, to enjoy a little innocent flirtation with the young wife of his old messmate, Sir Benjamin Buckhardt, over whom he had the advantage, no less in his handsome person than in the gallant bearing of his manners and address, which only gave way to the convivial kindness of his heart within the sacred circle of his intimates.

"Margiée, I wish you would not sing such monstrous dismal airs, they make me as melancholy as"—

"Well, Charlotte, what can I do? You will not sing yourself, and cannot expect the tones of a trumpet from the slight chords of a lute—besides, have we not reason now and then to be touched with melancholy, when we give ourselves time for reflection? Mere children of the moment! Even that beautiful aloe plant,"—pointing to one placed outside the window,—“which is perhaps destined to outlive us all, might well excite those emotions which you contemn.”

There was a pause—the gloom, the hour, seemed to fall with a bewitching and softening influence over them all. Even Charlotte was silent, and resigned herself to the feeling that stole over her, as she gently leaned against the shoulder of him who had so suddenly become dear to her. With such a restless disposition even this short quietus could not endure long. Suddenly starting up, she said, “Since none of you will indulge in a livelier strain, I must; but I prefer another instrument,” taking down a guitar. “*Gaiety* is the natural emotion of these chords; however sorrow and sublimity may belong to the prouder harp.”

“Well, I rejoice at your determination to contest the palm with your sister. I will be the umpire between both parties.”

"So you shall, as far as relates to the matter, but not to the music, since there I should be striving hopelessly. These stringed instruments require such a tedious process of tuning—now we will try," and Charlotte dashed off into a lively canzonetta as opposed to the song of her sister both in sentiment and metre as it was possible to be.

"Now then, Sir Umpire, decide!" said the charming siren on its conclusion.

"Why my fair Minstrel," said the captain, "since both performances have been in song, my decision ought at least to be conveyed in the same delightful vehicle. Meanwhile as both your themes are equally to the point, you must allow me to defer my opinion until that time arrives."

"Why, I thought you never sang! At least I have asked you five hundred times, and surely you never would have refused my request so often, unless you could not comply with it!"

"Nor have I now said any thing that should induce a contrary belief—however, I should be most happy to become your pupil, if you will undertake such a task; and to prove how ready a scholar I intend to be, let me take my first lesson at once."

"Come then take the instrument and place your left hand thus—Yes, that's correct,—and your right hand here—very good. Now then strike these six strings successively. Why good Powers!—What!—is it possible!"—and to the infinite surprise of his fair instructress and hearer, Croiser's fingers threaded those chords with all the swiftness and execution of an experienced musician.

After an interval of a few seconds, and before his listeners had recovered their astonishment sufficiently to speak, his prelude subsided into a low and tender accompaniment, to which, with a manly but clear and flexible voice, he sang the following words, in allusion to the preceding chants of his charming companions:—

Nay, speak not of the bliss of man !
The brief enjoyments given,
Bespaugled o'er his tortured span,
Or known on this side Heaven !

Too true, yon plant of culture rare
Returning bloom denies,
Rear'd through an age of toil and care,
Once blown, it droops and dies !

So pines the heart o'er vanished days
Of childhood's hopes and fears ;
One golden hour of youth repays
An age of baffled years.

When midnight lends her sacred veil
To hide the mourner's woe,
Nor slumber hears the stifled wail,
Nor marks the tears which flow.

The fated fire that inly preys
On this devoted breast,
Consumes to care its sufferer's days,
And cankers all my rest.

For I must on to meet each grief
In store with coming time,
Nor stay these fleeting joys, too brief
To save my soul from crime !

Too like the fabled bark which bore
A self-destroying freight,
And madly urged to that dark shore,
Found ruin linked with fate !

This is no fancied phantom grief,
Oh would it were not so !
The humblest lot that brought relief,
Should take such gilded woe !

There was a pause. The feeling of surprise which both the sisters had manifested at the beginning, was swallowed up in the sad expression which Croiser's words had made. The extreme pathos with which they had been sung, and the evident earnestness of the heart which felt the sorrows thus uttered, together with the simple and plaintive air, had indeed affected them with sym-

pathy; and while they mutely pondered over the mystery attached to their interesting guest, they had entirely forgotten to thank him for his strain.

"How shameful of you never to have sung before this evening—the last of our seeing you too!"

"'Cygnus niger ante suam mortem canet,' as Lady Sapphira would say."

"Oh spare us her odious Latin! And is this the way you decide as umpire?"

"Yes," replied Margarita, "by surpassing both competitors."

"Nay—" but here Croiser's disclaimer was interrupted by the entrance of the Port Admiral with Lady Buckhardt on his arm; and the various salutations having passed, they all walked towards the terrace to enjoy the beauties of the night.

The hour of supper being passed, Croiser watching his opportunity, led Margarita aside to one of the window recesses, and took his leave. In that sad parting, which he had steadily resolved should be forever, little indeed was said. The slight compliment which he wished to pay to her, had escaped him—he faltered, stammered, and incohe-

rently uttered a few sentences, the import of which it was impossible to understand. Nor was Margarita more at ease, since the assumed coldness of her manner was evidently struggling with the more natural emotions of her heart.

To his assertion that this would be the last meeting of their lives, she could only reply "Not so I hope!" Nor when he pressed her hand to his lips could she attempt to withdraw it. On finding out Charlotte, to pay his best respects to her, she proposed to Margarita to walk down and see him embark from Barn Pool. To propose and to execute were with her the same; and as Croiser stepped into his light gig, and was swiftly rowed to his little vessel, he beheld the commanding figures of his fair young friends melt into the distance, until the wave of their handkerchiefs was no longer visible, and at length every trace of them had disappeared. Flinging himself on the taffrail, he vainly endeavoured, by the aid of his glass, to discover their retreating figures. For an hour he remained motionless, until a sudden light, visible through the trees, in that quarter of the building where their apartment was situated, announced their retirement to rest.

He had then indeed torn himself from them! and when the morrow's sun arose, he should neither behold the loveliness of her he loved, nor hang upon the magic of her voice! For a few seconds he repented of the step he had taken, and felt tempted to renounce that duty which drew him away. Then arose those doubts and fears, griefs and upbraidings, with the hundred passions that are so inexplicably interwoven in that strange portion of our mystery—the love of youth.

CHAPTER VI.

"The storm was succeeded by a calm, but it was a question if they were bettered by the change."

WAVERLEY ANECDOTES.

THE morning after Croiser's departure, curiosity could no longer refrain, and Captain Bombast and Major Puff began to indulge in their various conjectures, instigated by that slanderous and gossiping propensity which prompts low natures to malign the absent. Being quickly silenced by the wit of Charlotte, as well as the more dignified censure of Margarita, they appealed to the Port Admiral as to whether his knowledge of Captain Croiser would not confirm their suspicions. Much to their discomfiture however, Sir Richard protested that he held his late guest in the highest consideration, and therefore having found out that

he was unconnected with the navy, he had forbore from prying into his affairs; and furthermore, since these were his opinions, he begged that he might never hear Captain Croiser mentioned but with respect.

A week had elapsed since Croiser's departure, and Charlotte's repeated wonderings of "when he *would* come back," her hauntings of his favourite walks, and musings on the sea from the old tower, were already beginning to wax fainter, when she determined to form a party of pleasure to visit the "Mew-stone," a large ragged rock, situated on the opposite side of the Sound.

The day was appointed; it arrived; Sir Richard descried through its apparent fineness some few suspicious appearances, but with Charlotte these went for nought. The flag-ship's launch, fitted up as a tender or yacht for the Admiral, made its appearance in Barn Pool at 10 A. M.; when the lieutenant in command went up to the house to announce his being in waiting. The party descended, but Charlotte, predetermined on one of her usual freaks, contrived to have the provisions left behind, in order to enjoy the disappointment of the party on their arriving at the rock. Cap-

tain Bombast had also some manœuvres to put in practice, by which he succeeded in leaving the lieutenant of the boat behind, thereby gaining the command himself. The party consisted of Lady Sapphira and her brother the Reverend Nathaniel, together with Bombast, Puff, Charlotte, and Margarita; the boat being manned by six men and a coxswain. They had not proceeded far, when some subject afforded an opportunity for the usual altercation between Lady Sapphira and Nathaniel; Bombast and Puff taking part with the lady, and Charlotte diverting herself at their general expense. In the meantime Margarita indulged in that pensive meditation to which she was now more than ever given. As her soft eye dreamingly surveyed the varied expanse before her, she beheld the mist, hitherto only discernible in the horizon, gradually spread along the sky, and borne rapidly by the wind, unroll itself from the distant mountains of Dartmoor, until it completely enveloped the low town of Plymouth, now no longer visible in the little nook through which the Plym empties itself into the waters of the Sound. Soon the vapour was seen to extend towards the town of Dock and the harbour of Hamoaze, while, wherever

it rested, its impenetrable veil defied the eye to discern the objects beneath.

Turning from so comfortless a view towards the Mewstone itself, she beheld it rearing its bleak and rugged head to heaven, black with the storms of unknown centuries, distant some two miles inland of them, on their weather bow. Meanwhile the sailors who had come from the flagship, missing their own officer, and finding themselves under the command of a mean-looking man in plain clothes, felt their usual repugnance to obey the orders of a stranger, increased by the evident unfitness and inattention which he betrayed. The whole distance of the Mewstone, from the point of starting, was at the most eight miles, and had he only steered properly at the outset, he could not have failed to reach it, whereas he had kept so much away from the wind, that having already gone over a space equal to the whole distance, a sudden change of breeze now left him nearly dead to leeward of it.

The coxswain immediately took the command out of Bombast's hand, and every effort was made to gain their destination, but as the breeze was by this time blowing very freshly from the shore, it

was found to be attended with too much difficulty, and after a short consultation the attempt was given up, and the boat's head put about to return home. Fate, however, seemed to have set her face against them. The wind rose rapidly, the lowering appearance of the heavens increased with every passing moment. Scarcely had they time to take precautionary measures, when the squall expended all its fury upon them. They had no need to reef their sails, for these were shivered into strips, while this sudden gust was accompanied by a thick mist which not only hid every object from their sight, but combined with the passing drifts of spray to wet our pleasure party to the skin. The latter inconvenience was however unnoticed amid the more imminent dangers which threatened their lives.

Their boat, which was of the ordinary size of a small open pleasure-boat, was partly decked over. This however extended but a few feet from the bow of the vessel, and the little space beneath was merely intended to shelter a suit of spare sails, a coil or two of rope, a hawser, and some fishing-lines; the remainder of the boat was open. A deck below protected the feet from any water that

might find its way through a leak, while the carpet, mahogany panels, and seats, bespoke the care and attention paid by his majesty's dock-yard to the Port Admiral. A washboard ran round the gunwale to keep the deck as dry as possible, and for the still further convenience of its passengers, a second gunwale or washboard surrounded the space denominated the stern sheets, which here includes that part of the boat left uncovered by the cuddy. As this space did not extend on either side to the bulwark, room was still left between the outer and inner washboards for a seaman to walk aft to the mizen.

The value of such a protection now became fully apparent, for as the storm increased, the waves occasionally broke on the bow of their little vessel and flooded her deck, without further incommoding the party than by the spray; while the water that would otherwise have required pumping out, had time to run off through the little scuppers or apertures made for that purpose. The tempest soon became frightful; and if the wind itself did not exceed its first burst of violence, the swell had either risen considerably, or they had drifted out into the middle of the

Channel, where its fury was greater ; perhaps both. To the eyes of the terrified ladies, utterly unaccustomed to behold such a scene, each vast and bubbling mass of water over which the boat now laboured, seemed to contain a thousand deaths ; while to the most experienced eye it appeared a problem whether their frail vessel could ride out so terrific a storm. In such a case it may easily be supposed that there were few deliberative voices, and Garnet having represented to them the inutilty of trying to beat up against such a sea, they agreed to await the issue of the gale. The boat's head was then brought to the wind by means of a small buoy or raft flung out a-head, and Garnet proposed, as night drew near, that the ladies should be placed in the bottom of the boat, where the carpet was dry, and where being covered over by a sail, they would be protected from the spray, and might be enabled to get a little sleep. To this Charlotte and her aunt readily agreed, but Margarita preferred to face the danger and indulge in her own thoughts ; she therefore remained at the side of her uncle watching the rapid approach of night, and marking each variation in the storm that now raged around

her in all its dread sublimity, prepared to meet the last extremity of our suffering nature.

Meanwhile the men, finding that the night was to be passed thus, crept grumbling and jesting into the fore cuddy, to stow themselves away in the best manner that they could.

The first immediate risk being over, their earliest thoughts naturally reverted to their provision. As for Charlotte, from the first moment of their being driven off the land, she had been able to think of nothing else, but having communicated her thoughtless frolic to Margarita, the latter had strictly enjoined her not to mention the share she had in the affair, but allow it to pass off as a mistake. The disappointment,—the consternation of the party at finding themselves without food, made them dumb, and they sat looking in one another's faces in silent despair, until Puff and Bombast mentioned that they had ordered the butler to send into the boat the remains of a pasty, the excellence of which they had proved at the breakfast-table—"but it was a mere fragment, and they believed that there was a bottle of wine and one of brandy put into the basket."

Charlotte felt as if reprieved from a thousand

deaths; the horrors of the scene faded from her eyes, and they were moistened with tears of unfeigned joy. The basket was produced and a part of its contents portioned out, and, if their supper was scanty, they had never eaten with better relish.

It may easily be supposed, that to the eyes of a party so circumstanced, the approaches of sleep would be gladly welcomed; and accordingly by midnight every eye was closed. Margarita and her uncle had joined the others beneath the canopy, and she soon fell asleep in his arms, a resting-place familiar from her infancy.

Garnet was the first to awake, just as day was beginning to glimmer in the east, and after rubbing his eyes to recall the circumstances which placed him in his present situation, he looked out upon the waters, and to his astonishment beheld the unruffled polish of a mirror, where but a few hours since a tempest was sporting in all its horrific grandeur, and destruction seemed to be leaping as in joy among the mountains of foam which the troubled elements heaved up.

It is true that a considerable swell remained, but not a breath was to be seen rippling the sur-

face wherever the eye might turn. It appeared as if nature, tired out by her own violence, had fallen to sleep with those who had thus been exposed to her fury. Satisfied that there was no danger to be apprehended at present, the seaman gave directions to the look-out to awaken him if any sail hove in sight, or any breeze should happen to spring up, and then coiling himself down in the stern-sheets, he proceeded to make up for the anxiety of the preceding evening.

At ten o'clock they began to awake one by one, each congratulating himself on the favourable change of weather, and rejoicing in the disappearance of the gale, that had so lately menaced them. Brilliantly did the present scene contrast with that of last night. The fervid rays of the sun shot down upon the liquid blue over which they floated, and seemed to pierce to those far regions below, where Fancy delights to picture the court of the "Silver-footed Goddess."

It is a sad but a serious truth, with all our imaginings and "longings after immortality," we always require to be fed—that is, to be in comfort, and these first emotions having passed from our friends in the boat, a strange and strongly peccant

feeling within, hinted that they had rested almost supperless on the evening before, and that they now required a double share for breakfast. The last, however,

——— "Their lot forbade."

Having brought to view the remains of their scanty provisions, it was divided into two portions, the largest was reserved for the evening, and the other distributed for an immediate meal.

Never was anything edible discussed more eagerly, and the ceremony having been prolonged to its utmost possible extent, there was no one present that could not have disposed of four times the quantity. However, the day was fine, and sunshine alone can bid the heart to feel light; besides, they were in momentary expectation of a breeze springing up to carry them in, and the apprehensions of the preceding day had therefore entirely vanished. An hour passed, and no signs of a breeze appeared, when to divert the increasing tedium, Lady Sapphira proposed that they should each tell a story. The proposal was excellent, but when they came to the point, no one had a "regular good story" to tell. Several began one, but very speedily breaking down again, discontinued them. In this

dilemma, having much lamented the absence of the Port Admiral and his never-failing stock, they all sat musing and preparing to inflict on each other the result of their cogitation.

"What a pity it is," said Bombast, "that I haven't my last book of travels with me, it would prove such a delightful treat to us all—it is so admirably—a-hem—written!—with so much care! for when I went out in my dear, dear old ship, which I can never recall without tears springing into my eyes, I took two tuns of ink in puncheon, and stowed my booms with quills to write my journal, which my friend Major Puff has reprinted four or five times—that is, with a few interlinear different readings—in his invaluable periodical, 'The United Blunderbuss Journal.'—There I assure you, my Lady Sapphira, they form the very staple commodity—the very best articles in the work—eh Puff?"

"Oh very possibly so, Captain—universally admired! I know when I was abroad at Cork—Indeed I think I've one of the numbers with me, I very seldom go abroad without one in my pocket; there is so much wit and pathos contained in them! Yes, how fortunate! here is one," handing it to

Nathaniel, who opened it at the end and found a table of the deaths in the Channel fleet.

"Yes," said Nathaniel, "a great deal of pathos! This, for instance—'Returns for the year 17——, —killed by the Admiral's bullock—one.' Then for the next year, under the same head, 'Killed by the Admiral's bullock—*none*.' "Not so bad, Major. And is the journal always as good as this number?" returning it to its wonderful editor, who replied,

"Oh yes, sir, generally speaking—very seldom much inferior, though perchance a little now and then."

"In—deed! never knew it!" slowly ejaculated Lady Sapphira. Dear me! it must have cost you a great deal of labour and money to get it up."

"Oh a great deal, my Lady—a vast deal, I assure you. Captain Bombast and myself are indefatigable at it. However, the most copious imaginations will become exhausted; and as we never reprint Captain Bombast's travels and voyages oftener than once throughout every six numbers; it does occasionally become necessary to employ an extra hand. A very clever man, Mr. Smug, he's our sub-editor, and pressman and compositor, and

helps to black the types—a very good knack too of making the ink has Smug—oh he's a useful man!—our complete factotum—thoroughly versed in naval matters too!—seeing he once went through the fleet.”

“Truly, sir,” said Nathaniel, “your’s is a very superior journal, and possesses unusual claims upon public patronage.”

“Oh very, sir! quite so, sir! I tell you, sir, ’twas the admiration of every one when I was abroad in Ireland. Besides, bless ye, all the in-pensioners at Chelsea Hospital bestowed the very highest encomiums upon it, more especially those that were blind and deaf! Ah, Mr. Nathaniel, there’s nothing like it, depend upon it! But what we chiefly shine in, sir, is our reviews! Bless your heart, sir, we’ll review the publications of a whole month, perhaps two or three, in half a page!”

“Oh indeed! and you never give any critique longer than that?”

“Oh yes, sir, possibly so, sometimes. For instance, Captain Bombast and myself always *protect* the High Tory party. Indeed, sir, we’re bound to do it on account of our connexions. Why bless you, sir, both of us are very intimately acquainted with the prime minister’s under-

butler, and besides that, his head groom is a very especial crony of mine. This being the case, as I said before, we're bound to *protect* the High Tory party; so when any particular work comes out on the democratic, or as those villains call it, on the liberal side, why then you see, we all think it incumbent upon us to make a dead set, that is, if the book as we say, has made any sensation: if not, you see it's wrong to draw down attention upon it. Well you see, if the book has made any noise, we sit down and write a long article slap upon it. Then we get hold of another review of it, to get an extract to quote, or perhaps borrow one of the volumes out of a library, which saves us the trouble of reading it"—

"Or the expense of buying it?"

"Oh no! it's not that, for if we read it, we misquote some passages, and pretend to misunderstand others, until we have brought them to suit our own words, as we always write the best part of the review before we see the work, to prevent its biassing our impartiality. Then next we launch out into any other subject unconnected with the book before us, to swell it out to a proper length of ten pages, and conclude by desig-

nating the author as a man bad enough for any thing, or worse, for what we know. If he's a low-born man, we simply state the facts; if however we think he's a gentleman, we do pretty much the same, because it helps out the criticism; only in the latter case we take the precaution of saying 'we believe—we should think—we suspect'—and so on."

"Indeed, Major Puff! and so these criticisms are received with a great deal of éclat?"

"Oh very much so, sir! because, you see, our readers are generally among that class of people who can never give an opinion on any thing themselves, and just take what we find it right to offer them. It's astonishing the few ideas found—"

"Among your readers?"

"Ah possibly so! But even if that should be the case, and they should dare to think differently and the work should sell after that, I immediately write a letter to the editor—that's myself,—and pretend that I know who the author is, and say that he's all that the editor said he was, or something more, if we can make it out. This done, instead of signing it, 'Major Puff,' I sign it 'A Naval Officer;' and then our readers say 'Bless me, look

here's an impartial person, a third party come forward to corroborate!' Oh sir, I assure you there's no periodical going to be compared to the 'Blunderbuss Journal.' We're up to all the manœuvres of literary folks, high and low;— and, would you believe it? the whole affair is got up by myself, Captain Bombast, and Mr. Smug—not another writer! We write all the letters, all the reviews, reports—we write every thing, sir! The higher flights of fancy we take out of the captain's log-book, mixing together a day out of one year, and a day out of another, to make a little variety; and then his signature's so good always! One month '*An Officer of Rank!*' then another, '*A Companion of the Bath!*' a third, '*An Admiral of the White!*'— a most incomparable writer—a'nt you Captain?"

"Nay now, Puff, you really ought to make me blush! though if the truth must be told, my father always said that I had a wonderful knack at getting up a good story out of wonderfully small materials, and this praise was confirmed even by the natives of the Longbow islands. In fact,—though to be sure I feel some bashfulness in relating it—one of the chiefs compared the flights of my ima-

gination to the flight of an arrow from which the vile barb has been taken away."

"As much as to say," interrupted Nathaniel, "that your productions were without point, and laid their claim to praise by possessing the stiffness of a stick, with the garnish of a goose's feather. As to your criticism, the only truth that can be gathered from your account is, that not one word of what you put forth is to be believed."

"Oh sir! I beg your pardon. You mistake, sir. Now I'll let you into a secret by which you may tell the true character of any book from any review. Whenever you see a work excessively extolled by a particular reviewer, for instance such jargon as 'out of sight the best book that has appeared for years,' &c. suspect that the critic has some interest at heart which dictates his praises. On the contrary, when you see a work excessively abused, without any extracts being brought forward sufficient to sustain the abuse, or any commendation being given to qualify it—more especially when you see the words, ass, blockhead, fool, blackguard, terms much in use with us critics now-a-days, introduced—then you may always conclude that there is some sterling stuff in the work reviewed,

and ten to one but the reviewer himself, and perhaps some of his friends are touched up in it. The test of an impartial and true criticism is, that however high the praise, the faults—and the best productions must have some—are not studiously hid, and *vice versâ*, that however great the blame, the redeeming qualities are not artfully kept back or disallowed. The dullest trash must somewhere possess these, and the only exception is the vicious book, and no good critic ever blamed the former with anger; or the last, except with the stern but cool reprobation of virtuous disgust. Therefore the cunning critic who is up to snuff, and wants to damn a book beyond all redemption, calls it vicious, though perhaps at the same time he knows that there's no more vice in it than there is in his father's pocket-book, and perhaps not half so much."

We are told that even the devil himself can at times grace his conversation with texts from Scripture, so even Puff in the present instance had spoken what was true and just; and other conversation succeeding, the hour arrived for their last meal.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that the slight morsel thus afforded to people

almost famishing from hunger, and but so lately in the possession of the strong appetites of health, was but a poor substitute for their usual food. The dinner, if such it might be called, passed quickly, and evening gradually closed in around them. Not the slightest zephyr afforded its cool breath to fan the burning wave on which all the red glories of a dying sun were now gorgeously emblazoned. The swell had gradually subsided, their boat rolled gently along the crimsoned waters without any perceptible progress. The vault of heaven was cloudless, except in the west, where the thin filmy fleeces that waited on the departing luminary decomposed his rays, and formed the 'dying dolphin'* of the sky.

In hours such as these, when nature and her God so clearly assert their majesty, let our ills be what they may, they fade away and lessen before the contemplation of grandeur, over which man has control neither to diminish nor increase. The First Great Cause seems to use the scenes of beauty around us as a magnet by which our souls are abstracted from things of less attraction around, and drawn toward Himself, to partake in a slight

* "Dies like a dolphin."—CHILDE HAROLD.

degree of that immortality which is one of His greatest attributes.

Situated as our unfortunate friends were, with hope expiring in their bosoms as each quick moment winged its noiseless flight, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that they should view the scene with the most peculiar feelings. The ordinary means of life were cut off from them—a horrible and lingering death perhaps awaited them, and that close at hand. Besides these reflections there were others producing scarcely less pain in the breast of Charlotte, and more especially in that of Margarita. What would be the torturing suspense of the Port Admiral, knowing that their purpose was to have returned before sunset of the preceding day? Perhaps he already mourned them as dead, and consigned as victims to the gale of yesterday, those dear relations over whom a far worse fate was impending.

Little was said, until the purple disk of the sun had dipped its burning circle in the western wave. Rapidly it sank, leaving a long train of light and glory in the skies, whose vividness and beauty waned as swiftly as the brightest or dearest of human visions.

To increase their distresses, the seamen, emboldened by the absence of their proper officer, as well as by the incapacity already displayed by Bombast, began to murmur openly and shew signs of a mutinous disposition. On this the Marvelous Captain attempted to reduce them to obedience, but was openly laughed at, and Nathaniel seconding him, got into such a passion as made matters worse. In this emergency, Margarita interposed, and by her conciliating firmness and mild expostulation, pointed out to them the madness of such a proceeding.

Her arguments had considerable effect upon the thoughtless men, who had murmured as much from a want of consideration as any thing else, and then greatly influenced by persuasions coming from such a quarter, they gradually followed her advice; some tried to amuse themselves, and others went to sleep. In such a case as this, where the legal authority had been unluckily lost, or I ought rather to say surreptitiously usurped, it was only this sort of moral influence that could weigh with them. When death approaches, the sway of man over fellow man is lost; the magic and cherished influence of woman doubled: over

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the minds of sailors her reign is more complete than over the minds of any class of men existing. Of this Margarita was aware; she acted upon it and gained her point, and fortunate it was that she was present, for to such an end, Charlotte was unequal, and Lady Sapphira unfit. After contemplating the extreme beauty of the night for some time, the sail was once more spread as an awning, and they prepared to go to sleep as on the preceding evening.

Every one was aware that in all probability their existence depended on a breeze springing up on the morrow, and for this blessing few slumbered that evening without breathing a fervent prayer. Often through that feverish night, did individuals of the little party wake up, inquiring, "Is there any breeze yet?" "Still dead calm!" was the sorrowful answer, when the expectant inquirer having satisfied his own eyes, laid down his exhausted body, and tried to lull with sleep, a frame which vehemently craved for food. "Perhaps the breeze would spring up at midnight?" The last hour arrived, but the ocean slept far more tranquilly than could those who watched over it! Then came those quick breathings of

apprehension succeeded by an effort of Reason to regain her reins over the agitated mind, and recall Hope to her empire over their hearts. "Perhaps between twelve and four the desired change in the atmosphere might take place?" Four came—and all was motionless as a calm could be. Light was dawning in the east—once more the lingering trembler caught at the faint probability that with the rise of the sun, the dull air might quicken into life.

Slowly did that luminary beam upon the sunken eye, and commence its career of splendour, as if no one of its many million rays could light upon a single scene of wretchedness! Not a ripple broke the lucid reflection of his resplendent image.

"Well then," said the watcher, "perhaps when he has gained a little height in his course? I recollect often to have seen a calm give way about eight o'clock."

Eight—nine—ten—eleven—were the hours successively pointed out by the minute-hands on their watches; yet their parched lips and fainting frames were still as unrefreshed by the slightest wave of the air as on the preceding day, while the fervent heat of the sun beating on their heads,

augmented their distress to a dreadful degree. It was now evident to all human appearance that the calm would continue throughout that day at least.

“How are we to reach its close?” was the question asked of self by every sufferer.

The night of apprehension and anxiety which they had past, the slight quantity of food that had afforded them its sustenance, all contributed to bring on a state of lassitude and faintness that was truly wretched to witness, while the contemplation of the results to which it might lead, were still more horrible. Want and misery were pictured in the glances of all as they sat opposite to one another, each commiserating the hollow cheek, the frayed lip, and the fevered glow of eye in the countenances around. On what could they exist? There was nothing left saving a little brandy and one breaker of water, holding about nine gallons, as precious as any liquid could be, and to which the title of *aqua vitæ* would then have been no misnomer. Yet what was this for fourteen persons? Again, supposing that the breeze did spring up, could they fast that day and night and the succeeding hours necessary

for their getting into Plymouth, and yet expect to survive? The idea seemed hopeless, as was every other view of their situation: death was staring them in the face, and the most resigned prepared to meet it, while the others broke out into deep and bitter execrations, and showed all the agony of creatures struggling in the waters of a cataract that was fast sweeping them to its falls.

What in this tremendous hour were the feelings of poor Charlotte? Her sufferings were tenfold! She viewed herself as the thoughtless being through whose means this hideous fate had been brought on so many of her fellow creatures! She imagined that every countenance around her, wrung with pain and privation, and but too distinctly revealing the ravages of suffering within, was turned reproachfully on her, and in each glaring orb that glistened through want of aliment, she could only behold the scowl of vindictiveness and revenge. Then she thought of what would have been the result, had not her sister prevented her from disclosing the inconsiderate trick! Picturing to herself in a thousand horrid shapes the vengeance which she thought they would have

inflicted upon her, she reclined her head upon Margarita's bosom, and wept in agony.

This emotion being attributed by those around, to extreme privation, tended not a little to augment their distress at beholding misery which they were unable to alleviate, and which it might so shortly be their own lot to encounter, such commiseration being increased to intensity by her beauty, the knowledge of her extreme warmth and kindness of heart, as well as their being usually accustomed to behold her all gaiety and liveliness. Margarita, though almost sinking herself, knew what it was that weighed so heavy on her sister's spirits, and did every thing in her power to console her. As, however, Charlotte's mental powers of sustentation had given way as much through sympathy with her physical deprivations as from any other cause, argument could go but a very short way in relieving her. It was now noon, and the sea was still as ever. Their sufferings were increasing with every minute that brought them nearer to the dreadful alternative in view. Human nature seemed gradually to be losing her affinities, and man looked on man with an eye of hideous

meaning, as if their bodily wants had subdued each natural reluctance of the mind and the forbearance with which we in general behold our fellow-creatures. Saving an occasional whisper or remark, scarcely a word was spoken.

The individual who seemed to bear this starvation best, was Nathaniel. Absorbed in his own thoughts, his only effort at speaking was when he addressed a few words of consolation to his nieces, which he frequently did, after his own style; and the chief part of his pain seemed to arise from the contemplation of Margarita's placid countenance, where the flesh was already sinking and displaying through its alabaster transparency the maze of little blood-vessels that ramified beneath.

From his affectionate scrutiny, the calmness of her deportment, and assumed tranquillity, failed to mask the insidious vampire preying on her life-blood. He held her already attenuated hand in his, muttering from time to time, "Dearest Margiçe! thou art surely suffering."

Let the extremity, however, be what it may, it is seldom that man's wit is utterly unable to alleviate his distress. In the present instance, after suffering for some time the pangs that attacked

them both from within and without, the seamen thought of fishing, and managed to rig out two lines and catch a hake, a common fish in that part of the Channel. They now found out that they had no means of lighting a fire; the only resource was to consume it without cooking, and as their booty was of some size, their joy was excessive.

Margarita and Charlotte alone were unable to partake of the blessing which afforded its relief to the others; to the entreaties of Puff, Bombast, and the sophisms of Lady Sapphira they were equally deaf, and begged that it might not again be mentioned to them—they preferred starvation. As their objections seemed insuperable, the rest of the party proceeded to divide the fish into lots, though their happiness was much damped by the knowledge that the two most to be pitied could not share it with them.

No sooner did the chaplain perceive that all the party were served, than he turned towards his nieces, whose faces were averted from the shocking scene, and said, with a feigned air of recollection, "Now I think of it, dear Girls, there is my share of yesterday's pasty still untouched—you shall dine on that. It grieves me to see you starv-

ing when every one else is comforting himself!" and taking the key of the after locker from his pocket, he produced the dish containing his share of the venison pasty, which the generous but rough and eccentric chaplain had forborne to eat himself on the day before, in order that he might reserve it for the coming necessity of her he loved so warmly.

Up to this moment Margarita had controlled her emotions. She had struggled manfully with the pangs that had assailed her, nor had she struggled in vain, and the proof of feminine weakness which personal privation had been unable to wring from her, this touching mark of tenderness at once drew forth. Grasping his hand, she said, "My dearest uncle, what must you not have suffered, without food since the morsel of yesterday morning?"

"Take it, dear Child; the joy of having it to give to you more than takes away my sufferings. Besides, you know that in ordinary life I never indulge in spirit, so the brandy and water has been a cordial to me." Charlotte could say nothing, but her gratitude was not the less apparent to her warm-hearted relative. As for the sailors, they were so much affected at this instance of self-

sacrifice and devotion, that they at once insisted on his accepting the two shares that had been put aside for his nieces. Here Puff and Bombast looked up with the fond hope that he would give to them a portion of such a superabundance; but they were disappointed, since the old gentleman allowed the desirable *morceaux* to remain beside him, while with a half reluctant physiognomy he consumed his own share.

It was now five o'clock, and two teaspoonsful of brandy having been served out to each individual with a due proportion of water, they prepared to take their rest once more. The timely succour which had been afforded to them, had raised their spirits in an unexpected degree, and they prepared to fast until the morning, with a resignation unknown to them before.

Slight as the morsel was which Nathaniel had so generously saved, yet to such delicate appetites as those of the two sisters, it proved almost as much as they might have dared to eat in their present state. It was therefore with far more tranquil feelings that they beheld the sun once more sinking into the amber waves, which his occidental splendour illumined.

CHAPTER VII.

*"Came every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, O! leave the light of Hope behind."*

CAMPBELL.

As Margarita placidly contemplated the still scene around, and watched the young moon rising in the east, she recalled that evening, when on the terrace of her happy home she had witnessed a similar scene; more beautiful certainly, but far less grand than now, when the first quarter of the pale planet was glowing tremblingly in the firmament, and reflected with the utmost brilliancy from the glittering and boundless expanse surrounding them. Yet it was not nature or her charms which encircled that recollection with so much tenderness and pleasure. No—she was unconsciously imaging to herself the dark features of him whose voice she had that night heard for the first time in song! A thousand singular conjectures and ideas came mingled with the remembrance of him;

but none of them served to elucidate the mystery with which he appeared to be enshrouded, and while she mutely wondered whether he really loved her sister, she was in reality examining if he loved herself.

When love *first* comes upon the heart, we are partly unaware of its approach, and partly determined not to be sensible of it; and thus Margarita warmly nursed the early germs of a passion which, had she known herself, she would instantly have discountenanced from principle. So strict was she in the habit of the last virtue, that no sacrifice was in her view too great to be offered to it. After the conversation held with Charlotte, she would readily have given up her own affections to this feeling.

The morning dawned once more, but it was like the one which preceded, brilliant but calm. With renewed hope they had recourse to their lines, but no success attended their labours. Evening came round, and all that they possessed to sustain their famishing frames were the two extra portions which the crew had given to Nathaniel, and which he now restored to them. This dreadfully scanty pittance having been eked out with

a few drops of brandy and water, the crew sought repose. As for Margarita and her sister, this, to them nauseous potation, was all that they were able to take.

Scarcely had they swallowed their teaspoonful of brandy and half a pint of water, when the heavy clouds that had been gradually gathering overhead during the afternoon, began to discharge their contents on the heads of the ill-fated party below, as if death, before he pounced upon his prey, must needs enjoy the utmost possible extent of their misery. Having secured the sail which served for an awning, in such a manner as to catch the rain that fell on it, the men quietly awaited the issue of the day.

The hopes of the morning, where had they fled? There was the sea, air, sky, the same Providence ruled over the last, the same elements of the breeze remained in the second, nor were the tenants of the first less numerous or more shy; yet the hearts that but a few hours since had viewed this same situation with the light feelings of men confident in a speedy deliverance, now looked forth upon the scene with the phrenzy of despair or the savage recklessness of men doomed

to perdition. Yet of all amid the groupe, none could have excited such feelings of compassion as the fair twins.

In the face of Charlotte famine and mental agony were both visible, as she sat leaning her arm on her sister's shoulder, while the tears slowly coursed one another over cheeks whose beauty was almost scared away. In Margarita's countenance, however, the expression seemed almost as tranquil and gentle as in her hours of ease, but it was the sharp prominent lines around the blue orbits of her sunken eyes, the thin nostril, the wasted cheek and lips, and the fair chin whose usual roundness had vanished, that informed the beholder of the anguish disguised under so much seeming equanimity. As for Lady Sapphira, she appeared most to resemble a leathern bottle, the which, as it is not much increased by any soaking, neither is it to be diminished by any process of evaporation. To the heart of Nathaniel, the deplorable and fast sinking state of his nieces, gave the utmost anguish. Yet what was it in his power to effect?

The fourth morning at last arrived, and the unbroken smoothness of the wave was now viewed

with a sullen rage and despair. Both party and crew had the appearance of spectres, but the poor sisters looked wretched indeed! It was scarcely possible to imagine that one night could have effected so lamentable a change. Charlotte was speechless, her dull eye, secluded within its lid, seemed oppressed with a deathlike torpor, and the first approaches of inanition were plainly visible. Margarita still bore up against the cruel destiny to which she was exposed, and her voice though excessively languid, yet retained its native plaintiveness and melody.

To the reiterated entreaties of her uncle that she would partake of the miserable food they had to offer, she replied, by firmly begging him not to mention what pained her more than all the pangs of starvation. But a few teaspoonsful of brandy remained, and they were cheerfully given up by the crew to the dreadful extremities of those whose sufferings naturally excited their pity in a pre-eminent degree. Having administered to their wants as far as the dreadful occasion permitted, the rest of the party felt themselves doomed to the still worse lot of witnessing the last expiring agonies of those they loved—of two young beings

whose appearance at once excited that interest which their virtues maintained. After receiving the spirit, they appeared to rally; then as its excitement subsided, a cold shivering crept over them, and a twitching of the limbs became apparent, accompanied by a violent ague.

“Wrap me from the cold!” comprised the only faint words which Margarita was now able to utter, while Charlotte, whose voice was entirely gone, could shew by the movement of the features alone, the agonies which she was enduring. Despite Nathaniel’s stoicism, the tears ran down his withered cheek, as he frantically folded Margiée to his heart and pressed her bloodless lips to his, ejaculating, “Dearest child! that thou shouldst ever have come to this!” and again administering to them two teaspoonsful of brandy, he proposed wrapping their feet in a boat-cloak and laying them down in the bottom of the boat.

“Here, your Honour, take my jacket,” unanimously murmured each of the sailors, in voices thick from emotion; and in an instant the whole of their eight coats were thrown into the steerage, to form a bed for the poor dying girls, and not a heart among that rude crew but felt agonies, if possible,

A TALK OF THE WAR.

surpassing theirs. On the moment, he stripped off his own, and insisted on from Bombast and Puff, who thought fit to with the request, after g mutually other in an indistinct , whether might not catch cold!

" ' *Mors janua vitæ* ' We ought to be very thankful that we have l out so long!" solilo- quized Lady Sapphire in der tone.

The remains of the tattered mainsail being folded under their heads as a pillow, with some of the jackets, the remainder were kept to spread over their boat-cloak. The poor sisters were then gently laid together between, with the faint hope of preserving for a little space to come, that vital spark that was so near its melancholy extinction.

Hope appeared to have taken her final departure. Garnet mechanically drew up the lines one after another, but so little did he expect to find any fish taken, that the failure excited little disappointment. The men lay down on the deck to die, motionless from exhaustion, or momentarily starting as some pang more keen than the rest shot through their agonized frames. The party sat watching with dimmed eyes and bursting

hearts, those two dear forms at their feet, while their scorched lips mutely moved in prayer, which they had not the faith to think would be granted. The tardy hour of noon had at length dragged itself on, and the only sustenance now left to the famishing party was a draught of water, while the remaining brandy, amounting in all but to three teaspoonsful, was divided and poured down the almost inanimate throats of the expiring twins.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ ——— The soft warm hand of youth
Recalled their answering spirits back from death,
————— and soothed
Each pulse to animation.”

BYRON.

SENSE already appeared to have taken its final flight, though the vital powers were not quite extinct. They took no notice of the brandy being given to them, nor betrayed signs of life, further than by a slight gurgling sound that announced the extreme difficulty of deglutition.

Nathaniel, on seeing this, knelt down by their side in an agony of woe. Bending his face near theirs to catch the slightest indication of the quickened spirit, he remained motionless for several minutes. Not the faintest breath was distinguishable. Not the slightest degree of warmth seemed to issue from those lovely lips, once ex-

pressing the tenderest emotions of joyousness or sympathy, compassion, sorrow, or regret, now alas! thinned by famine and all but rigid, under the stern obstructing hand of death.

Wringing his hands in despair, he gazed upon their still symmetrical figures, and while his tears dropped burning on their chilly and pallid brows, he supplicated Heaven that such a fate might not be consummated. The paroxysm passed; and as he once more looked down upon them, the harsh lines of his countenance relaxing, evinced more resignation to the heart-rending doom. Taking up one of the small feathers lying near him, he held it to their lips, but it was unmoved. Those who watched his face at this moment, might have seen the evidences of the anguish that wrung his heart. Passing his hand across his brow, as if debating what could be done, he remained standing for a few seconds, while his vacant eye wandered involuntarily along the horizon. "Surely that is a gull?" he remarked to Garnet, suddenly pointing out a white speck at some distance. "Oh if it would please the Lord that we might catch it!"

"A gull, your Honour?" said the seaman, scruti-

nizing. "That—that—that is—Good God"—

"Are you ill, Garnet?" quickly inquired the Chaplain with much alarm, putting forth his arm to support the agitated seaman, who could only reply, as he sank upon the deck, "The Lord has sent us a sail at last!"

"*A sail!*" repeated Nathaniel, staring wildly, and scarcely less moved than the other.

"*A sail!*"" echoed ten voices in tones discordant with joy, when the nimblest remaining among them climbed up the mast, and not only confirmed their conjectures, but reported that she was bringing a fine breeze down to them, since he could see it rippling the surface for a mile on either side of her.

Who can conceive all the joy of the sufferers at this moment? Alas! only those who have experienced a similar reprieve, from a death equally horrid. Perhaps these also can imagine the bitter grief of Nathaniel as he recurred to his nieces, and the overwhelming idea that possessed him, that their spirits might have fled beyond recall. It was indeed a maddening reflection, that they, by whom the pangs of privation had been most deeply felt, should be the only individuals

for whom deliverance was not reserved; that they whom beauty, youth, and virtue, most fitted to enjoy and to delight the world, should be the selected victims to whose bright eyes its fading glories were never more to be unfolded!

“Had I only but another teaspoonful of brandy?” muttered the kind Chaplain, clasping his hands, then adding in a less nervous tone, “But it is not for me to complain. He who sends life into the mighty elements, can surely prolong, or even revive it in His helpless children.” Once more kneeling down by their side, he pulled out his hunting-watch—then but lately invented, and only used among the rich—and having opened and wiped the inside of the bright gold lid, he held it over the parched lips of Margarita. The anxiety with which he tremblingly kept it in its position, gave way to a look of extreme happiness, as he beheld the vapour which dulled the polish of the gold. On the instant he repeated the same experiment with Charlotte, and though with less success, there was still sufficient to warrant the hope that all was not yet over. The tears which had formerly flowed from excess of misery, were now succeeded by those of extravagant delight,

mingled with the most sacred drops of gratitude, and few were the moistless eyes which that boat contained.

On their first discerning the approaching sail, they had hoisted a small union-jack made fast to a boat-hook, which the man at the mast-head was to wave. In addition to this, they luckily possessed an ensign which they now displayed upside-down, the signal of distress. Half an hour had elapsed, since the stranger was first descried ; owing to their being so low on the water, she was then only seven miles distant, and by this time the space separating the vessels was no more than two miles.

The lighter airs preceding the greater body of the breeze, began at length to unfold their ensign, on perceiving which, the stranger instantly crowded all his studding sails and came gallantly on, under a press of canvass below and aloft. The men now standing on the deck could behold several little specks in the rigging of the stranger, who were in their turn reconnoitring our friends with glasses. She approached them now with vast rapidity, and as the waves curled in foam under her fore-foot, she appeared more like a native of the element

over which she shot along, and coeval in her origin with the monsters of the deep, than a mere thing of art, and the creation of the pigmy who rules a world, beside the paltriest feature of which he is utterly insignificant. But no, I will not record such a sentence—man has mind and to that incomprehensible essence it is in vain that nature would endeavour with her mightiest barriers to set one limit or effectual bound!

“What is he think you, Jack?” asked one of the sailors of Garnet.

“Faith, boy! I can’t tell,—she hoists no ensign; but this I know, she’s a ship, and if she were the Dutchman, I’d go aboard of her!”

“Well but how is it that she doesn’t shorten sail? She comes tearing along right for us, and for anything we know, she may be a Johnny Crappo going to run us down.”

Indeed there was some slight ground for such an apprehension, since the stranger was within the distance of a quarter of a mile, steering directly for our little bark, at the rate of some ten miles an hour. In an instant, and with the celerity of magic, the whole mass of sail was reduced, shewing a small but beautifully formed vessel, with

three masts, at some two hundred yards distance. Though her velocity was thus diminished, it was far from destroyed, and while the cry of horror at being run down was yet upon the lips of our friends, the stranger had sheared their boat sufficiently close to allow the leap of a young man, from the stranger's taffrail, upon their cuddy, while the stranger rounded to under their stern, and shot up a-head to windward on the other bow. On recovering from their apprehension, our friends looked up, and beheld in their deliverer the person of Captain Croiser!

He neither saw nor addressed any of his former acquaintance, now pouring forth their thanks around him—he only beheld the sad spectacle which the bottom of the boat displayed to his view. The silent agony which he endured, I leave to the imagination of those who have intensely loved. He stood as if suddenly arrested in his leap, and while excessive agitation gave him no words for utterance, he pointed towards the sadly altered form of Margarita, and shaking his hand with impatience, mutely demanded an explanation of what he saw.

Those around him seemed scarcely less as-

tounded than himself, and they remained as silent, when putting forth an arm at random to catch the support of the nearest person, and tottering one step forward, he said in a quick broken voice—"They have been starved!"

"Why," replied the Chaplain, who still remained kneeling at their side and chafing their temples, "you may judge for yourself, but at least they very soon will be—seeing they have eaten no rational food for the last three days—if instant relief be not afforded to them."

"I thought so—I saw your ensign reversed—I recognized your face and Lady Sapphira, and I

home, she was in a few seconds laid in the desired position, and her commander's cot suspended by a tackle from the main-yard, was lowered into the launch. Croiser lifting up Margarita in his arms, placed her carefully within the canvass couch, while Nathaniel and Puff being less strong, performed the same office for Charlotte. Having been gently hoisted in-board, Croiser followed with his hand still upon the cot, and giving it to six men to bear it aft upon their shoulders, the sky-lights were taken off from the cabin, and the exhausted sufferers warily lowered below.

"What's all this? what's all this, Croiser?" was quickly demanded in French, by an individual whom I have not time to describe at this moment, any further than by saying, that in person he was short and somewhat slight, that his very high and noble forehead was a natural patent of his soul's nobility; that his features were at once marked, decisive, full, and fair, and that an eagle might well have quailed before his piercing dark grey eye. His whole appearance and carriage were noble and commanding, and he trod as one unaccustomed to an equal, in intellect or rank.

"These are the daughters of the Port Admiral at Plymouth, Sir Richard Salisbury," returned Croiser immediately, with the most marked deference: "it seems they set out on a party of pleasure, have been detained by a calm, and are nearly dead from famine."

"Ah how shocking!" returned the Frenchman, involuntarily uttering an exclamation of pain as he clenched his little hands and contracted his brow at the bare imagination of the misery which they must have undergone. "Follow me, Croiser, let us see to them," he added, rapidly making his way to the cabin below, while Croiser, having given a quick order to Tarpaulin to see every assistance rendered to the rest of the party, quickly descended to Margarita's side. Feeling the delicacy of their situation, Croiser's first care was to seek out Lady Sapphira as the only female on board, and beg her assistance.

"Dear me, Captain Croiser, I am dying myself! But it is very true—my nieces certainly —— but could you order me—I am so famished—to be sure, I say, I'll see to them, but could you order me a lamb chop?—or maybe you've a nice cook—I

heard some people speaking French, so let it be a delicate *fricandeau de veau*. Where is poor Margiée? And by the bye, I should not dislike a glass of *eau de vie*, I know yours is the true Cognac."

"Yes, yes, my Lady, any thing—every thing; only for mercy's sake this way! Steward! brandy, and the best that you have to eat. This way Lady Sapphira, think while we delay, life may be lost!"

"Indeed—ne—ver—knew it! So here they are! Why bless me how ill they look still! Why what had better be done? Margarita! Charlotte! Why, dear me they don't answer yet!"

"Tut—tut—tut," interrupted the Frenchman, whom we shall for the present call Monsieur Rannolini.—"Bah, Croiser! Ninny that thou art, to bring me this old fool! Send her away to her spinning-wheel—these things are only in the way in an emergency like this!"

"I brought her on account of her sex—as females ——"

"Truly! And which is the best; the delicacy that lets them die, or the attention that restores

them? You have studied a little of surgery—you are here as a surgeon—I as an old married man—Enough of that—let us be prompt; we want to recover the vital heat, do we not? Then where is my *eau de Dantzic*? and get the stove lit instantly, and order my cot here with half a dozen additional blankets; and above all, I say, beat that old woman's retreat!"

"I will, Monsieur. Steward! Quick—the *eau de Dantzic*! Light the fire, bring the other cot, take six or seven blankets out of store, and pass the word forward to heat a dozen shot, and as much water as possible. Now, Lady Sapphira, I dare say they have something ready for you, and perhaps——"

"Yes yes, exactly, perhaps I had better support myself with a little something at first, and then I shall be better enabled to assist you afterwards. Hah! there are Captain Bombast and his friend the Major! I'll join them, and then I shall be sure to be among the best that's going on."

Croiser, having disposed of my Lady, quickly returned to the after-cabin, on the deck of which

the cot had been lowered. The Frenchman was on one knee, his expressive features lighted up with all the animation that bespoke the extreme energy of his character, only seen to its full extent in a moment of danger. He had succeeded in pouring a table-spoonful of the golden liqueur through their parched lips, and was now very busily employed in chafing the outside of Charlotte's throat with hartshorn, while on the other side of the cot was Nathaniel performing the same kind office for Margarita. Having instantly joined the latter, Croiser rendered every assistance in his power, with all that alacrity which love adds to compassion, and all the effectiveness which talent combined with ardour can produce.

Having brought forth all the stimuli which his small medicine-chest afforded, he set to work chafing their benumbed and delicate little feet, until returning warmth began to be exhibited. By this time the cannon shot were sufficiently heated, and each ball having been tied up in a piece of blanket, they were disposed at the various extremities where it was necessary to excite the circu-

lation. A very large kettle was then brought in and placed on the fire by Croiser's direction, and while M. Rannolini was inquiring for what use it was intended, his friend opened a case containing a very large and splendid Turkish hookhah-pipe. Tearing off the flexible tube from the cut glass bowl, Croiser affixed it to the spout of the cauldron whence the steam was issuing in volumes, and removing the amber mouth-piece introduced it into the foot of the cot, which was speedily filled by the boiling vapour thus communicated.

"Hah! that is admirable—that is clever!" quickly remarked M. Rannolini, his eyes sparkling at the ready invention of a temporary steam-bath, displaying the ingenuity so conspicuous in seamen. The good effects of these measures soon began to be made apparent; the pulsations of their young hearts, though low, could soon be plainly distinguished, a throbbing of the limbs succeeded to their former inanimate listlessness. Two table-spoonsful of the liqueur were now administered to each. The pulse at the wrist became perceptible once more, vital warmth could again be felt in their feet, and very shortly, to the

inexpressible joy of those who so tenderly watched over them, their features were agitated as if by the throes of returning sensibility.

Their exertions were, if possible, redoubled—no expedient was left untried, and the cot having been now filled with steam for some time, Croiser had recourse to Lady Sapphira again. Her ladyship was by this time, as she termed it, “much comforted,” and the necessity of the case being forcibly impressed upon her, she was begged to exert herself to the utmost, in disrobing her nieces of their damp garments, and transferring them to the heated woollens of the other cot prepared for the purpose.

Being left to herself, my Lady managed to effect this, much to the surprise and satisfaction of Croiser and Rannolini, and that in a shorter time than they had allotted. When admitted once more, they persevered in their former course, and by the application of fresh shot and repeated doses of the cordial, they had at length the supreme satisfaction of seeing these “sisters of the sea,” as Rannolini styled them, open their eyes.

With what rapture and transport did Croiser first gaze upon those light hazel orbs, which,

though sunk and dimmed, yet contained for him expression beyond all utterance—that expression which he could have wished to study and peruse for ever. They opened, and then their long silken lashes closed once more, as if to shut out the beams whose first radiance was as yet too strong for them. Again they were unclosed, and as Croiser whispered gently in her ear, “Margarita!” and bending near, seemed to drink with delight her first returning breath of life, her faithful memory recognized her deliverer, while her gentle and half conscious smile more than repaid him.

As returning consciousness grew more evident, a perception of where she was, and who surrounded her, drew the banished blood back to her cheek, still her voice was too faint to admit of any distinct articulation. Croiser, seeing her confusion, instantly withdrew to the other side to see how Charlotte fared. As the latter had been less able to support it throughout, her recovery was somewhat slower. The moment was however patiently waited for, and every advantage taken of it. On her recognizing Croiser, her surprise seemed greater, and her acknowledgments as warm as Margiée’s,

though not so grateful to his heart. By nine o'clock that night all danger was considered as past, and Croiser therefore lost no time in putting four of his men into the launch, and sending her back to Plymouth, to announce to Sir Richard Salisbury, the recovery of his daughters, and their immediate arrival within a day or two.

The wind was at that time fair, but the Pearl, (for to this name Croiser had, since his acquaintance with Margarita, changed the appellation of his vessel,) being brought-to to prevent her rolling before the wind and affecting his fair patients, was stationary for the night. Scarcely, however, was the launch fairly on her way, than he felt almost tempted to call her back, under the idea that he should reach the port before her. "But let her take her chance, it's just as well," thought he, "she must have had the hands* in her to take her back, and I have no occasion for her keeping company."

One half of the cabin, including the fire-place, being screened off for the patients, Croiser and Nathaniel kept watch alternately outside, and were unremitting in their attention. A long and placid

* The men are often termed "hands."

slumber succeeded their restoration to life. Soothingly did each long drawn breath fall on the ear of the young watcher, and if he stole to take a glance of her who slept, more frequently than her existence absolutely demanded, we must remember that the soft spell of her loveliness was thrown around his heart, and drew him towards her with a delightful and natural attraction.

When morning came, they were at length able to speak, and express those feelings of joy and gratitude which had before found no interpreter but the eye. Even already they began to lose that spectral appearance which they had so lately worn. With Charlotte's senses, returned her flow of spirits, and having inquired whether Lady Sapphira had gone off with the marvellous Captain to the Longbow Islands, she requested leave to get up. This request it was thought proper to deny for the present. On inquiring what was the state of the weather, and learning that it was a calm, they showed even here, when surrounded by every comfort and security, some slight return of that dread with which it had so lately and so awfully inspired them.

Sir Richard Salisbury, having at an early period

of his life spent two years in a French prison, had become thoroughly acquainted with the language, and his subsequent career proved it to be of so much use that it was one of the first accomplishments in which his daughters were instructed; despite of his thorough-British hatred of every thing and person that might, however remotely, be styled Gallic.

Monsieur Rannolini no sooner beheld the full dark laughing eye of Charlotte, than he acknowledged its power. Her knowledge of his language, at that time not so general among us as at present, greatly added to this effect, and on the second day, when she was enabled to rise and converse with him, her sprightliness and good temper completed the conquest which her beauty had begun; and for M. Rannolini, he was most attentive.

His busy life having hitherto passed almost solely among men, and his genius and feelings having led him to take the van in the perilous strife of his fellow-creatures, he had enjoyed but little opportunity for cultivating any particular predilection for the gentler sex. To Charlotte the novelty of his acquaintance, the vast fund of informa-

tion which he possessed, the various countries he had seen, his commanding look and manner, all had their charm; and if at first she thought of Croiser, she beheld him so taken up with Margarita that her scruples vanished, and she determined to enjoy the delights of a new flirtation. Nathaniel, delighted at the restoration of his nieces, relapsed into his usual state of reverie, and walked the deck or read a book, while Lady Sapphira entered into much edifying converse with the marvellous Captain and the wonderful Major.

"The Pearl of the Ocean" seemed indeed no unapt name for Croiser's vessel, since she was fitted up with every care for her men, and every luxury for her commander. Her original destiny appeared to have been different from the end which she now answered, since besides the two state cabins, the length of which extended from side to side, her steerage was fitted with four additional berths of much less proportions. At this juncture they proved most useful. M. Rannolini occupied one, and Croiser, Nathaniel, and Bombast, the others, while Puff was but too happy to get a hammock. One of these small cabins belonged to the mate, Nine-Fathom-Tim,

"but," said he, "I scorn to be stowed away in a coffin, afore ould death's knocked the breath out of my body."

The present state of the weather, which still continued calm, was the only thing which detracted from their happiness. The person who appeared to bear this delay with the least resignation was Rannolini. To him not even the sprightly converse of Charlotte could reconcile such a procrastination. Often, when walking the deck with her, he would suddenly pause, and looking forth upon the imperturbed waters, he would stamp his foot with impatience, exclaiming, "Bah! Is not this annoying? Fortune, thou hast not used me kindly! Croiser, can we do nothing? Nothing to get on, till this provoking wind comes?"

"Nothing Gen" —, Crosier would reply very respectfully—then correcting himself—"Nothing at all, M. Rannolini!"

"Is it not annoying?" the other would continue, turning to Charlotte.

"No," replied the latter, unaccustomed to see such slight store set on her society. "I think you ought to consider yourself very well off. If it were not that the daring in your countenance

proves you to belong to the nation of Buonaparte, I should say, from your want of gallantry, that you were no Frenchman!"

"Ah, that Buonaparte!" interrupted Rannolini, his eyes sparkling at the mention of the name. "*Apropos* of him. What a pretty fellow he is! What a charlatan!"

"‘A charlatan,’ you ungrateful creature? You a Frenchman, and speak in that way of a man who has made your nation every thing? Whose genius has not only saved you from foreign dominion, but raised France to her former state as one of the first nations in the world! *You* to call him a charlatan? Why if it had not been for him, you would have been cutting one another’s throats in Paris till this very hour! ‘A charlatan!’ I declare I won’t walk an instant longer with you—I idolize him!" As she said this, the spirited girl withdrew her arm from Rannolini, and ran away to another part of the deck.

"Forgive me then, my fair censor!" said he, following her, "I did not expect to meet with such admiration of the French Consul in an English-woman!"

"What then, do you suppose the English

cannot admire what is great, if it happens to bestow its splendour the other side of Dover Straits? Do you think that twenty-one miles ought to make such a difference? No indeed! I shall have nothing to say to you, unless you confess that my idol is a perfect hero, and the greatest man living!"

"Nay then, if that really be the case, I must confess that I was joking, since I have the honour of knowing General Buonaparte."

"Have you? Then do tell me all about him. I should so like to see him! Where is he now?"

"I cannot name the exact spot. When I left Paris, he had just departed on a visit to the coast, and various rumours were afloat. Some affirmed his visit to be a preparatory step to his landing in England."

"Do you think that he'll come? Oh how I should like to see such a hero! Now you're a dear man—I'll give you my arm again! Tell me—describe him to me—tell me every thing that you know about him." And Charlotte as eagerly seized his arm now, as she had before been hasty in relinquishing it.

Rannolini, on his part, seemed to take particular

pleasure in fulfilling her request, and while he gave her his support, he related the scene which had so lately taken place at a grand levée of the First Consul, when the last individual openly rebuked Lord Whitworth for the suspicions which the King's Speech contained. He then proceeded to describe very minutely, the private habits of Napoleon, the manner and person of Josephine, of whom he spoke most favourably. He also gave a description of the state of Paris and Parisian society at that moment; the feelings of the people relative to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens; the general enthusiasm of the army; the rumours as to what were the steps most likely to be pursued by the modern Cæsar, and many other little pieces of information which perfectly delighted the volatile Charlotte.

Dazzled—as indeed who might not be?—by the halo which his genius had cast around him, to the highly susceptible mind of Charlotte, the character of Napoleon appeared truly heroic; despite of the atrocious calumnies which at that time unjustly blotted his name. Her enthusiasm leading her to believe that all these reports were exaggerated, the actual shade which they flung upon his

fame, only served to heighten her admiration of the daring chief of the French republic.

The reader, after this, may readily conceive her delight at meeting with one who could give her so many of those details which she longed to hear; and in the height of the feeling which these excited, she asked whether it was not possible to put back to France—from which the Pearl had only started the day before their providential rencontre—and by going to Paris, get a sight of her favourite. Rannolini starting at this proposition, smiled at her wild romance, and assured her that it was impossible, just as she had recollected herself sufficiently to call to mind the distress in which the good old Port Admiral must be, until their safe arrival.

They had now been on board four days. Their health had become rapidly re-established, and every one was longing for a termination of the calm. During its continuance, they breakfasted at eleven, amused themselves throughout the day by conversation, chess, and backgammon, until dinner at four.

Rannolini always rose quickly from this meal, without sitting over the dessert, saying, "Come,

Croiser, let us take a walk;" they then paced the deck for an hour. In these walks he was very fond of leaning on the young captain's shoulder—presently he would pause, crossing his arms on his breast, and if out of hearing, would give way with great volubility and slight occasional action to the developement of those gigantic plans on the execution of which they were both bent. Croiser listened with the most profound interest and respect, mingled with affectionate regard. Suddenly, Rannolini would end his disquisition with the rapid question, "You see that—eh?" and without waiting for an answer, would cross his hands behind him and walk on at Croiser's side, as if in intense thought. After a pause of some minutes, he would as suddenly look up with a smile of the utmost affability, and putting forth his hand gently pinch his young companion by the ear, and after addressing to him one or two playful remarks, turn round quickly, saying, "Come, Croiser, let us join the ladies at their *ringt et un*. They would descend to the cabin, where the rest of the party were sitting down to their coffee, and having partaken of this beverage, cards were

produced, at the especial desire of M. Rannolini, who seemed to take an unusual interest in this game.

He always persisted in sitting next to Charlotte, who was no way displeased at the court paid to her, and in return agreed to enter into partnership with him. This being arranged, their whole plan throughout the game was trying which could cheat to the greatest extent, with the least detection. This was exactly suited to Charlotte, and she accordingly took great delight in it. When the game was concluded, M. Rannolini restored and divided his winnings among the party, and the twins sang one or two songs, accompanying themselves on Croiser's guitar. Supper succeeded this part of the evening's entertainment, and the guests then retired for the night.

Among the many methods to which Rannolini had recourse for amusement, was that of talking to the seamen — Tarpaulin in particular, by means of Croiser's interpretation. In every thing relating to the sea or seamen, he seemed to take the greatest interest. He listened to their stories, entered into their jokes, and made them sing to him, with as much avidity as if he had understood their language. It so happened on one forenoon, that

he and Croiser were walking the quarter-deck, when they observed two of the sailors come up from below and go aft to Nine-fathom Tim, who was busily employed in superintending some work on the taffrail. Being within earshot, the officers listened and distinctly overheard this dialogue :

"If you plase, Mr. Tarpaulin," said one of the seamen, touching his hat, "here's Dick and I come up to you, to sittle a little bit o' a dispute a'tween us."

"Dispute, is it Bo? Then what the deuce d'ye bring it to me for? I'll have nothing to do with it. Can't ye clear away for a bend on the lower-deck, and fight it out in a quiet way as a Jack-Tar should, without coming up blethering and disputing like a couple of sea-lawyers?"

"Oh, Mister Tarpaulin, you've got the bull by the wrong horn, and begging your pardon, it's only that Dick and I have been having a little mess o' chat about the Bible."

"The Bible?"

"Ay, Sir, and I happening to say something concerning St. Paul, Dick would have it that he wasn't an apostle."

"No more he wasn't! Was he, Mr. Tarpaulin?"

"Vast heaving, Dick, let me have my say out."

Well, Mr. Tarpaulin, I says, says I, 'Saint Paul was an apostle, and as you and I, Dick, can't come to any head on the matter, why we'd best step up and ask Mr. Tarpaulin,' says I, 'for he's sure to know all about them 'ere sort o' things.' So up we come, Mister Tarpaulin, and now I asks of you, Mr. Tarpaulin, whether I an't right—that St. Paul *was* an apostle?"

"Paul an apostle—Paul an apostle!" repeated Tim, two or three times, shaking his head in the greatest perplexity, "Um—Let me see—Dang it! You say he was an apostle, don't ye Bill?"

"Yes, Sir, I say he was an apostle."

"And you Dick, you say he *wasn't* an apostle?"

"Ay! just so, Mister Tarpaulin, and blow me if he was, either!"

"Well, and that's what I think, too, my lads," returned the sage umpire, puzzled beyond decision.

"St. Paul—St. Paul! Why hang me if I recollect any thing about the lubber."

"Not recollect him, Mr. Tarpaulin?" inquired Bill, in astonishment and dismay. "Why don't ye call to mind there in the Acts, there's a chapter of regular log, and all concerning him?"

"*Acts!*" Ugh! Now ye have it," gaily ex-

claimed Tim, "he might a' been an *acting* Apostle, but dash my wig if he was ever *rated*."

Had it not been for the remembrance of the Port Admiral's sufferings during this period of suspense, the sisters could scarcely have desired a more pleasant excursion. The cabins of the Pearl were fitted up with every luxury that the ingenuity of man had at that time invented for ships—no expense was spared. It was evident that the owner, under whose eye it had been furnished, was acquainted with oriental manners, by the profusion of silk and velvet ottomans which in every direction wooed the form to repose, as well as the Turkish pipes with their handsome amber mouth-pieces and gay-coloured cherry sticks, sabres, yataghans, a marble bath, and many other little things that bespoke the same delightful region to be their original clime.

Upon one of the tables stood a scent case, the cut-glass bottles of which bore the letter N upon them; it was also engraved on the golden top which protected the stopper. Going up to this case one evening after supper, when all beside himself and Croiser had retired, M. Rannolini took out one of the bottles, and after enjoying its exquisite per-

fume for a few moments, he handed it to Croiser, saying, "What think you of that, Croiser? Is it not delicious? How well I remember when I first had that scent! I got it at Milan after the preliminaries of Leoben were signed. We were then going to treat at Montebello. Beautiful spot, Montebello! It was ultimately signed at Passeriano. I took some of it with me to Egypt, and brought a little back with me, which I gave to a perfumer in Paris to analyse and make me a large quantity of the same. This is part of it. How should it be, Croiser? I scarcely can account for it; for me, memory scarcely has any stronger link than that which is instantly called up by any well-known perfume? Supposing I enter a room where there is any particular scent—if at any former period of my life I have ever met with it before, the very scene—the hour—the events passing—the people about me, all come back. They seem as vivid as though it spread a magic painting before the mind. For instance, when I first entered this cabin, I was thinking of nothing but our voyage, and the time it would occupy. There had been one of your Turkish pastiles burning, and there was

some otto on the table. Instantly I thought of Cairo!—There used very frequently to be a similar odour in one of the rooms at the palace of Elfy Bey. That Berthier too, the droll ninny! used to scent his chamber in that way. I mean the one devoted to his Madame Visconti. In an instant every scene in Egypt was before me! I fancied too I heard the *chef d'état* murdering his vowels as he came to tell me in his horrid guttural, previous to the march of the army against Djezzar, that he had relinquished his idea of running back to France. But he was a faithful creature!" and here Rannolini took a pinch of snuff and a stride across the cabin, as if there was much pleasure in the remembrance, as he continued, "and Junot too: Junot is faithful—he wants prudence. Lannes also is devoted and brave as a lion. So is Murat, and Ney, and Marmont—all good and true!" taking a pinch of snuff between each name. "But, poor Desaix! Even Marengo was dearly gained by his loss. However, to return; I never smell that scent without thinking of Milan, and Leoben, and Laybach, Campo Formio, and Passeriano. Ah! those were happy days! I was then in the first blush of success—but stay, the pear is

not yet ripe, Croiser! I've been thinking that there are no successes so dear as our first. We grow greater, our schemes are more noble—more vast. But then we lose that spring—that elasticity. In short, success has become second nature—we are hackneyed in it. Give it me again, Croiser—sweet perfume! Ah Milan! It was at Milan too that I saw Madame Grassini—but that was after Marengo. Poor Desaix! Was it not odd that Kleber was assassinated in Egypt on the same day that Desaix fell at Marengo? Strange! Had Kleber lived, France had retained Egypt; means should have been found to reinforce him, and if Desaix had lived, he would have had the army of Italy. Perhaps then we might, after the overthrow of Austria, have passed into Turkey, erected another empire, have crossed the Bosphorus through Asia, and established a line of communications from Paris to Cairo—think of that!!”

As Rannolini said this, he paused, and withdrawing his hands from behind him, took another pinch of snuff; and while his dark grey eyes sparkled at the stupendous conceptions in which he delighted to indulge, he stepped aside to an-

other table where lay materials for writing. Taking a sheet of paper and a pen, he said, "See here, Croiser. Here we are at Milan," drawing a map of the campaign from his own head as readily as if a chart, instead of a blank sheet of paper, had been before him. "Very good! we have Milan; then for our line of march we take Laybach, Austria being prostrate. Then we proceed on to Banjaluka, just within the boundary of Turkey—thence to Nissa, or perhaps Janova—from that to Adrianople—and in less than another week Turkey is ours, with the tricolour waving over the Seven Towers. Very good! Turkey is revolutionized—cross the Strait of Constantinople, and proceed to Isknikmid—say thence on to Angora, and from Angora to Aleppo. At Aleppo we should have time to pause. For see—by that time Kleber's reinforced army would have recrossed the desert once more from El Arish, by the old route through Gaza and Jaffa, carried Acre by storm—it would have been accomplished the first time, had not success made us overlook or rather despise our enemy,—and then Acre being stormed, and Djezzar's treasure seized, the Druses raised and armed, we should have

shaken hands at Aleppo! The choice and flower of the army would have been picked to remain at Aleppo; Kleber would have gone back to resume the command of whatever division of troops had been left to occupy Egypt against the English. Meanwhile they should all have set to work to recut the old canal at the Isthmus of Suez, and render the Red Sea navigable. A fleet from France might have manœuvred to gain it, as we did the Bay of Aboukir, without being surprised by the British. It should have been fortified impreg- nably, and by the time that fleet had navigated the Red Sea, passed the Straits of Babelmandel, and sailed in the direction of Bombay, the Grand Indian army would have left Aleppo, passed through Persia by permission from and treaty with the Shah, and penetrated Hindostan by Hydrabad, on the banks of the Indus, just as the French fleet had arrived off Cape Monze, to flank the march of the army by the coast, and aid it materially in the taking of Bombay. See you! that once accomplished, the Indian empire would belong to France. Her armies would then possess," counting on his fingers, "Austria, Italy, Turkey, Asia, Egypt, the greater part of Africa,

and the whole of Hindostan, with the exception of Persia, in one uninterrupted line of communication. Moreover, the Dardanelles being rendered impregnable with a line of forts, like those of Malta and Gibraltar, we should have defied the English there. Then Constantinople should have been an important arsenal and dock-yard; the ships built there would easily have beaten the Russian navy, and commanded the Black Sea. As well as being at hand to protect our Ionian Islands, we should have commanded the mouth of the Danube; that too might have been useful."

"But who would have had command of this colossal expedition? Who would have had the army of India?"

"Ah! that indeed is a consideration! That is a reflection that pains me! The First Consul could not have trusted himself so far from France as India. No, that would most likely have fallen on Desaix. Desaix had finer notions of true glory—would have sacrificed more for it than almost any general in France. Yes, I think he might have been successful. Our communications once established, with Aleppo for our pivot of operation between Damascus and Constantinople, the most

difficult part would have been accomplished. He might have fallen back on Aleppo; I should have seen them, at any rate, fairly across the Dardanelles, and then have returned by the same route to Paris; where by that time the conscriptions would have had an entire new army of the interior. If all was quiet and nothing menaced the European line of communication, and good news had been received of Desaix's progress, I might have posted back, so as to catch him entering Hindostan, in time to conduct the Indian campaign. The English once fairly driven into the sea, I should return to see what was wanting in Europe."

"What a gigantic campaign that would be!" said Croiser with a sigh, as he took up the plan, which the other had laid down.

"'Gigantic?' Ah!" resumed Rannolini, as he took another pinch of snuff, and continued his walk with his hands behind him. "One—one such campaign as that, and even Alexander's would shrink into the distance. A man might be content to die, as the price of achieving it! The general who executed such a campaign—say if Desaix had signed at Bombay capitulations for the evacuation of India by the British,—he would have deserved of France to be viceroy of Hin-

dostan, and Kleber viceroy of Egypt: or stay, emperor would be a better title—say, tributary emperors of India and Egypt. These things look visionary now. Egypt is almost irretrievably gone; Kleber too is gone, and poor Desaix is gone!—But stay, Croiser, stay! The pear is not yet ripe. We know one campaign worth it all. With Britain unsubdued, that is to say, its present form of government remaining, France may be content with the sovereignty of Europe, and the plain of Germany for her cricket-ground; but with England, Croiser, I say with England, allied to her in interest and feeling—they must have the sovereignty of the world. Her fleets would stretch from the gulf of Finland to Bombay, so would the armies of France. See," sitting himself on the side-table, while his legs dangled towards the ground, "the head-quarters of the Grand Russian Army of France, would be in St. Petersburg, and those of the Grand Indian Army at Madras. We might found two cities; one of Britannia at Babel-mandel, and another of Napolia at the Isthmus of Suez. A canal being cut at the latter, as I said before, the whole wealth of India would flow through, while the unexplored regions of

Persia and Africa would be opened to our commerce and research. With England's fleets properly managed—for now they don't make half what they might of them, like huge mines of saltpetre and sulphur in the hands of savages, with genius unequal to the invention of powder or a gun—I say then, with England's fleets, nothing would be too great for us!”

“But in that case you would be left, like your favourite Alexander, sighing that nothing more remained to be conquered. What could you do?”

“That would never occupy a moment's thought. Though the world were subdued to-morrow, it would yet remain to be civilized. Besides, there would be China. We might give a better government to the Chinese. To conquer a nation is a very fine thing; to beautify, to embellish, to civilize it, is, if any thing, finer. Supposing that England and France had the dominion of the world, commerce would be so entirely in their own hands, that it would more than repay their expenses. What cities they might build! What improvements they might make! But come, this is idle. We shall see—we shall see—Time is the best planner after all. These waking dreams ex-

cite me—make me feverish. Let us on deck, and then to bed!—Croiser," he continued, as leaning on the other's arm he ascended to the deck, "I have a presentiment that something is going to befall us!"

"Oh surely your imagination runs away with you! The topic on which we have been talking has over-excited you."

"No, no, my presentiments never deceive me—something is about to happen to us. Moreover, to-morrow is one of my unlucky days. But we shall see."

CHAPTER IX.

“ Submit thy fate to Heaven’s indulgent care,
Though all seem lost, ’tis impious to despair ;
The tracks of Providence like rivers wind,
And though immersed in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth and more conspicuous rise.”

UNKNOWN.

HAVING inhaled the cool air for a quarter of an hour, Rannolini wished Croiser good night, and gently pinching the ear of the latter, with a good-natured smile, he descended to his cabin. The night was lovely, the ethereal space above, crowded with the jewellery of Heaven, shed a soft clear light upon the gleaming bosom of the tranquil waters. The ship gently rose over the immense masses of the ocean, whose swell is ever restless, let the calm be as dead as it will. Her sails occasionally flapped upon the masts, as any roll was heavier than the rest, and her taunt masts with their light rigging rose in grace

and symmetry from her decks. As Croiser stood on the gangway, viewing the scene around, the head of the foretop-gallant-mast became interposed between his view and the bright orb of a well-known star. He beheld it shedding its mild glories upon him, and a gush of emotion rose from his heart like the springing waters of a new found well. How often had he gazed upon it when the delicate arm of Margarita was trembling within his own, and her soft eyes were beaming with a lustre as bright, yet subdued and heavenly, as that orb of Venus! That star! Was it not that star which he beheld, when taking a last look of their beautiful park, on deciding that he would see her no more? Was it not that star which he had beheld when lying on the taffrail of his vessel after leaving the sisters on the shore of Barn Pool—leaving them, as he thought, for ever? Was it not that star on which he had almost nightly gazed since his departure, recalling the suppressed sigh which so often broke from the bosom of her he loved, as they contemplated its beauty together? It was all this, and it was dear indeed!

“How strange is life! Still more strange is

destiny!" thought he. "On how many events of my life may you yet shine! In how many situations to come may I not behold you? I may look up in tears—tears of bliss when the throbbing breast is too full even to breathe its happiness!—or it may be in tears of agony and woe, when the heart is too obdurate to yield relief by bursting! To thee may arise the last glance of these eyes, when their dull orbs are glazing in the throes of death! Your beams may glisten in the many-tinted dew-drops moistening the weeds upon my grave, or subtly penetrating through the liquid crystals of the element beneath me, their green light may play around this form of clay, or shew the monsters of the deep where to prey on my remains, or perhaps, worse than all, they may yet find me in the possession of successful ambition, covered with the baubles for which I am striving, tinsel and glitter to the eye, eaten and cankered at the core, like——like——But I will go to sleep, there at least these pangs cannot assail me! Quarter-master?"

"Sir!"

"If any thing should appear in sight, or if a breeze should spring up, call me immediately; if

neither of these things should happen, call me at six. The hour proclaimed it to be midnight, as Croiser laid his head on his pillow.

At two in the morning a dense fog gradually closed round them, and this state of things remained until six, when Croiser was called. Having been on deck about half an hour talking to Nine-Fathom-Tim, whom he found taking his third dram and whistling for the wind, the latter remarked, "Well, your honour, I think this here diskiness is going to clear off. There seems to be a capful of air springing up here away in the norwest, and making a lane of it there."

"Yes, Tim, the fog seems inclined to clear up, as you say, and good luck to it! the sooner the better." Croiser looked in the direction pointed out, where the large volumes of the mist rolling away before the breeze, formed, as it frequently does, a vista for the eye to penetrate.

"Why—holloa! What is that, Tim? It almost looks like a sail."

"A sail! Let me look, your honour; ay! to be sure it is, not three miles off neither!"

"Pooh! Tim, it can't be!"

“ Well, your honour, if your honour’s aunt had been a gentleman, she’d a been your uncle, and no mistake about that, and if that there,” looking at the object of dispute through the hollow of his hand, “ isn’t a sail, why my mother’s a Dutchman; and that’s not very likely, seeing she never went out o’ her birth-place, Portamouth, ’septing once, when she got drowned in the harbour, then, as your honour knows, she went to Davy Jones, poor old ’oman.”

“ Well, well, Tim! I believe there’s no fear of your implicating your mother’s birth after all, for it is a sail, as you say—the fog’s clearing off more rapidly. By Jove she shows a double tier of teeth! Come, come, look about; crowd all canvass and put her before the wind, or stay—make no sail till I come up again, put her before it, and trim accordingly.” Quickly descending to the cabin of M. Rannolini, and putting his hand gently on his shoulder, Croiser shook him, saying, “ Now, then, monsieur, will you get up?”

“ Eh! what!—is it you? Ah! Croiser, let me lie a little longer!”

“ Not this morning, Monsieur. The breeze has

sprung up and the fog clearing off, shows us an English line of battle ship almost on board."

"Bah!—no—is it so? What did I say to you last night? Go on deck, get ready for making all sail. I will be with you." In an instant M. Rannolini, whom this intelligence had immediately roused, proceeded to array himself with all the despatch in his power.

In a few seconds, he was by the side of Croiser on the quarter-deck. Taking the glass, he looked long and earnestly at the large vessel which lay almost becalmed astern of them. "We must be off, and that instantly! Make all the sail you can, Croiser! Perhaps with the light breeze which is springing up, our little vessel may be able to distance that floating citadel. Fortune, thou might'st have granted me somewhat more of thy favour than this!" he continued, as if addressing that imaginary deity, while he still gazed on the man-of-war with a look of considerable apprehension. "Come, come, Croiser, why do you hesitate? We have not a moment to lose!"

"If I might presume to differ from you, I should recommend to your consideration a different course."

"Speak then quickly! what is it?"

"Simply this: it appears to me, and I know it from experience, that if we, by making sail, manifest a desire to get off, it will excite their suspicions, whereas, if we coolly wait till they get near enough to hail us, or perhaps for me to go on board, my assurance that we are a privateer, or my displaying that document which I showed to you, would prevent the slightest molestation."

"No, no, I can't hear of such a thing! Don't advise me to do so, Croiser. Never put yourself in the power of an enemy! I have a presentiment about English ships which I cannot get over. No, let us escape, which I am sure we can."

"Well, it shall be exactly as you wish, but I entreat you not to take such an alternative! I know what suspicions it will excite, and if by any chance we should be captured,—if, for instance, a strong breeze should spring up immediately, and we be chased into Plymouth Sound,—even my commission, powerful as it is, may not altogether protect us from detection. In the other case, I know so well what are the questions which will be asked—I have been intercepted

in this way so often, that I am confident, if you will give the matter up to me, all will be well."

"No, Croiser, I cannot; the thing is impossible! I never can voluntarily trust myself within the range of an English man-of-war's guns! How can you expect it of me, when you know that they have boded me nothing but misfortune, and that I never came in contact with them but it was always attended with some disaster? I cannot, I cannot, it is enough; would that every one of them were at the bottom of the sea!" stamping his foot with impatience.

"Well, General, as I said before, I am ready to obey your orders, but I am sure we only increase our danger by flight; whereas, by hoisting an English flag and lying still, I should merely be questioned, have to show my papers, and be allowed to proceed. Do, I beseech you, consider what is at stake, and free your mind from the thralldom of any presentiments that may now be deceiving you!"

"There is truth, Croiser, in what you say, to be sure," and Rannolini took one or two turns on the quarter-deck, while a convulsive twitching

was seen on his agitated countenance. It was a contraction of the mouth, that gradually passed from left to right, accompanied by a momentary elevation of the shoulder, on the latter side of his body. "In any other case I might perhaps act as you advise," passing his finger along his high and ample brow, "but an *English* vessel—Stay! Ah! Croiser! this is it," and his countenance instantly lighted up with all the fire of intellect, as he took Croiser by the ear, "they have shown no colours, neither will we—we are not forced to know an English vessel at sight. Let us therefore make all sail: if they overtake us—we imagined them to be French."

"Excellent! M. Rannolini, that will succeed. I'll crowd all canvass instantly," and Croiser stepped forward to give his orders. In the course of a few minutes the schooner had every stitch of sail set which the present direction of the wind rendered available.

The air came gently aft on the starboard quarter, from the S.B.E., while the line of battle ship was two miles and a half astern and somewhat to windward.

"At what rate do we go, Croiser?"

"Nearly six miles an hour, sir."

"And how fast do you think those John Bulls are coming after us?"

"I can hardly say, from this distance. You see, only their lofty sails are drawing at this moment. The feet of their topsails are hanging almost dead. Ah! ah! he sees our increase of sail; see! he is clapping on his top and topgallant studding sails; he begins to suspect."

"Yes, I fear me that he does. I begin to think all is not right—and yet it is a pretty sight, is it not?—or rather it would be, if we were not so situated. Oh Fortune! Fortune!" and the foreigner's countenance again assumed that expression of intense interest, while he bent his brows with anger, as his eagle-eye surveyed the efforts of his foe to catch him, though utterly unconscious of the individual contained by the little vessel which they were now chasing.

"Shall we escape, Croiser? I begin to fear, I say, that all is not right. Surely I was not prudent to set all upon one die. This was adventurous. Well, no matter,—to dare is often to win. Better to lose in daring, than to lose for want of it. Tell me, Croiser, shall we escape?"

"I have my fears, I must confess. You see that line darkening the horizon astern of the seventy-four?"

"I see it."

"Watch it, you will observe it approaching, that is the breeze freshening up, and look! already her topmast studding-sails begin to draw, and so do the heads of her courses."

"Hah! here we have it!" suddenly exclaimed Rannolini, tapping Croiser on the shoulder, as a vivid flash shot forth from her armed side, followed by a long volume of eddying smoke, that swiftly unrolled itself on the fog of the morning. The shot thus propelled was seen booming over the glistening surface with vast velocity, in a direct line with their stern.

"Croiser, take care of yourself, that will strike," said Rannolini, folding his arms on his breast. In an instant his face resumed its accustomed air of thought and composure, as if danger was but his natural element. Having bounded along the water, splashing up the foam at several intervals, its last leap finally pitched it beneath their lee-quarter, sending a cloud of spray in the faces of those who stood at hand.

"Twenty-four pounds of good old iron wasted!" said a gruff voice close at hand. Rannolini turned round, and beheld Tarpaulin employing his rough hand to wipe off the moisture from his weather-beaten countenance, which nevertheless wore its usual grin.

"Look at that droll! he reminds me of a bear washing his face with his paw!" remarked Rannolini, smiling at the rude tar; then addressing him, "I suppose you're used to these gentry?"

"Used to 'em?" replied Tim, after Croiser had interpreted the words, "Aye, tell his honour, as a hen is to eggs; though to be sure I'd a' rather see the dumb creeturs' shot sarved out before breakfast."

"That shot," remarking on one that had just struck their taffrail, "was well aimed, Croiser. Two or three of those in your hull and we should soon"——

"Go to the bottom!" added Croiser calmly, whistling for the wind.

"Bah!" returned the other, beginning to walk the deck again, while his former air of perplexity returned.

"There go up the seventy-four's colours, M.

Rannolini ! We must hoist ours. Let me implore you to consider this matter again ! As a sailor, I assure you escape is out of the question. We shall only incur tenfold suspicions by attempting it ; besides, I strongly suspect that our enemy is the —, one of the fastest sailing ships in the British navy. She was taken from the French at the battle of —."

" "Taken at the battle of —," slowly repeated Rannolini, while a more than wonted paleness overspread his countenance—"No, no," after a pause, "hoist no colours, and trust no enemy ! Let us proceed while we can."

"Stand from under your honour !" roared out Tarpaulin, springing to the side of Rannolini, and averting from his head the fall of a heavy block as it came to the deck, followed by the main-topmast, with a most tremendous crash.

Startled at the sudden ruin spread around him, Rannolini jumped back. Scarcely could he credit his senses, when he saw that spreading pile of sail and cordage which so lately reared itself aloft, and drew the vessel on her course, now strewed before him ; part towing overboard, and the rest cumbering the deck, which presented one scene of con-

fusion. Casting his eyes upward in bewilderment, to discover the cause, he beheld the fore-topmast gently oscillate once or twice, and toppling over to leeward, fall under the larboard bow.

Striking his hand on his thigh, as if doubting whether he was awake, his ear was saluted by the loud and approaching peal, which at once proclaimed the cause of the wreck before him. A shot fired from the upper-deck of the seventy-four, had descended upon the Pearl, and after passing through and carrying away the maintop-mast, had so wounded the fore spar, that, unable to bear its canvass without the usual stays, it had fallen likewise.

Rannolini turned to Croiser; his features were unruffled, but in his eye there was an agonized look of disappointment that can neither be imagined nor described.

The English ship still continued to fire, and a shot striking on the taffrail, a splinter wounded Rannolini in the hand.

"I beseech you let me hoist our colours!" said Croiser, and alarmed at the sight of his friend's blood, he ran over to him holding in his hands the halliards to which he had bent the ensign.

"Heaven grant that you are not hurt! Consider, if your life should be lost!"

"That at least is better, Croiser, than being taken. *Tout est perdu, fors la gloire!*"

"Nay! do for this once listen to me. I assure you our chance of detection is only doubled by this delay, but—" a splinter from a second shot now struck Croiser on the forehead, and he reeled.

Rannolini affectionately springing up to his side, supported him in his arms, while Tim seized the ensign-halliards, and looked to the foreigner for instructions. "My poor Croiser!" said the latter, stanching with his hand the ensanguined wound. "Fate is imperious—I have no alternative—up with the ensign!" and Tarpaulin comprehending Rannolini's gesture, gave the white ensign of Saint George to the wind. No sooner was its distinct character observed, than the firing from the seventy four ceased.

Croiser's wound was but superficial, and recovering from the stunning sensation, he allowed Rannolini to bind it up, and proceeded with his duty, though the ruddy stream soon penetrated the fine cambric that served but poorly as a bandage. By this time, the whole party from below

had arrived on deck. The first object that met Margarita's eye, was Croiser without his cap, and his face and forehead in the state I have described. A scene of much confusion ensued, and having at length persuaded Lady Sapphira and her nieces to return below, under the assurance that the danger was past, Tarpaulin was left to clear away the wreck, while Croiser descended to prepare for going on board the seventy-four, which he rightly conjectured he should have to do.

Rannolini remained on deck, seemingly absorbed in his own mournful reflections, and scarcely as yet recovered from the effects of his surprise at the quick destruction which the enemy's fire had occasioned. Though accustomed to the sea, he had never before had an opportunity of witnessing a sea-fight. He had stood on many a bloody field and seen human beings mowed down by thousands, but there the havoc is more gradual. This morning, but a few minutes had elapsed since he beheld his vessel in all the pride of fight—and in the like space of time she was a captive to the enemy not yet at hand; like the fluttering bird which the reptile fascinates before he can reach! It is true these things were in part owing to accident, and

the superior skill of their present enemy in gunnery, at that time rather unusual in the sea-service; but these reflections were lost in the remembrance of what he had always heard of the British navy, and the corroboration now afforded by this his first personal experience of it. Fixing his eyes on the fast advancing ship with a look of rage that was too deep for expression, he regarded her as we do those hideous monsters of the night, whose approach almost paralyzes our faculties, and excludes every hope of escape.

Rapidly she came up with the chase, and her gleaming side was brightly reflected in the tiny waves, as she shot up on their weather quarter. She was now so close that the order could be heard to "square away the main yard," when her progress gradually lessened as she became nearly stationary on their bow. By this time Croiser had swathed his temples with a more fitting fillet, and having procured his papers, appeared dressed in the same costume as when he first appeared to my readers.

"Hah! you have that still!" said Rannolini, turning and pointing with much pleasure to the splendid sabre at his friend's side.

"Can you behold me alive, and yet doubt that I should still possess what I esteem the dearest gift that I ever received?"

"Come! thou hast taken great care of it. Those were more pleasant hours when I first had it. I never contemplated seeing it in such a *rencontre* as this."

"Here's a boat, your honour, from that old grampus," said Tarpaulin, addressing Croiser, who hastened to the gangway to receive it. In a few minutes the seventy-four's barge was alongside, containing a lieutenant. Croiser now rejoined Rannolini, who stood with his arms folded on his breast, before the after hatchway. His friend having whispered one or two words in his ear, he said, "True!" and changed his attitude, clasping his hands behind him.

"Where's the captain of this craft? where's the captain?" roared the lieutenant in a coarse voice, as he hurried up the side, and jumping on deck, looked round for the individual he sought. No answer was returned. "I say where's the captain, you long lubberly swab?" repeated the naval officer, in an imperious tone to Tarpaulin, against whom he raised his foot with the kind intention of bestowing a kick.

"Come—paws off," said the tar quickly, in a tone of anger, raising his enormous fist; "if I get a hold on the scruff o' your neck, I warrant you go down in thirty fathom!"

"Silence, Tarpaulin!" said Croiser.

The lieutenant turned at the sound, and paused. He was about to address Rannolini, but there was something in the stern searching glance of his eye, that at once put his noisy effrontery to flight. Croiser was younger, and though the contempt so visible in his countenance was not very inviting, he addressed him.

"I am sent to the captain of this craft. Where is he?"

"I command this vessel, Sir. What have you to say?"

This cold politeness seemed very much to discomfit the lieutenant, who in boarding strangers had been accustomed to treat their commanders as one degree below their own men. However, making a strong effort to recover his assurance, he said, "My orders are to take on board H. M. S., ——— every male who does not form part of the crew."

"Have you a written order?"

"No!" and the lieutenant seemed much surprised at the question.

"Then you are aware I might refuse to go. I however respect the flag of my country, and shall not therefore offer any frivolous opposition; although I cannot say that my masts deserved such treatment from English shot!" pointing to the wreck of his topmasts.

Croiser having mustered all the males of his party, went down to assure the ladies of his speedy return. Then taking Rannolini aside, he begged him to leave every thing to his care, and that their detention would be very short. Despite of this assurance, there was an expression of anxiety on his face, that bespoke the foreigner to be ill at ease, as he descended over the side and took his seat in the seventy-four's boat.

But a short time sufficed to bring them alongside. As they approached her gigantic hull, Rannolini's eye ran over her bristling sides with the most marked attention. The order and neatness so evident in every part, seemed at once to excite his admiration and his anger. This close examination was redoubled on his reaching

her gangway, proceeding up the side, where two bare-headed little negroes, held out the ropes for his support. At length he stood upon the quarter-deck, where he found a whole bevy of young officers composing the morning-watch.

"Who are these? Surely not officers?" he demanded of Croiser.

"Yes. These are the officers of the watch, and this one advancing is the first lieutenant."

"Bah! and is this the uniform of the British navy?—of England, whose gold sways two-thirds of Europe?"

"No! These are merely their undresses; they are not particular at sea; besides, at their gayest moments they do not understand dress."

"Nay, thou need'st not so gravely tell me that! Croiser, it would be worth something to us, to get half a dozen of these creatures to exhibit at a review on the banks of the Seine. Why it would afford gossip to the Parisians for a week at least! They take more care of their ships at any rate than their persons," observed Rannolini, admiring the high order in which every thing appeared.

"This is the captain, Monsieur."

"Where?"

"Here, walking out from the after-cabin in a short and rough blue coat."

By this time the whole of our party had been ranged in a line along the quarter-deck, Croiser and M. Rannolini being the last, that is to say, the nearest to the bow. No sooner did the captain appear, than the whole attention of Rannolini was fixed upon him, as if to read in his countenance the fate that awaited him. The seamen, attracted by the sight of the strangers, came aft to the break of the quarter-deck to have a peep at them; when one of the sailors remarked to his comrades, "I say, Jack! Look at that fellow there with his arms crossed a-kimbo with a long brown coat on, and a tail-on-end hat."

"Well, what of he?"

"Why, he'd do for Bonaparty."

In an instant Rannolini turned round with evident alarm in his looks, at that name so bruited in men's minds; Croiser did the same, saying in an under tone, "Change your position!"

This advice was instantly followed, and their attention was at the moment attracted by the captain, who addressing the first of their file as

himself and first lieutenant walked along, questioned them as though they had been his crew drawn up at divisions.

"Who are you?"

"I, sir, am Captain Bombast of the Royal Navy," replied the marvellous traveller, who stood first, and was not particularly pleased at the unceremonious address.

"Oh! Captain Bombast! I don't exactly recollect the name. You've not served very lately I apprehend, sir?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I had the honour of commanding the Bouncer, ten-gun brig, in the year 17—, and that's only twenty years ago the day after to-morrow. I flatter myself—surely—that—it cannot be altogether unknown to you. My travels—I had the honour of publishing my travels. Surely you must be acquainted with my travels!"

"Can't say I am."

"What! not know Captain Bombast's travels and voyages in the Longbow Islands and elsewhere?" interrupted Puff.

"Most astonishing," resumed Bombast, "when

they were so ably reviewed in the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal."

"Yes," again commenced Puff, "a very splendid review, I do assure you, sir; for the captain was kind enough to write it all himself."

"Hush, hush, Puff," quickly whispered Bombast in an under tone. "So you actually don't know my name, sir? Well, that's very astounding, as my dear Lady Sapphira would say. Yes, sir, I'm the author of the Travels to the Longbow Islands."

"Oh, ehem! 'Longbow Islands.' I take it they must be in the Irish Channel or the North Sea."

"What, not know the longitude and latitude of the Longbow? I am astounded. Why, Sir, they're in — — —."

"Well well, another time. Who may you be?" passing on to the next.

"Why, sir, like my most intimate and talented friend, Captain Bombast, I do feel somewhat surprised that such a question should have been necessary. I, sir, am Major Puff, of the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal."

"Yes, sir, yes, allow me to introduce you to my most particular friend, Major Puff," interrupted Bombast, "in the luxuriance of whose pages you must have so frequently revelled, or would have, if you had met with them, since his productions *only* required to be read and admired, to insure him a vast renown!"

"Nay, captain, nay, sir, I really must blush, though to be sure it is highly gratifying to hear these kind things from one so eminently fitted by his impartial judgment and varied attainments."

"Ay, ay! Who the deuce have we here?—that'll do," muttered the captain passing on. "Bad enough to meet these fellows on paper, much less in person."

"And who are you, sir?"

"My title, sir, is the Reverend Nathaniel Salisbury. I am rector of Donomore, in the see of Durham, presented to me by his Grace the Duke of Daredevil, whose scarf I also wear as private chaplain. They call me Master of Arts at Brasenose, and I draw my pay every quarter as chaplain of the dock-yard at Plymouth Dock. I came out on a party of pleasure, was becalmed and starved,

then kindly picked up and restored, and consequently not at all inclined to be imprisoned."

"Imprison you! What the deuce should I do with such a set of long-tongued fellows? Well, and who are you?" addressing Tarpaulin, who had been brought on board as Croiser's mate.

He replied, gruffly, "My name's Timothy Tarpaulin, called Nine-fathom Tim for shortness. I'll tell your honour the first and last of it."

"Vast heaving, you may keep the first to yourself, and let me have the last as soon as possible. Do you belong to that craft?"

"I'm her first mate."

"Oh, and who are you sir?" addressing

Rage and wonder struggled in the captain's mind at these words; he hesitated whether he should deign to look at the slip of paper which Croiser had taken from his note-case, but the bold tone assumed by the latter, his evident rank as a gentleman, and the bearing so unusual in a mere privateer's captain induced him to peruse it.

The contents appeared brief indeed, for no sooner had his eye run over its few lines, than his manner instantaneously changing, betrayed the dilemma in which he felt himself placed, as he stammered forth: "This mistake, sir, is—not—my fault, you should have shown me this before."

"Well, well, sir, we will waive the discussion of that point, at present. You will put us on board again immediately, and send your carpenter's crew with spars to help us in repairing the damage you have occasioned."

"Ehem! Why, sir, as to that—our carpenter's crew is but a small one at present, we have a good deal to do on board—I hardly know that—"

"I presume you have read the whole of the paper now in your hand."

"But can't you do without our men?"

"Not without hindrance to the service on which I am engaged."

"Well, then, if that's the case, you must have them. Mr. Squeegee!" turning to the astonished first lieutenant, "send these gentlemen on board their schooner again immediately; and put the carpenters of the watch into the first cutter and let them see what spars are wanting on board that craft!" Then bowing stiffly to Croiser, he handed back the magic slip of paper, and turned towards his cabin.

A look of extreme joy had lighted up the features of Rannolini, at this sudden deliverance. Using all the haste which he could, without betraying his apprehension, he descended once more into the boat alongside, where the others having resumed their seats, they were immediately rowed back to their own vessel.

"Croiser," said he, on receiving a translation of all that had passed, "what made you ask for those confounded fellows to come on board again? Why, in the name of Fortune, did you not let them go their own way and rid us of their company at once?"

Suppose they should take it into their heads to suspect, they may yet detain us; whereas had you allowed them to sail away——”

“And what should we have done with our wounded masts? Remember how much additional time we should have lost—you already complain on that score. Again, had they subsequently suspected us, how easy it would have been to come back and catch us in our present disabled state! Besides, my demanding their aid inspires confidence, they know that document is not forged, and they dare not dispute it. What should make them suspect? No, depend on it, sir, that the best plan has been adopted, that of braving detection for a space, until they have enabled us to refit, which will be accomplished by this evening, and then we can soon leave these gentry behind, when we have not to contend with their shot.”

“Well—well, we shall see! Apparently we have escaped! I think not finally. I have a presentiment on my mind.”

“What! the old story?”

“Nay, Croiser, they never deceive me!” A pause ensued, Rannolini appeared somewhat de-

jected. "Tell me, Croiser, can you rely on this Sir Richard—Sal—Salos?"

"Salisbury? yes, you need fear no detection from him."

"Well, so much the better. It is odd that we should have been instrumental in saving his daughters—clever girls they are too! That was a good stroke of fortune. It was your knowledge and report of him, that determined me to come to this port; otherwise it is too far from London. He cannot suspect those who restore to him his children. But we shall see! I like not this foreboding. However, to dare well is often to do well. My detection would compromise more than ourselves, it might by some possibility compromise even ——! You say he made it an indispensable requisition, that no one should share our secret."

"He insisted on that beyond all things. I was to receive your solemn vow and promise in writing, that you should not mention or communicate it to a soul, either now or at any future period of your life, or bring over any one but myself."

"Well, he was right — that at least was indispensable—it shall be strictly observed. It is a

point of honour! I shall retire to my cabin and lie down, while these English are on board. I leave the disposal of them to you."

"You may depend upon me; I will call you when they are gone."

Croiser, having allotted to each man his separate duty, superintended the whole himself, and by unremitting exertions, succeeded in repairing his damages by four o'clock in the afternoon, when he sent back the man-of-war's carpenters, with his compliments. The seventy-four had no sooner received them, than she made all sail down Channel; seemingly very glad at getting rid of the Pearl, who now held her course straight for Plymouth, with a fair wind. Rannolini being informed of this, immediately arose and came on the quarter-deck. Never had he felt more exquisite pleasure than now, when his eyes feasted on the retreating sails of that tall ship, which, with every speed, was flying away from such a prize! His hour was not yet come.

CHAPTER X.

“ In dark relief, along th’ horizon’s verge,
The coming tempest lifts the whelming surge ;
The lone sea-gull foreboding, wheels on high,
And mourns the mariner about to die.”

ANON.

THE wind rapidly increased, and in an hour the seventy-four was out of sight.

“ Now, Croiser,” said Rannolini, “ I am happy ; it seems my presentiment has indeed deceived me —and yet it was hardly one of confirmed ill, it was, if I may say so, more one of threatened danger. Let us repair to the dinner-table.”

In accordance with this wish, they descended to the cabin. Dinner was served, and they were all busily employed in discussing the past and present, when Tarpaulin entered, “ Your honour, it’s

come on to blow stiffish or so. It makes our young spars aloft there, crack again! Shall we shorten sail?"

"How many knots by the log-line, Tim?"

"Eleven, or nigh on twelve, your Honour."

"That's good! Then you may take in the top-gallant-sails, and if the wind increases before I come on deck, you may have a reef in the top-sails."

Half an hour elapsed. Dessert was putting on the table, when they heard the pipe, "all hands reef topsails." They could also distinguish the sounds that indicated increase of wind.

"Come, Croiser," said Rannolini as usual, "let us take a walk and see what that Atlas of yours is about."

"Very well, Monsieur, I am ready," returned the young captain. Having arrived on deck, they found the weather more boisterous than they could have anticipated. The wind, as the reader already knows, was from the S.B.E. Along that quarter of the heavens were piled large masses of dun grey clouds, which the rising wind whirled with great rapidity overhead, and fast as they subsided in the north, fresh volumes seemed to rise

from their exhaustless source. A dull fiery glow was visible in the west, and indicated where the sun was declining with his hidden glories. A faint reflection of this light lingered on the broken crests of the waves around, now beginning to feel the influence of their sister element, whose hoarse whistling through the shrouds added to the sombre effects which the scene produced on the mind.

“Come, Croiser, we have a fine breeze of it. Do let us make the most we can of Fortune’s gifts—don’t let that Goliath of yours take in too much sail! With this good wind, we shall be in Plymouth to-morrow. Eh! what think you of it?” But Croiser was silent, a mode generally adopted by M. Rannolini’s friends of conveying their dissent.

Having taken the direction of the wind exactly by the compass, Croiser mounted one of the brass guns with which the Pearl was armed. Carefully, and at some length, he scrutinized every appearance of the weather, nor could he have drawn the same deductions as his friend, since his looks expressed doubt, and some little apprehension as to the approaching night. Then turning his attention to the seamen on the yards who were reefing

the topsails, "Haul your earings well out, Boys, and see they're properly secured," then in an under voice, "I've a fancy they'll be tried to night!"

Once more he resumed his examination of the horizon to windward. As he looked on a prospect he had so often contemplated before, a thousand associations of the past seemed to spring up within his mind. One scene in particular presented itself to him, as he muttered, "How well I remember it! 'Twas just such a night as this! An awful night it was, but a prelude to one worse!"

"Ay, your honour, ay!" rejoined the gruff voice of Tim, who standing close at hand had heard his master's words. "I was just a thinking o' the same thing, and that's comical enough like. 'Twas an awful night, as you say. I'd rather not see such another, much more the one that followed."

"Hah!—*you* there, you old vagabond? Well, hold your tongue. Fore and main top there! Take in another reef—and stand by to send topgallant yards down. See that you're all ready to strike topgallant-masts."

Croiser, having seen every thing made pretty "snug," joined Rannolini, who appeared to take a

great delight in beholding his young friend carry on the duty, which he did with skill; omitting all useless noise, but evincing the natural firmness and resolution of his character.

"Come, my young Lord Admiral, if thou hast finished with thy ship, let us go down to the ladies, and enjoy a little *vaigt-et-on* to-night, since we played an unwilling game of hazard this morning. Methinks, Crosser, thou art rather fond of Made-moiselle Margarita—she does not seem to frown at the suit of my young captain, either. Take care, my friend, of the passion! Glory first, and love after; the last is but by-play."

"Come, come, I shall desire you to look at home. What think you the adorable Josephine would say, if she saw you cheating us all round with your roguish black-eyed partner night after night?"

"Ah—good Josephine!—she knows the world—she never distresses herself at these trifles! Besides, thou canst not carry out the comparison. I have plucked my bays, so now I may lay some pretensions to the myrtle wreath—but thou hast"—

"Nay, never pursue such a comparison, as one between us in pity to me—so let us descend."

At eight o'clock Tarpaulin made his appearance to announce the rate at which the schooner was going—"twelve miles an hour."

"How's the weather now, Tarpaulin?"

"Umph! your honour, it's but husky stuff of it. Wind rises, and the glass falls. I reckon we shall have enough of it before we pipe to breakfast again!"

"Does it look like rain coming on?"

"Ay, your Honour, for all the world."

"And more wind?"

"Just so, your Honour!"

"Then close-reef the topsails and get a double reef in your fore and main-sails. Are we getting much of a sea on?"

"Yes, your Honour, it's coming down pretty strong from the son'-east."

"Then strike the top-gallant masts; see the storm stay-sails all ready, and do whatever else you may see is wanting."

"Ay, ay, your Honour, I was just a thinking there's *one* thing"—

"What? I suppose the look-outs!—but haven't they been placed already?"

"Placed?—ay, they're as firm as a church! No, I was just a-going to say, your Honour, as it looks

as if we were a-going to have a little bit of squallification, and may come to turn the hands up in the night, 'twould be as well if we splice the main-brace!"*

"At your old tricks, Master Tarpaulin. Well, be off with you, and see that you don't let them get too much."

"'Too much,' your honour? Umph! your honour's talking high Dutch," replied Tim, most disdainfully, as if such a thing was one of the impossibilities of nature.

"Wait an instant, Tarpaulin. Is there any fog?"

"Is it that you ask, sir? Fog, your honour? You might chop it with a knife!"

"I don't at all doubt it," interrupted Bombast, neglecting his game. "Indeed, to say the truth, I brought home a piece in a white glass bottle from the Longbow Islands—you remember it, Puff?"

* Most minutely, my dear Sir! You showed it to me, you know, on your return, when we met abroad at—Cork—and I, as you know, Captain, I insisted that a description of it should be immediately inserted in the Blunderbuss Journal."

* A surreptitious expression, known only in the free-masonry of the room, signifying an extra allowance of grog.

"But bless my ideality! Was it *actual fog*, Captain?"

"*Actual fog*, my Lady Sapphira."

"In—deed! ne—ver knew it!"

"No, so I should think! How should you?" interrupted Nathaniel.

"Stuff, brother, it isn't *that*! I don't in the least doubt that it was some condensed vapour—strangely calossified; but what said the learned world to it, captain?—that's my test!"

"Oh, my Lady, 'twas very much sought after—'twas very popular—Yes, that it was! We never had an article that was better read—for think, my Lady! that alone sold six numbers!!—No joke, you know, of our journal!"

"Hear that varment!" muttered Tarpaulin. "Shake me, if it doesn't put my pipe out: a plain fibber like me stands no chance alongside him! My nine-fathom story's nothing at all alongside o' his bottled fog!—Well, your honour, have ye any more orders?"

"No, Tarpaulin, only keep a sharp look out, and see that your men go to bed sober."

"Ay, ay, sir," and Tim turned quickly away, adding to himself, "that's one of the worst orders

I ever heard given. What's a fellow fit for who's dead sober?"

Another half hour elapsed—the bustle of shortening sail was beginning to subside on deck, and Tarpaulin, in the height of his glory, was busily employed in distributing to each man his proportion of the rum and water just mixed—when suddenly a crash of spars was heard above, accompanied by a cry from the helmsman on deck, and instantaneously followed by a shock that prostrated every individual on the deck. In the state-cabin all was confusion—every chair round the card-table was overthrown and their occupants were struggling on the ground—the counters—the cards—the money—appeared beat up towards the ceiling—the candles were rolling on the deck extinguished. Fortunately the lamp was suspended from above, and that, though violently jerked, yet afforded them its light. Rannolini and Croiser were the first to spring upon their feet.

"We have stranded!" exclaimed the former. "We've struck!" said the latter at the same moment. Not an instant was to be lost. Croiser's first act was to spring to the bulk-head, where hung his sabre and his pistols; to sling the first

round his waist, and gird on the belt of the latter, was the work of a few seconds. Then flying to a cabinet immediately at hand, he snatched from a secret drawer a square little leathern case, to which was attached a strap. Having flung this securely over his shoulders, and placed his cap on his head, he then paused one second. The confusion on the deck above was stunning, and the cry "We've struck!" was echoed and re-echoed with a thousand different accompaniments of oaths and howlings, while the trembling motion of the planks beneath, gave him a hint not to be misunderstood. Turning to Rannolini, who was also snatching his arms from the side, he cried, "Not a moment's to be lost—the ladies are our first care!" and gently seizing Margarita in his arms, he dashed on deck, followed by the foreigner with Charlotte. Every thing around appeared a wreck; the sails were shivered into ribands, flapping and streaming in the gale, with the utmost noise and fury; the helm was deserted; the sea was dashing over the schooner's weather quarter; part of the crew were scrambling on the deck with such haste, that those below were only impeding one

another in their progress; oaths and execrations were breaking from the eager and terrified men beneath, while such as had gained the deck were all hustled together on the bow, in an equal state of confusion.

A speaking trumpet was always kept under the drum-head of the capstan. Croiser snatching up this in one hand, while he drew his sword with the other, begged Margarita on no account to relinquish her hold on his sword-belt, then rushing in among his men as near as he could without endangering her, he endeavoured to restore that order which had been so unfortunately lost.

"Every man of you to his duty! Pipe to quarters. Back—back here, every one of you to your guns. Where's Tarpaulin?—Tarpaulin!"

"Sir, here I am," Tim shouted back from the forecastle, where his huge bulk towered above the rest. "Make a line here, you lubbers, and fall in at quarters. Come, move—don't ye hear the order?"

"Stand to your guns—once more, I say. The first man that hesitates, I cut him down. Captains

of guns fore and aft—muster your crews! Don't you hear the orders, you lazy hound? Why don't you move?" seizing hold of the first man at hand.

"Oh sir, I'm the carpenter!"

"Then aft to the well this instant: sound and see how much water there is — tell nobody. Bring the rod with you, and report to me on the forecastle. Fly!"

By this time Tarpaulin had seconded Croiser's efforts, and something like order was restored; the greater part of the crew being at their guns in the same stations as those in which they go into action: a few were gathered round Croiser and Tarpaulin, who stood on the forecastle, where also were the party from below.

"Where's the shore?" demanded Rannolini.

"What is it we have struck, Tarpaulin?" inquired his commander with the first collected moment.

"Hang me, your honour, if I know. I was below tending the tub at the time—some say it's a tarnation thief of a merchantman."

"Yes, your honour," added another seaman at hand, "it's a lumping trader, sure enough—I saw her go down to leeward here."

" 'Go down'? that's not very likely, if she's so much larger than ourselves!"

" 'Go down'?" said a third, "no, your honour, no, she didn't go down—she merely drifted off to leeward there somewhere;—you'll be seeing her presently."

"*There!*" they all exclaimed, as a flash of lightning darting from the shrouded heavens appeared to play round the wreck of some large vessel to leeward.

"I've a sounded the well, Captain Croiser, sir—and there's nearly five feet in her!—the waters a' flooded the lower deck already, we're sinking like a pig o'lead!" said the dismayed carpenter, who had run to bring this disastrous intelligence.

"Hush, sir!—not a word—stand by me—don't attempt to move a peg, or yield up the sounding-rod—lest I blow your brains out!—Tarpaulin, my lad, quick, jump aft, clap the crews of the four after guns to the pumps, and see that they work body and soul at them. Then take the tiller in your hand and steer as I give the conn—First, up with it hard a weather!"

"Ay, ay, your Honour!" growled Tim, springing aft to execute his orders like a tiger on his prey.

"Get ready, my boys, to fling a hawser on board as we bear down on that vessel to leeward," said Croiser to those around, his voice as calm as though no danger were at hand, while the increased sternness of its tone permitted none to hesitate in obedience. "Keep a sharp look-out for the next flash, to see where she is."

"You're not a going to board her, sir?" demanded one of the seamen in a tone of considerable apprehension.

"Yes, to be sure I am!"

"Why, sir, she's a clean wreck!"

"Pooh! she's merely lost her topmasts."

"Well, sir, if I may make so bold, I don't think she's a fit"——

"Silence, sir—if you can obey my orders, it's as much as you can do. So—there she is! Now we begin to pay off. Steady,—so—Tarpaulin, hard a weather yet. Now where is she?"

"Here, sir, very nigh, close aboard of us, on the lee bow."

"Ay, ay! Right your helm aft there. So—starboard, steady as you go. Ship—ahoy!" shouted Croiser through his trumpet, at the full

pitch of his powerful voice, while the clear distinct tones were hurled along by the tempest.

“Heighten your key,” said Rannolini, “it mingles too much with the wind.”

“Ship—ahoy!” repeated Croiser in a shriller voice. All was silent on board her. A vivid flash of lightning broke from above, and revealed distinctly to their view a large black hull. She was low in the water, her mizen was gone, her maintopmast carried away in the centre, with the same spar at the fore entirely gone, the yards that still hung to the masts seemed on the point of falling, while her jib-boom, also carried away, was towing by its cordage alongside; streamers composed of her tattered ringing, and the strips of canvass yet adhering to the yards, were seen in every direction waving wildly in the gale. Not the slightest appearance of a human form was to be seen—with every fleeting moment she appeared to be gradually drawing closer to them.

Again Croiser hailed, exerting his utmost energies to be heard —“Ship—ahoy! In the name of the king—answer;—or we’ll fire into you?” then to his own men, “Cast loose this bow-gun. Here, carpen-

ter, fly to the lower deck—see if the water gains on us; don't be flurried, but mark it accurately, and come straight to me—begone! Have any of you heard her answer?" addressing the men around.

"No, sir, there's little fear of that!" gravely replied the captain of the gun, shaking his head, while the sight of the approaching wreck had bleached his features more effectually than all the preceding dangers.

"Quick, now, none of your galley nonsense! Are you ready? Fire into her then, or rather let it be over her, or in her upper works."

"Bad luck to the hour, sir," returned the seaman, touching his hat with much diffidence, "it's no use firing into the like of her; ye might as well fight an action without shot."

"Why—why? you old fool! what d'ye think she's made of? *Fire*—I say, on this instant, or I'll do it myself."

"Well, sir, I'm perfectly agreeable!" returned the seaman, pretending to misunderstand, and resigning the port-fire into his commander's hand.

Croiser took it without a word; quickly bending down, he ran his eye along the sight—"Elevate a little—and train to the right—so—out of the way

—now!" The flash which burst forth with its accompanying smoke, was swiftly rolled aside. The sailors beheld the shot dash up a jet of foam immediately before her.

"That's into her, sure enough! if she's to be touched with them things," remarked the seaman as he watched in vain for the slightest effect.

"Hold your tongue, you dastardly coward! and get out of my way, lest I cut you into ribbands!"

"'Coward' sir! I'm sorry to hear that—I fear no flesh and blood, or any thing that's made by hands:—but I'll fire no gun 'gainst any thing of the other world, for that's sure to bring down bad luck; but if your honour sees fit to cut me down, I'm very agreeable, that's in the way of duty, and after all 'twould but be helping a poor fellow, belike, from a worse death!"

"Well, then, you're an old fool! so get away. Ah! here's the carpenter. Well, how's the water on the lower deck? Speak low!"

"Risen a foot, sir!—we'll be down in ten minutes."

"Not a word more—move at your peril! M. Rannolini," continued Croiser, turning to the so-

reigner, "we're sinking; we have no alternative but to board this vessel, the crew of which I suspect have got tipsy. Will you take charge of Charlotte?"

"I have already done so," replied Rannolini.

"Very good. Gentlemen, you must be prepared to save yourselves by getting on board in the best way you can. Who has charge of Lady Sapphira?"

"I have," answered Nathaniel, who supported her in his arms, she being senseless from hysterics that only added to the confusion.

They were now within a few yards of the vessel. Determined to fulfil his duty to the last, Croiser paused to consider how he should act. It was his place to see every one safe out of the Pearl. But Margarita—the feelings connected with her in this dreadful hour were bitter, yet inexpressibly dear—he would first see her in safety, and then execute his difficult task.

"Here, my men, one of you take a rope round your waist and jump on board that craft!" He had no sooner given the order than every man around him slunk away. "The cowardly rascals!" he muttered, stamping his foot as some indistinct

expressions of "determination never to board the Flying Dutchman" revealed to him too truly what was the source of their defection. "Here, Carpenter, if you're not as craven-hearted as the rest—quick, slip this running knot round your body and leap on board."

"I, sir; Lor! I'm a cripple!" replied the man, shivering as if with an ague.

The peril was imminent. "Oh, you *fools*, to fly from shadows into actual danger—I must do it myself!"

Within the space of a few seconds he had secured the fall of the jib-halliards to his body and sheathing his sword, had given the speaking-trumpet to Margarita to hold. She was standing by his side. As he turned towards her, and beheld her there unshrinking in the midst of all this danger, her luxuriant hair streaming in the wind, while her pale face was visible in the horrid gloom of the night, he half forgot his duty in the admiration of her patient courage. It was momentary—the strange vessel was on the point of touching—all Margiée's attention seemed fixed on him; he took her hand—it trembled not—he pressed it quickly and ardently to his lips, and

holding her light form securely in his left arm, prepared to take the leap.

"Stay!" said Rannolini, placing his hand on Croiser's shoulder. "With the vessel tossing in this manner there is great danger; surely you had better leave Margarita here, until you ascertain if there's a safe footing?"

An expression of anguish passed rapidly over Croiser's features at this question. With her he could have leaped contentedly, had it been into the very jaws of death. There appeared but little chance of being saved—why then lose the bliss of dying in each other's arms? But there was a chance; it was therefore his duty to give her the benefit of it: it would be selfish to do otherwise! But she had heard Rannolini's remark, and yet she neither disengaged herself from his embrace, nor relinquished the firm grasp which her right hand had taken of his sword-belt. Her head was still reclining on his shoulder—he looked in her face, saying, with much emotion, "Which do you prefer?"

Death was before her—she had but little hope of escape—she was supported by one of whose devotion she had touching proof; and in her

heart there was a voice that pleaded no less tenderly for him. No wonder then, at that moment, the true impulse of her soul overcame the barrier of female reserve—her reply was scarcely distinct, as she murmured in his ear, "With you!" Volumes could not have expressed more, or imparted greater delight. Drawing her still closer towards him, until her cold forehead touched his burning lip, he sprang away from the bulwark of his fore-castle, just as the *Pearl* rose on the crest of a wave.

Urged by every thing that can stimulate man's energies, his whole soul had been put forth with that exertion, so that he came with considerable violence against the main-shrouds of the strange wreck, the greater part of which yet remained standing. His first inquiry was if Margarita had been hurt. Fortunately this was not the case, as his form had been interposed in the contact. Quickly descending to the deck, which appeared totally deserted, he loosened the rope from his body, and made it fast to the vessel. For a few seconds he appeared to be contemplating a return to the *Pearl*. Margarita discerned his thoughts, and clinging once more to his arm, said, "For

Heaven's sake do not leave me, or if you must go, take me with you!"

"No, I will never leave you!" he returned, as he reflected, "their cowardice obliged me to come first, I am therefore free to remain." Five minutes had by this time elapsed since he received the carpenter's report, according to which the Pearl had only a second duration of that period to float. Every second was a matter of life and death. He had instructed Rannolini, that on the instant when he beheld him safe on the strange vessel, he was to knot the end of the jib-halliards—which he was to cut from the running part—to the hawser, placed close at hand. This being done, Croiser pulled it towards him, making it fast in-board. Springing up on the bulwarks, he applied the speaking-trumpet to his mouth—"Tarpaulin, ahoy!"—A few seconds elapsed.

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"Jump forward on the forecastle, and help over into this vessel all the passengers—lash your helm a-lee so as to bring her alongside, fling out a grapnel from your quarter as a warp, and come on board here every one of you—the Pearl is sinking!"

Owing to the tumult which now raged, and Croiser being to leeward, only the first part of his message was heard, which Tarpaulin at once jumped forward to execute. Having hauled on the hawser so as to bring the Pearl's bow close to the gangway of the strange wreck, Rannolini and his fair young friend, Charlotte, were soon got on board by the aid of Nine-fathom Tim. The Rev. Nathaniel and Lady Sapphira were also transported, though with a little more difficulty; but the marvellous Captain and the wonderful Major were not to be found.

Croiser having assisted in getting over Rannolini, appeared to view in his safety a release from half his dangers. "Where's the Captain, Tarpaulin? and where's the Major?" inquired he.

"They're not within hail, sir—the skipper, he's absent without leave; and as for ould Pega, he's stuck hard and fast, I don't doubt it, 'twixt some of the seams, for they begin to open."

"Come, come, Tarpaulin, why don't you send over the ship's company?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Tim, not knowing that the order had been given before. He had just turned round to repeat it to the men, when he

saw them coming forward in a body to the fore-castle, roaring out, "Cast her off—cut her adrift!"

"Come, my lads!" cried Tarpaulin, "the Captain's a waiting for you on board, there, jump on board as quick as you can—first come, first served."

"'Jump on-board?'" returned two or three. "D'ye think we're so green as not to be up to Ould Nick? That's no ship that you see there—that's the Flying Dutchman, if ever Flying Dutchman was seen. Cast her off! cut the tow—she's only sinking us by laying alongside—it's a trap of the Ould One to catch us aboard, and then go down!"

Tarpaulin was astounded at their superstitious madness, and endeavoured to reason with them; but it was in vain. The report had been spread by those who first saw her; terror, danger, and the terrific scene had unhinged their minds sufficiently to give it credence.

The water was now gaining on them with great rapidity, the waves dashed over her with unceasing fury—her heavy hull laboured more and more over the billows, the motion of which occasionally buried her bow in water. Several of the crew,

intent on getting away from the fancied Dutchman, had seized the tomahawks from over the guns to sever the hawser that still connected the vessels. One man had his arm raised to give the fatal stroke, when Tarpaulin seized him by the collar, lifted the offender clear off the deck, and flung him sprawling among the rest of his infatuated shipmates, saying at the same time, "'Vast heaving, you griffin—you and I's fish and fowl. I'd rather have a Dutch ship than none at all! Well my old shipmates, if ye won't come aboard, my advice is—hoist your boats out, and look sharp, for if ye *do* go to sleep over it, ye'll be slinging your cots to-night in Davy Jones's locker; and as to going there, why that's a journey I would'nt recommend to a young greyhound." Then turning about, he took one step back, to put his vast bulk in motion, and in the next moment sprang through the air to fasten on the stranger's shrouds, like a cat—by all fours.

CHAPTER XI.

“ A gallant bark hath left the bay,
O'er trackless seas to roam;
And bounds along her watery way,
Yet ne'er shall reach her home.”

FORSYTH.

TARPAULIN had no sooner gained a place of refuge in safety, than he faced about, as if to take a final view of his tight little craft before she went down. While thus mournfully engaged, he heard the cry of some one on-board the sinking schooner. “ Help me—oh help me! Captain Croiser!”

The men had cut the hawser adrift, and by the still continued flashes of lightning Tarpaulin beheld Bombast struggling through the crew on the forecastle, in order to get on board the stranger, from which the Pearl was just separating. Already she was two yards asunder. On

seeing this, Bombast paused, uttering piercing cries for help, which it was impossible to afford him.

Tarpaulin seeing his situation, hailed him—
“Look sharp and run out along the bowsprit—your jib-boom’s still foul of our fore rigging!”

Taking this timely advice, he crept out as quickly as his almost forgotten seamanship permitted, and succeeded in reaching his destination, just as Puff, that *Achates fidelis*, made his appearance on the forecastle, in still greater distress. The distance between the vessels was now of course increased—he was afraid to follow his friend Bombast; first, because his wooden member would be so unruly, and next, because, not having been brought up at sea, he was unpossessed even of Bombast’s small share of nautical dexterity. In this dilemma he stood with much lamentation—looking first at the bowsprit, then at the strange vessel—then feeling his pockets behind, at the same time losing each precious second that flitted irrecoverably past, while the vessels continued to widen.

This separation was still going on, and seemed likely to continue till it was too late to save him;

Tarpaulin therefore, extending his arms, bawled out, "Go it, old Pegs! now! Go it and jump over; I'll catch you," at this moment the Pearl was lifted up on a wave—the opportunity was most favourable, in another instant she might fall off too far for the attempt. Mustering a momentary courage, he sprang, but his usual timidity overtaking him at the fatal crisis, it checked his career, and Tim with outstretched arms beheld him plunge into the trembling waves beneath! "Augh! you're a natural fool," growled the wrathful Tarpaulin, shaking his fist at the unfortunate imbecile struggling below. Turning quickly round, he seized a coil of the stoutest rope which was hanging on the belaying pins of the mainrigging, and taking a close hitch round his wrist, he dropped himself into the sea at the peril of his life, since to a swimmer less expert and Herculean than himself such a course would have been instant death. This was not, however, the first time that Tim had been obliged to swim for his life in a gale of wind, and having perfect possession of himself, he managed to lay hold of Puff's collar just as he was setting off on that journey, which according to Tim's account, was not to be recommended even to 'a young

greyhound.' He now hauled himself to the gangway, and watching his time when she rolled over to leeward, he thrust his powerful hand into one of the clefts of the gangway steps, where his vast strength enabled him to maintain his position while she rolled to windward.

Supporting his feet on the steps below, he now gave his burden a shake, saying, "Come ye ould Griffin! look about ye! Bear a hand up the side, and take care ye don't go tumbling overboard again, for hang me if I pick you up." Much to his surprise, however, Puff neither moved nor spoke, so taking him in-board, he laid him on the booms. In doing this there appeared to be something very heavy in the Wonderful Major's coat pocket. "Holloa! what have we here?" said Tim as his eyes sparkled. "A prize by Jove!" pulling forth a long-necked bottle of Cognac brandy. "Come, this fellow's worth more than I thought after all"—stowing it away about his capacious person. "Let's try the other tack. Holloa, missed stays! No no holds her own all right!" and pulling a second from the other pocket, which as he stowed away, he muttered, "Now that's what I call salvage! It'll dry a fellow's wet jacket. What

the deuce is this?" taking out a brown paper parcel which he unwrapped, "bread and beef—in pickle," he added, seeing how completely it was soaked in the salt water. "Well, the old fellow seems to a know'd that he was going on a sea-voyage, he's vittalled for a blue water cruise—very good stuff I dare say, but tishn't in my way—so I'll shove it into his after hatch again—I scorn to be dishonest. Let me see! Shall I rouse the old boy? Ehem! that would look 'spicious-like—so I'll just turn him bung down, to let the salt water run out, and he can come to at his leisure—or stay though! fair exchange is no robbery, as I've repaid myself in his brandy, I may as well give him a drop of schnapps to comfort his kidneys. Here, where are ye, old Sal?" In answer to this self inquiry, he drew forth that respectable lady of metal, and filling a brimming cup, found no difficulty in pouring it down Puff's throat. When convinced that it was swallowed, he turned the militia-man face downwards, saying, "I wonder if the Griffin 'll be raw enough to let that slip out 'long with the brine! If-so-be he does, it 'll sarve un right, for he must be a fool not to have any 'scrimination 'twixt Dutch gin and salt water!" and with this

logical conclusion he walked off to the forecastle, where he saw Croiser and the rest of the passengers.

As Tarpaulin went forward, he patted his hand over the bottle of brandy, mumbling after his manner, "Now that's what I calls a catch on a windy morning like this, with my poor ould grog-case, under sailing orders for Davy Jones. Ay, and as good a two hunner pounds worth of lace and toggery as ever a fellow stowed under his jacket—and all my spare rhino gone too—that's agen my grain, tho'f to be sure I'll make it up on the other tack some day. But as to my ould grog-case, that's a devil of a go surely,—that's a reg'lar pauler—I wouldn't have missed that for all the lace in Brushalls—I wonder if the old craft's gone down yet?" Quickening his steps as this occurred to him, he sprang up on the weather bulwark behind Croiser and the rest.

Nearly ten minutes had now elapsed since the two vessels had been cut adrift, and Croiser was beginning to fear that the carpenter's fright might have deceived him respecting the state of the Pearl, and that he might have been precipitate in bringing Margarita and the others from a beautiful little

sea-boat into what was almost a wreck. There was at this time a distance of at least twenty yards between the two vessels; the flashes of lightning still continued to reveal the Pearl's position, and to all appearance she was in much the same state as when they left her; the sound of many voices commanding, was borne distinctly to leeward. Presently it increased—it rose—became louder—more wild—more shrill, until it seemed to swell and gather into an agonized shriek, and then was hushed.

“There she goes!” said Croiser, who, with his hands clasped so as to afford a focus for his eyes, saw, or fancied he saw her tall and graceful masts fall gradually over to leeward into the deadly embrace of the wild element beneath. Once more the electric flash poured its dazzling light upon the bosom of the waters, and then they found themselves alone! Around them tumbled the surging billows in angry strife with the gale sweeping over them, their foamy crests reflecting back the fearful fires of Heaven that in this dance of death skipped from wave to wave. But in all this scene, the graceful form of the Pearl of the Ocean, which had so lately swam there in all her pride

and beauty, was no longer to be seen. Her last voyage had been taken! "full fifty fathom down" she lay, and scattered round her, the bodies of her gallant, but superstitious crew.

Thrice the survivors waited for the return of the lightning to confirm their suspicions before they spoke. "*This* is the realization of my presentiment!" said Rannolini, mournfully, laying his hand on Croiser's shoulder.

"Too true!" returned the latter with considerable emotion, in French; then adding in his native tongue, "Poor fellows, they're all gone!—and—amongst them, one I have valued for years, honest old heart!" while a tear glistened in his eye. "I would not have lost him for the brightest jewel in England's crown. Poor Tim—poor Tarpaulin—he's gone too!"

"Urh!" blubbered some gruff voice from behind, "but, axing your honour's pardon, he's not so green as to leave a good skipper for Davy Jones on such a windy morning!"

At those well-known accents, Croiser instantly turned his head, and to his inexpressible joy all his fears were dispelled. It was indeed Nine-fathom Tim! Past and present dangers were for-

gotten. Thrusting forth his hand, he seized that of his old shipmate, saying, "What then, you old vagabond, you're really here—and how have you managed to escape?"

"Pretty well, your honour! pretty well, thank ye!" returned Tim, affected with the kindness of his captain, "all things considered; 'septin ye see, your honour, I've lost my ould grog-case!"

"What—Sal?"

"No, no, your honour! Not so bad as that neither! No, my ould case what your honour remembers was made out of the Pomony* by my ould messmate Bill Shakings. He was cast away, poor chap, off the coast of Africky!"

"Well, well, Tim, if that's all, we can give you a better one when we get ashore."

"Ay, ay, your honour, belike you'll give me a better one, or a gold 'un for the matter o' that; but it won't have been made by Bill Shakings, nor have been with me calm and squall, high or low, nor have kept my old mother's tea; for ye see, the good 'oman used it as a tea-chest for many's the long day, when I left it, like the Dutchman's au-

* Pomona.

clear, at home, till, as your honour knows, she set off to Dory Jones from Portsmouth harbour one cold morning—let alone beside all this, having held more rain good lucker than ever I shall drink again—more's the sorrow! Will your honour have a drop of something about this cold morning?" proffering a dram of spirit in the top of his "Sol Modest."

"Not now, thank ye, Tim."

"Uhm—that's bad illness in your honour!" tussling it off himself; then passing gravely, while he knit his brows, "but after all, I'm a thinking 'tis somewhat hard-hearted to be piping about an cold grog-cant, when there's so many a brave chap
gone down in our tide. Safe harbor to windward

"Well then, let's look about us, I dare say we shall find the crew of this craft all below as tipsy as thieves."

"Why as to that, your honour, I think they've deserted the poor vessel; for any how it seems they've hoisted out the boats!"

Croiser started at this observation, and turned to Margarita to inquire how she felt. The latter did not speak nor raise her head from his shoulder, where, covered with her hands, she had hid her face, so as not to see the sinking of the Pearl. Croiser began to be alarmed, though he could feel the pulsations of her heart as it throbbed near his own. "Margarita—dearest Margarita!" She looked up, and Croiser inquired, "How are you, Margarita? Are you cold or wet?"

"Nothing to signify, I thank you; though I should be very glad to go below, if it be possible!"

"You shall do so immediately. I will get down and assist you to do the same."

Having placed Margarita in safety on the deck, he turned to Rannolini. "I fear we must make the most of what the Fates send. Suppose we go below and examine the cabins? The ladies once disposed of, we must see what can be done to-

wards making some sail on this hulk, for we have a fair wind."

"Thou art right, Croiser; it is on action that we must rely. We will descend. Now, Mademoiselle Charlotte, suppose we go below?"

"Ah Captain Croiser! there is always a great deal of sense in your remarks," chimed in Bombast; "it can be no manner of use our staying up here, in such a gale: never saw such a gale since my passage home from the Longbow Islands! A most disastrous affair this! most disastrous! To think of poor Puff being lost too—and all through his own timidity. But Puff, it must be confessed, though in other respects a

ungrateful slanderer—thus to—to—attack me when I'm dead—or rather that's to say when you thought I was dead! I to whom you owe so much! I who've said so much more in your favour than you ever deserved. I who have paid you shilling after shilling for your twice-laid articles that were nothing more than a day's log at the first. I,—I say who have allowed you to write puff after puff, and criticism after criticism on your own exaggerated works—to call me, sir, a man of weak nerves! It's a falsehood, sir, you know it! I'm not of weak nerves!"

"Of weak nerves? No, Major! he should have said of weak understanding," interrupted Charlotte, as Puff in his hurry to approach Bombast, put his wooden member through one of the holes in the waist grating, and slid down like a man on one knee, while the marvellous captain startled at this sudden resurrection of his "dear friend," took to his heels round the forecastle, firmly believing that it could be nothing less than Puff's ghost. This incident having temporarily diverted the gloom of the party, they raised the militia-man from his state of abasement, and endeavoured to assuage his wrath by showing him the folly of

expecting in this world to meet with "a friend" who would not take every opportunity of calumniating him when his back was turned, whether in death or otherwise.

Having in some sort reconciled this worthy pair, or at least neutralized the effects of their anger, they proceeded on a voyage of discovery below; Tarpaulin went down the after hatchway first. He had not reached more than half way to the bottom, when he started back, exclaiming, "Hol-loa! why what's here? Stand back, Captain Croiser, till I see what's the matter!" Tarpaulin then descended to the deck below, merely put his head under the hatches, and then instantly returned to his commander. His face, had there been sufficient light, would have foretold some new disaster; as it was, the solemn change in his voice startled his young commander, who even then was not prepared to hear Tim's sad intelligence. Speaking in a whisper, lest it might frighten Margarita, he said "Save us, your honour! we've jumped out of one mess into another; this rip of a vessel is water-logged—she's got three feet of salt brine on her deck below. I don't expect she's a clear half-hour to live!"

Croiser remained silent—he was petrified with the sudden blow which this gave to all his hopes. Better to have perished in his own vessel, surrounded by his gallant crew, than have come here to meet a worse, because a more lingering fate with the additional horror of having seen all his comrades go down within hail—of having heard their last death agonies!

“What does he say?” inquired Rannolini, who had seen Tarpaulin communicate something to his commander, and had witnessed its effect. Croiser briefly repeated it.

“Bah! this is unfortunate—I had thought the worst was past! ‘Three feet of water,’ say you? Then she must soon go down. To think of being drowned in such a tub of a vessel as this! Is it not annoying? Well come, there’s no time to be lost. It is our duty to do all that is possible. What say you?—you have had a naval education—what step ought we to take?”

“Alas! I scarcely know—her boats are all gone.”

“Well then, it is clear we have nothing to which we can trust, except a raft. Let us set to work this instant; and do thou, Croiser, spur

up these missions, and make them useful for men."

"What is the matter, Captain Cairn?" inquired Whymmer, almost at the secret conversation between him, Esposito, and Ramolani. "For Heaven's sake tell me all. I can bear any thing better than suspense. Are we in the hands of enemies? Are any poor people killed below?"

"Don't be," exclaimed Puff and Bombast, coming back from the hatchway—"killed"?—what people mentioned below?"

"No, gentlemen, we have nothing of that sort to fear."

with composure, this fresh and still more terrible summons from the bright gaieties of life, when seemingly on the point of being restored to them, and was therefore considerably affected by it. Rannolini endeavoured to soothe her with all that kindness which was so natural to him, and undertook the charge of the sisters while Croiser set to work with his companions in forming a raft. Margarita was still herself; her hopes had not been extravagantly raised, neither were they now depressed. She viewed her approaching end with the same unflinching calmness that she had evinced under the agonies of starvation, while a secret pleasure reigned in her heart at being in the society of him she loved. While his figure was sufficiently near, it was on him that her eyes were fixed, when his duty called him to another part of the deck, it was his voice that her ear was strained to catch.

Croiser's first step was to muster his force: it consisted of Tarpaulin and himself, Bombast, Puff, and Garnet, who had been sufficiently free from superstitious terror to follow the passengers from the sinking vessel. Every thing depended on their activity, and on this night it was put to the severest test.

"Tarpaulin, my boy!" said Croiser, "have you your knife about you?"

"Have I my head on my shoulders, sir?"

"Yes, and it's nearly as thick as your steel; so turn to and cut adrift these booms on both sides for your life. See that all the spars are clear of any lashing to the deck, which can drag them down when the old craft founders. Then take all the largest, such as the spare topmasts, topsail-yards, and studding-sail booms, and pass a secure lashing athwart them all, in half a dozen places. While you're doing this, Garnet and myself will lash these dozen spare oars at top and bottom, to keep them from coming together. You, Captain Bombast, will be kind enough to unstow all the hammocks from the nettings, and bring them to us; while Major Puff will unship all the waist and quarter-deck sky-light gratings, and convey them here. If you move yourselves quickly, we may yet form a raft that will stand the sea, before she settles down."

Inspired by the master-spirits that directed them, the subordinates fagged with the energy of men, who, on the brink of destruction, can yet discern some chances of redemption. Rannolini with his fair protégées, stood under the lee of the

mainmast, viewing the work as it proceeded just before him, and from time to time pointing out any improvement that his universal genius suggested.

Half an hour had elapsed, the work was proceeding with uninterrupted ardour, and though the vessel had evidently sunk during that period, yet the slowness with which the water gained on her hull, gave them increased hopes of finishing their raft.

“Courage, my Croiser! Courage! Nothing is absolutely denied to perseverance. How art thou getting on at the other end? It is so dark that I cannot see! What is my old Atlas about?”

“Oh, he is working bravely, we have secured all the longitudinal spars together, as well as the layer across: over the latter you see we have lashed these small gratings, they come in capitally to form a continuous platform. Luckily for us they have left their painted canvass boat-cover behind them, and that, together with the boom cloth spread over the gratings, will keep the water from penetrating beneath. Above will come this layer of junk, and over all will be laid the bedding from these twenty hammocks, the blankets and canvass

of which will keep us pretty well sheltered from the cold!"

"Come, come, this is famous! Who would despair when so much may be gained by exertion? Croiser, thou wert born to command a fleet! But it strikes me, that if yonder thick rope," pointing to the mainstay, "is allowed to remain, it may come across our raft and drag it down!"

"True! Tarpaulin shall cut it away. Tarpaulin, do you jump forward presently and cut away the main and main-spring stays!"

"Ay, ay, your Honour, just wait a bit while I put a few finishing stitches into this matter for'ard here. I'm just a seizing the bedding down, and when that's finished, we may clap on your tinpot faces at the worst of it."

The moment at length arrived when it was finished. Croiser having gone round and minutely inspected every part, returned with the utmost joy to announce to Margarita that it was now ready for the reception of those whose lives were to be entrusted to its stability.

CHAPTER XII.

"Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, any thing: the wills above be done! But I would fain die a dry death—Speak to the mariners, fall to't yarely."

TEMPEST.

THE reader must not suppose, because I have gone on describing very quietly the progress of this invention, that it was accomplished under favourable circumstances; on the contrary, the wind, though not so violent as it had threatened to be, still lashed the waves around them into considerable fury, so that the latter often broke over the deck where they were. For the last half hour also, a drizzling rain had come on, though as Tim remarked, "It wasn't necessary to their safety or comfort, since the spray was enough to wet a man through to the *bone*." In consequence of

this, he had himself indulged in one or two potations from the lady of his lips, and had advised his commander "to sarve out an extra allowance of grog to the young ladies abaft, as well as to that Johnny Crappo ; who to be sure—bating that he was a Frenchman,—was a gemman every inch of him."

Besides this attention to their wants, Croiser had also wrapped a couple of blankets round the persons of each of the ladies, when the hammocks were first unstowed. They now took their seats on the raft. The sisters were placed in the middle, Rannolini still by the side of Charlotte, and Croiser by that of Margarita ; Lady Sapphira and Nathaniel before ; Tarpaulin, Garnet, Bombast, and Puff behind. In this way they sat for some time, talking as well as the incessant roar of the elements would permit them, until Tarpaulin seeing that "the young ladies" had some difficulty in adjusting their temporary mantles around their persons, begged permission to act in the capacity of habit-maker, and producing his case of sail-needles from some of his capacious pockets, soon sewed the sides of two blankets together, so that they were then large enough for a convenient cloak.

Having lent a needle to Croiser, and another to Garnet, the whole party were soon equipped with the same rough but serviceable habiliment.

"Well done, Tarpaulin!" said Croiser, "that was a good idea of yours, what"—

"Here we go! Hold taut, my lads!" interrupted Tarpaulin, giving the note of preparation as the sudden rush of water up the hatchways, proclaimed the vessel on the point of sinking—a tremendous sea at that moment struck her on the bow, and while it poured its volumes of water with resistless fury along her decks, she trembled violently for a few seconds, the water bubbled up from below, and her bulwarks gradually settled in the waves, which now broke over them, and presented on every side a ridge of foam that frothed and swelled around the raft floating in the centre.

No sooner did Lady Sapphira feel the water rushing on her in all directions, and comprehend the instant peril which that scene so plainly bespoke, than she uttered the most piercing shrieks. These terrified Bombast and Puff to that degree, that they joined in them; Margarita and Charlotte were silent, and contented themselves with clinging to those who had undertaken to be their pro-

tectors, while Garnet and Tarpaulin prepared to execute any orders which they might receive, and bent all their attention to the difficult part they had to play in getting clear of the foundering hull.

This state of things lasted for two minutes, and when the first excitation of the moment had subsided, their extreme surprise was called forth by the fact of the hull not having sunk—there she remained *in statu quo*—her deck completely flooded, and the sea breaking over her hammock sails! Now she rose a little, again she sunk. “Now then she’s going!” No—once more she rose, this lasted for five minutes.

“Well, I begin to think them fellows had some sense in them after all,” said Tim. “This may be a Dutch ship, but she isn’t an English one to be so much afeard of the bottom!”

“Oh!” replied Garnet, “she’ll go presently. Don’t be making yourself unaisy, Tim! May be there’s some air confined ’tween decks, that’s keeping her up!”

“Ay, ay, very likely; may be as you say, the ould lady’s got the wind—or the colic for any thing I know—with so much salt water, like enough—this I know, if she hasn’t I have—will

ye have a drop of something short, Bo, till this craft makes sail and leaves us a little sea-room?"

"Come, Master Tarpaulin," said Croiser, "do not keep all that to yourself; but hand a little here."

"Ay, ay, your Honour, you may take my word for it this is the very best of companions on such a voyage of discovery. Here, your Honour, here's a bottle of brandy."

"Why, I do declare that's one of mine," interrupted Puff.

"One of your's? Pooh, how should it be one of your's, when you've a been overboard? Didn't I see your cargo drop out as I hauled you up the side?"

"Did it? How provoking!"

"Oh, yes!" added Bombast, "Tarpaulin says what is quite correct, I saw them fall myself."

"Well, well, gentlemen, these are minor points, here it is for the good of us all. Tarpaulin, lend me your little cup." This being rinsed, it was filled with spirit, and given to each of the ladies, then to Rannoch and the rest of the party.

"Surely, Croiser," said the *barometer*, "it is very odd that this vessel *does not sink*—most singular, I cannot make it out—*blay*, my friend,

I have it. Of what is her cargo composed? Surely she must be a timber ship!"

"You are right! by Jove you are right! That must indeed be it: and now I think of it, she bears every external appearance of being such. Tarpaulin, my lad, give us your opinion on the subject. This gentleman says that the cargo below must be timber, and that's the reason she doesn't sink!"

"Hah! He does—does he, your Honour?" answered Tim quickly. "Then tell him, with my service, he's a knowing chap for a Frenchman—to think of his having found that out first! That goes against my grain—why, your Honour, you and I have been asleep! But he's right after all; he's right! She is a timber-hulk by her build. I thought she was very long in the waist for an ordinary trader." A few minutes more of reflection convinced them that they were correct in their conjecture, and this being the case, it was incumbent on them to pursue another course.

Croiser now saw that Rannolini's advice as to forming a raft, had been the most correct that could possibly have been offered, since without it they would have been unable to have kept their

feet on the upper deck, over which there was not unfrequently half a fathom of water. Even as it was, they were completely drenched on the raft, and by the extreme motion of the vessel the water constantly flowed over it, and sometimes dashed it against the waist bulwark, with a force that threatened to carry all before it. To prevent this some more ropes were cut away from what remained of the rigging, and were made to serve as gilguys that kept the raft in its place. They were now pretty sure that they could not go down, unless their surmise as to the nature of the cargo had been incorrect; and inspirited by this conviction, Croiser drew upon the abundant resources of his invention with redoubled ardour.

“What does not now depend upon me?” said he internally. “Think on Rannolini! Think on Margarita!” also whispered his heart. “Think that her gentle form, still weak from her recent sufferings and privation, is now exposed to the inclement blast, and the relentless fury of the waves! Think what a claim on her young heart to have saved her from such a fate!”—it needed not to think of more. He sprang up from the raft, saying, “Come, Tarpaulin, my boy; and

you also, Garnet, let us see what we can do towards getting this old log under some sail. By the dead reckoning of yesterday noon, as well as by observation, we cannot be so far off from our port."

"I'm glad to hear it, your Honour! for I think myself we've a had enough o' this for a change. Come, Garnet, bo, jump up, and mind to hold your own as you go about these decks, or you may soon be whipped off! As for me, you know this is nothing to a chap that's stood for hours in nine fathom of water, and not enough to drown him after all!"

"Tarpaulin, do you take the eye of the main-stay, the lashing of which you cut away some time since; go forward with it, and lash it to the starboard bow-port. Garnet, do you take the spring-stay, and do the same on the other side; while I stitch two or three of these hammocks on a bolt-rope for a sail. Tarpaulin, lend me your neddles and twine."

"Ay, ay, your Honour! here they are; but please to have a care how your honour expends them, as we haven't uncle George's stores in the yard to draw upon."

The men then set to work on their appointed duty; this finished, they returned to help Croiser, and in a short time the fore-yard was secured, and four hammocks, two on each side of the mast stretched out to catch the gale. This accomplished, they had recourse to the same manœuvre on the main-yard, as soon as they had succeeded in getting her head before the wind.

In gales such as the one which is here described, it is almost inconceivable to the mind of a landsman how ships under bare poles—that is, without sails—should be propelled at the prodigious rate at which they have been known to go; instances are on record of its having amounted even to fifteen miles an hour. In a case like the present, however, where the ship was not built for fast sailing, and the circumstance of her being water-logged made her lie so low in the water, it could not be expected that she would go at a greater rate than seven miles an hour, even with her eight hammocks set as sails; they were therefore much delighted when Croiser was enabled by seeing the velocity with which the water flowed past them, to announce that such was their speed.

The binnacles were yet left on deck, and one of the compasses still fit for use; Tarpaulin was placed at the helm for the first hour, Garnet relieved him, and Croiser was to take it next. Preparatory to this he mounted to the foretop, where a joyful sight awaited him. Far away on the larboard bow he beheld, as the ship rose on the sea, the dull glimmer that proceeded from the Eddystone lighthouse. A shout of joy escaped him as he fixed his eyes on that well-known beacon, and hailed it as a promised restoration of life from above. Hastening down, he communicated these glad tidings to the party. Charlotte was overjoyed; Margarita said nothing, but the glance with which she returned his warm pressure of her hand, was to him worth a language of words.

"Eddystone lighthouse, eh, Croiser? Come, that's not so bad. On my map they mark it as some fifteen miles distant from Plymouth, is that right?"

"Very nearly, Monsieur. Perhaps it may be a little less."

"Bravo! when shall we be in there, Croiser? Thou art a prince of a sailor. Ladies, we

owe all to your gallant and handsome young friend—but for him we should now have been with those brave fellows that went down. Would to heaven that they were with us. But to look back is vain. Tell me, Croiser, when shall we arrive in Plymouth?"

"If every thing continues favourable, about nine in the morning—it is now nearly four."

"Here, Croiser, bend thy head to me," whispering, "you are sure you have those papers and those jewels safe?"

"Safe as myself," pointing to the square little case strapped round him.

"That is right! suppose we now give the ladies a little brandy. They must require it by this time. What a grand scene we have witnessed—how sublime is this storm even now! It is well worth while to have endured our hardships to have beheld such a war of elements, though," adding in a graver tone, "I know not that I would dare such a voyage again for such an end."

"Ah! Monsieur, grand as it is, it is nothing to what I have witnessed."

"No?—But no! I dare say it is not."

"Here, your honour," interrupted Tarpaulin,

"here's the brandy; will you serve it out? I dare say the ould Major's there, and the skipper can rummage out a little provisions, if they unstow their after-pouches, for it was foraging in your cabin, that kept 'em so much after time. They well nigh lost their passage!"

Here Puff protested he had nothing about him, wondering at the same time how Tarpaulin should have known anything about it. This protest was correct, for he had taken an opportunity when unseen, of devouring the provisions which Tim had returned to his pocket. Bombast, however, being of a more sordid disposition, yet possessed the greater part of his prey untouched, and not having been overboard like Puff, it was less wet. Being obliged to bring this forth, it fell into Rannolini's hands. He divided it into three portions, which he gave to Charlotte, Margiée, and Lady Sapphira, while the owner who was on the watch for his share, looked lamentably woe-begone at being thus disappointed.

Lady Sapphira's hysterics did not prevent her from dispatching her 'frustrum,' as she would have termed it, at once. The twins insisted on dividing their portions, of which no one however

would accept, save Puff and Bombast, who of all the party least required it. Soon the clouds lightening on their starboard quarter, proclaimed that the sun was once more approaching our hemisphere, though his bright beams were quenched with the mists through which he had to struggle.

No sun-rise, however glorious, was ever hailed with more enthusiastic feelings of delight ; as daylight strengthened, so the factitious luminary of man paled away, and in its place they now beheld the beautiful column of the Eddystone, rising from the circlet of foam that surrounded its base. At half-past six they passed this superb lighthouse, over the summit of which, the water was not unfrequently dashed, and then flung back into a wild jet of foam.

Rannolini gazed at this object long and ardently, until it was left behind ; he then sat down with a sigh, a mode which he sometimes used to express admiration and envy combined. Yet it was not a sigh in which those around could detect its origin, but a suppressed expiration of the breath that only bespoke his feelings to those accustomed to interpret his slightest meaning. With every mile over which their unwieldy bark was propelled, the

spirits of the party rose in proportion. Tarpaulin, in particular, contributed much to their amusement by his long stories and quaint remarks. Hour after hour passed, until they beheld Penlee Point on their lee bow, and on the other, the bluff precipitous rock of the Mewstone; with its millions of winged denizens covering its summit and screeching their wailing cries to the blast.

With considerable emotion, Margarita contemplated that inauspicious spot, to reach which they had first set out, and which they now beheld once more, after almost incredible hardships, while half of those beings in whose company she had last seen it, were no longer in existence. However, there was but a short space of time for such sombre reflections; they were rapidly approaching the shore. Already on the western side of the bay, they beheld the wild surges foaming on the rugged rocks that formed the boundaries of Mount Edgecumbe. Above these were seen the dark and twisted pine-trees, bending to the blast which swept over them in all its fury, till at length, the old grey ruins of the gothic tower stood forth to view on its barren hill.

As they were therefore compelled to run their

vessel on shore somewhere, and as it was utterly impossible to bring such a log to an anchor, Croiser naturally wished to choose some spot on the grounds from which the ladies might be easily conveyed to the house. For this purpose, Barn Pool appeared to be the most desirable place on account of its sheltered situation. But to the accomplishment of such a project there was a formidable difficulty. The reader will remember that in the middle of the sound lay St. Nicholas' Island, between the western extremity of which and the opposite point, jutting out from the Port Admiral's grounds, ran a line of rocks under water termed "the Bridge." The only time during which it was possible to pass over this impediment, was at or near high tide. There was to be sure a clear passage round the other end of St. Nicholas' Island, on the opposite side of the bay; but in such a gale, ten to one if the best equipped ship could come to the wind and hold her course sufficiently well to recross the bay between the island and the main, while in such a wreck of a vessel, it would be madness to attempt it, unless with the idea of being stranded under the Hoe to leeward, now exposed to the direct influence of the gale,

and with the almost certain chance of total destruction on the pointed rocks which fringed the base of this hill. The state of the tide therefore was a question of the greatest moment. Croiser having reflected, came to a decision himself, and then asked Tim for his calculation, to see if it would coincide. After puzzling for some time on his fingers, Tarpaulin asserted that there was yet half an hour's flood tide, which agreed so well with Croiser's opinion, that he determined to run the risk. With this resolution he walked aft to take the helm, and steered direct for the narrow passage between the island and Mount Edgecumbe. Before he went he gave the ladies in charge to Rannolini—begged them above all things to keep their seats, and left Garnet with them to obey any orders they might give.

Having the utmost reliance on the skill and judgment of Tarpaulin, he now took Tim aft with him to the helm. As they drifted in, their eyes encountered a sight but little calculated to allay the fears of people in their situation. The whole line of coast surrounding the sound, was one continuous line of white foam, dotted in numerous places with a dark spot, which the saddened eye

presently discovered to be a wreck. On the heights above each of these melancholy spectacles, were to be seen a crowd of persons attracted by curiosity or the hope of spoil, or a few with the charitable wish of proving serviceable to their fellow creatures. But in too many instances they were obliged to behold the last struggling in vain with the resistless might of the maddened elements, sucked by the insatiate wave into a watery tomb, or dashed in death upon the jagged rocks.

Turning his eye resolutely from every thing that could divert his attention, and bending all his faculties to the task which he had to execute, Croiser stood on the starboard side of the wheel that enabled him to steer the vessel, while Tim, more accustomed to the navigation of this dangerous passage, steadied the spokes to leeward, and helped to conn her course.

"Now, sir! give her a wee bit o' weather helm."

"Take care, Tim, and don't be rash."

"'Rash'? Not I, your honour! I could steer the best craft that ever swam under six hundred ton over this bridge and yet sleep sound and snoring all the while—steady! so, sir—now, your

honour, a leetle bit o' starboard again. I know this passage as well as e'er a water rat does his hole—now, starboard again, your honour. I just want to bring that blockhouse on with Dick Morris's quay, under Mount Wise—so, I've got him. Now, your honour, you bring that old green ruin on with yonder hummock, and I'll have her over the bridge in the twinkling of a bed post!"

"Very well, Tim."

"Steady, so, sir; steady. Why, your honour's sending Dick Morris's quay to 'no man's land.' Try back a bit, your honour."

"Why, then, I shall not be able to bring my bearings on right."

"Yes, you will, your honour—so—now. Is the hummock on, sir?"

"Yes, Tarpaulin."

"Now, then, sir—now look out. Hold fast; here's the rub. Here we go. *Hold on.* HAH! 'Vast—'vast heaving! *Right* your helm. *Right—right,* for your life, sir! We've struck!!" A tremendous shock, that made the immense mass of their vessel quiver from one end to the other, confirmed these dreadful words. A sea struck her weather-quarter, breaking furiously along the whole length

of her deck. A shriek arose from Lady Sapphira, anxious as usual, to distract her friend as much as possible. "*Down* with your helm. To leeward your honour! *down* with it! She's broaching to!" cried Tarpaulin, making the spokes of the wheel fly round with the greatest rapidity, while his gigantic form stood like a rock with the sea streaming from it as the waves retired.

"How is she now, Tarpaulin? Does she go off?"

"Not yet, your honour! We must wait a bit!"

"Now then look out, here comes another sea."

"Ay, and welcome, sir! Hold on! hold on like a young greyhound to his breakfast! Now then, your honour! *Right* the wheel again!—quick for the body and soul o' ye! Here she goes—we're off! Hurrah, my hearties, we're off! The sea that broke upon her stern outstripped in its force even the last—a grating sound was heard, as if an iron cable was running overboard—a second shock, and "She's free, your honour! she's free!" burst from the delighted Tarpaulin, as the ship once more slid off into deep water, and was urged forward on her course. "The tide was a little bit

lower than our reckoning, your honour, or I be bound, give me the time of tide and a craft that answers her helm a little more readily, and I'd make her spin over that bridge, blow high or low, I know!"

In a few minutes their vessel arrived in Barn Pool, where the first thing that Croiser beheld on shore was the Port Admiral, with all his servants. He had seen the vessel strike on the bridge, and had hurried out with his usual kindness to afford all the assistance in his power. On seeing her get afloat again, he rightly conjectured that she would most likely strike on some part of the grounds, though utterly unconscious of her precious freight

green ruin, as you call it; since we can do no better, endeavour to keep her so, while I jump forward, and prepare them for striking." In an instant he was on the raft, Margarita's hand was clasped in his, while with the other he retained a firm hold of a rope. "Hold fast!" said he, "every one of you; we are about to strike!" Scarcely had the words issued from his lips, when crash went her bow against the shore. Her motion once arrested, her stern became the mark for every wave; and propelled by such resistless force, she was at each stroke lifted higher up on the rocks, until one more furious than the rest struck her on the weather quarter, and drove her broadside-on upon the shore. As she could now go no higher, and the waves made a continual breach over her, their only care was to leave her as soon and as safely as possible.

They had been so far favoured in their site as to be cast immediately under the walls of the little battery, which, as the reader knows, was on the left of the harbour entrance. These walls once gained, and they were safe. The mode of doing this, however, was not very easy. In addition to their presenting a perpendicular sur-

face of ten feet, they were three or four yards distant, while the intervening space was filled with sharp craggy rocks, which the foam of the sea distinctly showed to general view, while it concealed the details necessary for obtaining a footing on them. The cat-fall still remained on deck. Attaching the end of this rope to the first heavy substance which they could find, Tarpanlin was instructed to fling it on shore, where the Port Admiral's men were directed to make it fast. This done, the fish-fall was taken and knotted into a pair of slings in the middle, which traversed the first rope; and one end of it being kept on board, the other was flung on shore.

The ready wit of the Port Admiral immediately understood this contrivance, and putting the last rope into the hands of his men, held them in readiness to run away with it. Croiser in order to give confidence risked his person the first, but as he was quite certain of its safety, he took Margarita with him. It was not for her, of course, to raise objections—nay, if the truth must be told, she would hardly have felt safe—certainly not happy, in the protection of another. Having seated himself firmly in the slings before-

mentioned, and seen that Margarita was in no danger of falling—the signal was given, and the men pulled them in; the slings gliding over the first cat-fall until they reached the walls of the battery, four or five feet above which the rope passed.

“Vast heaving, Boys!” said the Port Admiral, stepping forward with his usual gallantry, when, to his utter surprise, he found his youngest daughter in the person of her thus narrowly snatched from death. “What! Why—eh! What! Good Heaven! can it be possible?” exclaimed the brave veteran, folding her in his arms, while the tears chased one another over his cheeks, “Margiée! my old girl! my lost darling! is it you? Why, how the devil did you come here? — hang me if I could tell who it was leaping into my old arms. God bless my heart and soul, and there’s Chatty too! my poor dear Chatty!”

But it is unnecessary to detain the reader with any further detail. All were landed in safety, Croiser having gone back for Charlotte, and Rannolini being brought over in the arms of Nine-fathom-Tim himself. No sooner did Sir Richard behold the foreigner, than he demanded

of Tarpaulin in an under voice, "Who the deuce may we have here?"

"A capital chap, and a true bit of stuff, your honour!" answered Tim, eyeing the old officer, who had on his old glazed hat, great coat, and fisherman's boots, with unusual earnestness.

"'True stuff'! Why, odd rabbit, he's a Frenchman!"

"I'll answer for him. Nevertheless, your honour, Frenchman or no, he wouldn't make off I know, and leave a shipmate at low water, as some folks have done that I've met with."

"You! Oh! it is you, you long vagabond? and how have you been?"

"Umph! pretty well, sir, pretty well, thank ye—and how's your honour's stern-post by this time?"

"Hush! hush! you rogue! and pocket this," offering a *douceur*.

"None of that, thank ye, your honour, I rather spin a yarn with ye agen some day, and toss off a glass of good Schnapps to your honour's health, if-so-be it's all the same to you."

"Well, well, if it's there the land lies, you've

only to keep your mouth shut, and you may drink the sound dry if you like." And Sir Richard quickly joined his idolized children, too much rejoiced at their restoration to his arms, to entertain a thought which was not connected with the engrossing topic.

END OF VOL. II.

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FROM EVERY DARK UNHOLY PART;
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TO WIN HIM TO BE WISE AND GOOD;
HIS PATTERN, GUIDE, AND FRIEND TO BE,
AND GIVE HIM BACK THE HEAVEN HE FORFEITED FOR THEE."

UNKNOWN.

THE

PORT ADMIRAL;

A TALE OF THE WAR.

**BY THE AUTHOR OF
"CAVENDISH."**

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE PORT ADMIRAL,

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CHAPTER I.

“ At this hour

Lie at my mercy all my enemies,
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little
Follow and do me service.”

SHAKESPEARE.

GREAT as was the surprise which the Port Admiral experienced, at witnessing the return of his daughters in such a vessel, the reader will readily conceive that it in no way lessened his extreme joy at once more receiving them in safety. Folding first one in his arms, and then another, as he kissed them on the forehead with the most lively affection, he exclaimed, “ Why Chatty, you little gipsey! you’ve lost a precious sight of tonnage and beam! Odds bobs! how have they been serving you? Short commons in the purser’s store-room, I guess! Why I’ve expected you for the last two or three days—and Margiée, dear

girl, you've been pulled down a peg. Come tell me all about it—how did you come to leave an old fellow where the little boat was—all behind ——? Dickens! you said nothing in your letter, Captain Croiser, save that they'd been blown out. Here was I in a pretty hubbub—sent a couple of tenders off on the next morning to look after ye, but they fell in with such a confounded calm, they could not get on a peg. Come, come, don't talk now—we'll have all this yarn to-morrow. Here comes the tray—do you hasten up stairs, you little rogues, and get rid of these wet things, and stow yourselves away to get a little sleep—whatever you want shall be sent up to you. God bless your little souls—'all's well that ends well,' they say. Please Heaven you mayn't be the worse for such a voyage!"

Sir Richard having seen to the accommodation of all the party, not omitting "that honest old rascal, Nine-fathom Tim," as he called him, as well as his faithful coxswain, Garnet, they all arose on the ensuing morning very little the worse for their perilous voyage, while the worst effects that manifested themselves were a few colds.

Many were the wonderful stories related during

the time of breakfast by Bombast, Puff, and Lady Sapphira. Unfortunately there was no one to hear them except Sir Richard, and he knew the narrators too well to care anything about their romances. These redoubtable good people then were forced to the sad extremity of bandying their relations among each other, which they did in the most satisfactory manner—namely, by all speaking at once.

When the full and true account of their sufferings had come to an end, the Port Admiral informed Chatty, that calculating on their arriving at a much earlier date, and not being aware of what they had gone through, he had sent out invitations for a grand ball to celebrate at once their return, and the anniversary of his noted action with the ———— squadron, which was in fact on the ensuing day. However as they were manifestly unequal to the exertion, he would at once send and put the party off, though sorry to do so, since the * happened to be lying in Hamoaze with his fine frigate, and had accepted the invitation to be present at the ball, for which preparations on a very extensive scale had been begun, so as to render it also a *fête cham-*

pêtre. No sooner did Charlotte hear this congenial piece of news, than she insisted on its not being put off; and her wild spirits rising with the idea of flirting through a whole evening with the gallant young *, made her feel herself at once equal to the exertion. She was, as she expressed herself, "delighted."

Margarita, whose disposition led her rather to retire from gaiety than to seek it, was somewhat opposed to such an exertion; but seeing how much her sister was bent on it, she gave way. The Port Admiral was also favourable to its taking place, provided it was not likely to prove injurious to his children, since in his own mind he contemplated a very brilliant celebration of a day, when he took his first step on that long path of fame through which he had subsequently passed. It was therefore agreed *nem con*, that the festival should take place on the ensuing night, as had been previously intended.

Not an instant longer could Charlotte sit at table; her breakfast was scarcely finished, when she set off with her usual excess of joy, to see that several little arrangements connected with her toilette and other matters were in a state of

readiness. Sir Richard now took an early opportunity of drawing Croiser and Rannolini aside, and after expressing to them in the warmest terms his gratitude for their kindness to his children, repeated to Croiser his assurance that his house was as welcome as Croiser's home, and extended the same hospitable invitation to Rannolini. He added in conclusion, "It is true that at present there is no appearance of such a pleasure being in reserve for me; but if by any turn of Fortune it should ever be in Richard Salisbury's power to repay the debt he owes to you, rely on the word of a sailor that it shall be done, with interest and pleasure; though to be sure I never thought to have owed so much to a native of that land which I never should have rightly esteemed, but for the happiness of knowing M. Rannolini."

There was something in the frank hearty character of Sir Richard, and his familiar yet occasionally noble and dignified bearing, that at once captivated Rannolini. "He is a thorough admiral, every inch of him!" said the Frenchman. "Would there were but twenty such in France! We'd soon shew the world another story! But stay! The pear is not yet ripe—he does not

“speak bad French either, considering how long he has left *Ma belle France!*” and the foreigner fixed his piercing gaze on the far line of the horizon, beyond which lay his beloved ‘land of the Gaul,’ as it was seen from the window where they were standing, while one of those suppressed sighs stole forth from his lips, which seemed to bear with it some portion of the energetic soul which it left struggling within.

“Come, Croiser, let us walk. I must survey these grounds, and see if my observations coincide with the plans and maps submitted to me at Paris by * * *.” Saying this, he thrust his arm through that of Croiser, and they walked rapidly into the park.

When they imagined themselves out of earshot, Rannolini said, “Lead me to that part called Maker Heights, where they say there stands a church. The tower—so * * * writes to me—was used as a fortress in the parliamentary wars. It ought to have a commanding site. It would be useful in case of such an extremity to hold a couple of mortar-beds. From such a height, it would be a matter of ease to bombard and set fire to yonder dock-yard. How delightful is this breeze.

The gale of yesterday in a green old age. Here we have a fine view of the bay. See how few traces of the storm are left upon the sea—one could scarcely think how tremendously it had been agitated.

“Yes, very true; but mark you those dark specks upon the surrounding line of coast—these are the effects. See, two—four—six—eight—twelve—wrecks, and on an average, perhaps, not less than six lives lost in each.”

“True! that is sad! I have seen many a good skirmish decided without losing so many brave fellows. Fortune, thou hast favoured me hitherto!—I have to thank thee; nor less to thank yourself, my Cruiser. You have stood me in good stead. The day may come when I shall be able to repay thee. Dost thou not wish for its advent—when perhaps thou wilt be lying in that very bay, commanding the united naval strength of Britain and of France! When England shall have changed masters, and you and I are about to change the destiny of the world. When not a timber shall float upon yonder element but must submit to you. When the whole line of the enemy’s coast is blockaded—port by port, from the Gulf of

Finland to Madras; while the legions of Imperial France plant her eagles on the necks of the autocrats of the North! When the commerce of the world, and the empire of the globe are ours! Think of that day!—what a glorious retrospection it *will* be! What a glorious perspective it *is*!!” And the daring mortal who thus spoke, extended his arm, as if to point out the gigantic shades of that vision, the realization of which he considered to be in the distance of futurity. The fiery tide that appeared to be pulsating through his veins and lighting up his eye, scarcely seemed to be flowing through a mere mortal form. At first this reminiscence of the vast plans, in the execution of which they were both engaged, seemed to excite a corresponding glow in the breast of Croiser. In a few minutes the manifestation of this emotion faded from his countenance, and a melancholy expression succeeded, as if some sense of self-abasement was connected with such schemes, as well as sorrow for the country with whose happiness he was thus leagued to tamper.

Rannolini perceived this, and his brow fell as he sternly folded his arms on his bosom. Suddenly turning, as his face once more lighted up,

he exclaimed, "Think of the full, the deep revenge which thou wilt take for all the indignities thou hast suffered."

"Hah! thou art right," returned Croiser, catching as quickly at the idea, while the blood rushed to his features, "I do—I will think of that, and spare them"—

"Never!"—

"Ay, never!—and now," drawing Rannolini's arm through his, "let us to our survey." As they moved away from the spot which they had occupied they heard a rustling in the wood just below.

"What is that?" demanded Rannolini, anxiously. "Hark!"

"Merely a deer's antler among the underwood. Yonder lies the tower of Maker church, let us proceed."

"But now, Croiser, we must arrange our journey to London. By the day after to-morrow I shall have been exactly one week from France. Three weeks is all I can allow myself—for that space I know that my absence will not be discovered. D——c is the only one supposed to be in my confidence. He believes that I am now making a tour along the cotes du Nord incognito.

So also believe our good gossips at Paris.—Fancy, Croiser, if they only knew —Well, well, touching this said ball, I have no time to throw away in fooleries, but I shall stay for three reasons:—First, if I were to start to-day, the difference of time would be lost by there being no relays ordered on the road. Second, I must see what is to be done with this Sir Richard—his name would be very useful, and as he is your——”

“ I advise you beforehand, you might as well attempt to move that mewstone and get it under weigh. He is every thing that is honourable, kind, and excellent, but taking his smuggling with heart and soul, out of the question, there is not a more staunch loyalist and Englishman in the island.—Besides, he is connected by blood with the first families in the kingdom, and is moreover most unhappily tainted with all those deep, but narrow prejudices which inspire a hatred of every thing French. Indeed, I should be surprised at his kindness towards you were I not fully aware that no one approaches the person of M. Rannolini without feeling the fascination which he so eminently possesses.”

“ Come, come, Croiser, that is not so bad !” re-

torted the foreigner, smiling, as he took Croiser by the ear. "Thou would'st shine resplendently at the Tuilleries, were it not that thou art to hold a court of thine own at St. James'. And so you think than even *my* fascination will not be able to overcome this gallant old sailor's John Bullism. Well, well, we shall see—it is worth a two days' trial; you must second me;—and now reason the third, I must secure this opportunity of visiting your dock-yard, and that citadel in the creek there, as well as the remainder of the lines; so you must procure me a good horse.—And, Croiser, write off without delay to get relays on the road twixt this and London. And what art thou going to do for thy pretty Pearl of the ocean? How is she to be replaced? Remember thou must re-land me in France within a fortnight. Herbage must not spring up beneath our feet."

"True! With regard to a vessel, I know of one that will just suit us—she is very much in the style of my poor Pearl. She was built for smuggling, and was nearly finished when I left this port last. With a little alteration in her accommodations, she will serve our purpose, as she promises to be a beautiful sailer. I will draw a

bill on ———, and purchase her at once. Tarpaulin shall be left behind to expedite her rigging and fitting out, and bring her round to meet us at Dover, when ye shall be landed near Calais or Boulogne; it will save much time."

"Hah, that is good!—In that way we shall be able to accomplish it with ease. Now then,—to-day is Thursday,—the ball occupies to-morrow, Friday,—and on Saturday we depart—travel night and day,—Sunday,—Monday,—by night, we arrive in London on Tuesday. I see *! Till that moment then, my steps are planned!—Have I any thing further to care about? No,—Do you see to the relays and the vessel!"

"Never fear me I shall not fail: and here we are at Maker tower."

The keys having been procured, and Rannolini having ascended and satisfied himself as to its commanding position, he remained taking a view of the surrounding country with one of the admiral's glasses, which Croiser had brought.

Before them to the south lay the channel, its waves moved freshly by the subsiding gale, and sparkling in the bright rays of the sun, which glancing occasionally on some chance sail, thus

gave additional life to the scene. To the west the eye wandered over a charming variety of hill and dale, wood and pasture; to the east, beneath them, were seen the grounds of Mount Edgecumbe, the enclosing wall of which formed one boundary of the church-yard. To the north lay the valley through which the Tamar, debouching into Hamoaze, and thence into the sea, formed the harbour, one vivid scene of life and industry. Beyond this again, were seen the sheds of the dock-yards so kindly mentioned by Rannolini. The tower had been newly leaded, and was partly covered over with a sort of hatch for the men who were occasionally stationed there to look out, while the ring-bolts which were in use for the flag-staff could, as Rannolini remarked, have been very easily made serviceable for working a couple of guns or mortars.

"This, you observe," said Croiser, "is one of the watch towers, from whence we Englishers keep a look out upon the sea to know when that monster Buonaparty is coming."

"No!—is it indeed?"

"Indeed it is."

“Bah, how droll, how comical; if they only knew—”

“Ah, if they only knew, the whole country would be up in arms; they would expect to see ‘the Army of England’ leap from your coat-pocket at least. If they knew indeed!—our lives would be worth but small purchase-money.”

“True! But this is idle babbling. What a superb view! A fine old domain that—You say Sir Richard does not own it, but is merely a tenant to his friend or kinsman, the Earl of ——.”

“Exactly.”

“This breeze is delightful! My soul seems to rise with every breath which I inhale. I am just in the cue at this moment to fight another Marengo; though, to be sure, you can boast no such a plain in this part of the world! How grandly those black pines are tossing their ragged heads in the wind as they bend over the sea.—Hark, at the deep base rolling on the ear. I should like such a residence as this. There is a wildness in it, that at once rouses and yet lulls me. On such a day as this I can readily conceive the scenery that inspired your Ossian, or Macpherson,

or whoever he may be. Below, yonder, are all the elements of the dark, the wild, and the grand. What then must it be in the fastnesses of the North? When all our present plans are accomplished, and I have nothing better to amuse me, I intend taking a tour into your Scotland if it only be for a renewal of old associations. But come, I have no time for these fooleries—I have seen enough here—I am satisfied—there lies the dock-yard.—Let us be moving.—I must see that.—The Port Admiral, I suppose, will give us a passport.—The harbour seems very full of shipping.—Hah! What fine frigate is that?"

"The ——, her captain is the *, whom you heard mentioned by Sir Richard."

"Ah!—Then we will board her in her passage to the dock-yard. Come, Croiser, let us go, be quick, I have no time to lose.—To horse and away, young friend. How many miles' extent of lines have you here?"

"Oh, very few—not more than seven at the utmost."

"Bah! a mere two hours' ride—I think nothing of some twenty or thirty miles. D——c and myself, in our tours of inspection, are often twelve

hours in the saddle—those who take the lead find it no sinecure. Come, thou hast shewn me what it is to manage a ship in a gale of wind—now I'll shew thee how to manage a charger, and do thou secure before hand a pencil and a slip of paper,—I may want to make a memorandum."

"Be very cautious that you are not seen."

"Thanks to thee, Croiser, but I am always cautious in an enemy's country; and now let us descend." As Rannolini said this, he indulged Croiser with the usual pinch of the ear, and hurrying down, they soon reached the house, and obtained an order from Sir Richard to visit the dock-yard, and set off with Nine-fathom Tim, steering as coxswain.

Courage and talent were ever sure passports to Rannolini's favour, and Tarpaulin stood very high in his esteem. After eyeing the immense proportions of the latter for some minutes, Rannolini remarked to Croiser, "What a famous grenadier that Triton of yours would make! I wish he had been a soldier, I should like to have such a man as that for colour-sergeant of the guards. Ask him how he would like a soldier's life."

"Hah, ha! I need hardly ask him, I think, for his answer. Tarpaulin, I think you'd make a good grenadier. How would you like to turn soldier?"

"Soger, your honour?" replied the tar, knitting his brows, "umph! the red varmint! the first beggarly corporal that ever went to drill me into a red herring, dash my wig if I wouldn't swallow him, musket, ramrod, cartridge-box and all, like the shark at Port Royal, which that long tongued skipper tells about. They, your honour, happened to catch the poor creetur just after a full dinner, and ripping it open, found Jemy Toggle the corporal of marines all ataunto, with his bayonet shipped and the hour glass in his hand; for he tumbled overboard ye see, as he went to strike the bell. Forward there, stand by with your bow oar!"

On translating this to Rannolini, he shrugged his shoulder, saying, "Well, after all, it would be a pity to spoil so good a sailor. Such a fellow in boarding, would carry a frigate by himself. It's a pity he cannot speak French! But what means that procession of boats going off to the frigate? See Croiser," added Rannolini, pointing to a string of boats which seemed to contain a quantity of fe-

males and followed in the wake of a man of war's gig containing two officers. Croiser looked in the direction pointed out. "That officer in the boat is the captain, the *, going on board with the midshipman of his gig; but for what purpose all those women are following him, it is impossible to say. I'll ask Tarpaulin. What means that string of boats, Tim, in the wake of the *, they seem crammed with women?"

"Hah! your Honour!" answered Tim, grimly smiling. "That * B-lly is a gallows young chap for them 'ere craft; and the cunning creeturs they seems to have a sort of natural true instinct as to who's got a sneaking regard for their sect, your honour! and so they sticks to the * like a leech. He can't so much as go ashore at North Corner but there it's —tich their bonnets and 'God bless your Honour,' and 'your R-y-l H-ghn-ss, — a handsome face is on your Honour's shoulders,' and all the like o' that. True enough belike for anything I know to the contrary—but it's all a sprat to catch a mackerel—'cause your honour must know that the *'s first leaftenant is a reg'lar rough and ready kind chap, a rum sort o' fish I guess, sin' he holds out to be a womanhater, or as some

call it a regular 'Simon.'² So directly the * goes on shore, what does he do, but muster all the bonnet-craft on the quarter-deck and bundles them over the side. Now they poor creeturs, doesn't like that sort o' usage, so what do they do, but make sail straight away for the *'s hotel, and set up a fine pillalu, and he who's a sort of fellow-faling in the case, and a good-natured heart within him into the bargain, gives them a laugh and tells them to hold their piping, and as he's a going off presently they shall all come after him. Then ye see, your honour, there's a pretty hulla-baloo again, and they finds they can't do less in gratitude than ask him for something to drink his ——'s health, and good luck in prize money, and having got that, down they go to Mutton Cove or North Corner, or wherever it may be his honour's boats' lying, wait till he comes down, and go off in his wake, just as you may see now. Then the first leaftenant, Mr. Sch-imb—g may let 'em stay on board a day or two till he thinks his skipper is busy after some other game ashore, and then bundles them over the side again, and they go to their young master agen, and he tows 'em

² In all probability our good friend Tim meant to say 'Timon.'

off again and so on till the ship sails, your honour. At last, whip me if they arn't become as proud of it as a dog with two tails, and if ye hap to ask them who they are—they cock up their bonnets an' tell a fellow they belong to the *'s staff—thof to be sure I don't see what a staff has to do with the women, seeing none but a ruffian would lift his hand agen the sect. That's my way of thinking, your honour, and I know," muttering in a lower voice, "that's saved Missis Sal Moffat many a good starting, when the varmint used to run after the sogers; but I mustn't rip ould scores: poor Sal's gone! and she was a smart hand after all at herring-boning a rent in a fellow's togs, or clapping a patch on a blue jacket, or this wouldn't have lasted so long—so I'll drink to her very good health this cold morning, while their honour's go up the side!"

Here the men laid in their oars as the boat under Tim's guidance swept up to the gangway, and Croiser and his friend having ascended, Tarpaulin drew forth his metal mistress to comfort his widowed soul, notwithstanding that his "cold morning" related to one in the height of a western summer.

"I think highly of the * for that trait," remarked Rannolini, to whom Croiser had translated Tim's anecdote. "It is wise in a commander to engage the affections of his men in trivial and unimportant matters. These things are not forgotten when he has to oppose them on great occasions. This is the more evident as twenty of these little opportunities occur every week; a trying emergency on the other hand not once a month. This is a great spring in the mechanism of command. Wise men make the greatest use of it; blockheads despise it. I have seen—I know how some men seek to rule—they keep up a fretting discipline in fifty little matters which tease their inferiors, and when the crisis comes, what more natural than that the men should regard their own lives and comfort before the fame of a superior of whom they are tired?"

CHAPTER II.

"We frolic while 'tis May."

GRAY.

THEY now gained the quarter-deck, when Ran-
nolini, taking Croiser's arm, said, "Come, let us

bringing off spirit in bladders concealed about their persons for the consumption of their beloved Joes on board."

"Bah! you don't say so! well, that's droll! Hah! and it's true," Rannolini continued, pointing down on the deck below. "Trust the women for surpassing the lords of the creation in cunning! Look you at that woman—I saw her narrowly examined by the sergeant, and directly she got below, she pulled off her bonnet and took a bladderful of spirits from inside of its crown. She has given it to that sailor, much to his delight!—That's comical!" Here they were interrupted by the first lieutenant. He was sent by his captain to inquire what was the purport of their visit. Croiser having explained, they were taken aft and introduced to the *.

Rannolini was still in the same dress as that in which he reached the shore, a kind of great-coat composed of dark brown cloth, with a round straw hat. Although this costume afforded the greatest possible contrast to the one which he was usually accustomed to wear, and although it was manifestly unbecoming to his person, yet there was an indefinable something which, if it did not speak,

at least 'breathed itself to life' in his pale and pensive countenance, and challenged the admiration of the beholder. No one could behold those features without involuntarily scanning them once more. The soul that beamed in his singular eye, defied you to think otherwise than highly of it, and when its owner made the first advances towards an intimacy, self-pride induced you to return this attention which you could not but feel was flattering, though scarcely able to say why.

Such was the case with the *. Rannolini had his own motives for making a favourable impression, and he succeeded so well that without dreaming of the person whom he was addressing, the * went round with him in person to shew the ship.

The first lieutenant, on this, imagined that they must be some people of distinction, and was rather officious, so much so, that at last when he was saying something to Rannolini about the use of the main-staysail, the * turned round, and not knowing that Croiser spoke English, exclaimed, in an under tone—"The devil take Sch—mb—g!—these fellows will think I'm not captain of my own ship by and by!"

Having seen every thing likely to interest a foreigner, and been much gratified, they departed for the dock-yard; Rannolini being very favourably impressed with the ready and sailor-like energy of the illustrious officer left behind, as well as amused at the natural wish to appear the commander of his own frigate.

"I wish to Heaven!" he said, "that my brother —— were as good an *enseigne de vaisseaux*! — but you English take to sea naturally like Newfoundland dogs; while I fear that French poodles are but indifferently fitted for it at the best—indeed we have no right to expect more than the dominion of the earth, but we shall see!"

They then pursued their way to the dock-yard, the inspection of which being finished, they took horse and examined the line of fortification extending round the neighbourhood. But enough of ships, arsenals, and entrenchments; we will now return to Charlotte, who, transported at finding herself once more within those well-known and venerable walls, went dancing about the house as if to shew her intimacy with each cherished

spot. Every thing wore the face of a friend loved—long absent, and now recovered. The rushing of the wind through the trees surrounding the ancient mansion, its roar as it volumed down the gothic chimney and sighed among the turreted towers and the massive granite keep; the gloom of the oak pannelling around, the varied view of land and sea through the latticed and lanceolated windows, all spoke of the past, and breathed forth many a fond remembrance.

Having held a long conference with her Abigail, she bounded forth as wildly as any roe that ranged the surrounding forests, and having called Ma-

prepared to return on foot through the beautifully laid out shrubbery, which overhung the sea chafing the foot of the rocky precipice beneath.

These delightful walks, which, owing to the indentations of the land and irregular encroachments of the ocean, extended nearly five miles in length, afforded a series of the most picturesque views which the reader can possibly imagine. Traced in various serpentine directions on the brow of the mountain, which had been originally covered with wood, a maze of exotic verdure seemed to spring up around. The strawberry arbutus, the geranium, the cestus, the quivering cork trees, the gigantic and flowering laurel, with the innumerable species of bays, and many others, while they conveyed the idea of a more genial climate to the eye, excited the senses still more by their luxurious fragrance. Nor were the natives of our isle excluded. The beech, the oak, the birch, the ash, the elm, all reared their heads to view, and supported with their boles the fragile but odorous honeysuckle that climbed around in seeming playfulness, and bloomed sweetly beneath. When the sun was in the heavens, and a gentle breeze ruffling the deep

blue of the bay, the beholder might imagine himself suddenly transported to the blissful island of Calypso. Anon, the wind springs up from the south-east and drives the surges of the ocean before it, till they thunder on the shore and dash their spray up in jets from the broken cliffs below—the trees around bend fearfully to the blast in which yon black pine, jutting over the deep, waves its arms as if rejoicing in its native element, while the vast cedar, close at hand, green in the youth of some eighty winters, towers with its horizontal and waving branches into the murky sky, and completes the wildness of the scene, that, as Rannolini said, seemed rather to be kindred with the invigorating North.

As Charlotte clapped her hands for Marengo to depart, the faithful creature laid its forehead near her to be caressed once more, as if it had mourned its mistress' absence, then, notwithstanding repeated signs to be gone, followed her till she arrived at the gate which shut the deer out from the plantations: being denied admittance through this, it remained gazing until her drapery was no longer visible through the intricacies of the wood,

when neighing twice, and finding no answer save the mocking echo, it reluctantly turned and set off at full speed.

Charlotte had not proceeded very far, when she met her father attended by the park-keeper and some of his men, engaged in cutting laurel for the ensuing evening. Passing on a little further, her attention was suddenly arrested by hearing some one exclaim—"By Jove, that's a pretty face!" Such a sentence was never lost on Chatty. On the instant she ceased singing the lively air then on her lips, and stopped to see this unknown admirer. She heard a hasty step among the paths below, as if the person were desirous of overtaking her; and presently an officer emerged from the shrubbery and stood on the path immediately before her. He not expecting to find her behind him, was about to set off in chase. Chatty saw this, and re-commenced her air—he turned—and presented to her view a post-captain in full dress. He appeared to be extremely young for his rank. His person was of a height well adapted for a sailor, and strongly made; his features were handsome, his complexion was florid, he had light curly hair, and the expression of his blue

eye, as well as the smile around his mouth, spoke of much good temper. Fastidious as Chatty was in her admiration of male beauty, she was much pleased with the appearance of the stranger, and with some curiosity waited to see if he would address her. The stranger also paused, and well he might, for her beauty was of the most striking description. Suddenly bursting upon him as it did, he was not a little confused. After a few moments' hesitation he advanced, saying—

“ Ahem—Will you be kind enough to tell me, my good girl, if Sir Richard Salisbury, the Port Admiral, is not at present residing on Mount Edgecumbe ? ”

At this question Chatty hung down her head to conceal a smile. In her artless haste to run out, she had put on what the ladies call a cottage bounet, and her morning dress being very simple, and her hair somewhat out of order with riding, as well as a worn out pair of gloves being on her taper fingers, the officer had mistaken her for some native rustic.

Entering at once into the spirit of the joke, she looked up with the most *naïve* and demure expression, then dropping a profound curtsy, while

she assumed a slight cast of the Devonshire dialect, answered, "Yes, please you, sir, he does!"

"Ah!—Oh!—he does—and is it at hand—that is, I mean to say"—drawing nearer to her side—"is the house far off?"

"Not very far, may't please ye, sir!"

"Oh!—ehem—oh—and—who—that is, what—who may you be, my good girl?"

"Me, sir," dropping a still lower curtsy, "I be the daughter of an old sailor who resides on the estate."

"Oh, a sailor!—and what has a sailor to do on the estate?"

"Why, please you, sir, he's cutting wood at present, and he's generally some little thing or other to do, for Sir Richard, God bless him! has always been very kind to father, and done all he can for him!"

"Well, that's very kind! I suppose he's an old follower of the Port Admiral's."

"I can't say, sir, I'm sure, sir, whether father's an old follower of Sir Richard's; but I know, sir, he's most always been with him, and served with him a very long time indeed!"

"Well, well! that's what I mean; but you should say served *under* him, not with him."

"Should I, sir? then please sir, I will next time."

"Yes, do. Well, my good girl, I think your father's got a very pretty daughter."

"What did you say, please you, sir? Sister's up at the house at present!"

"Oh!—(what a simple beauty she is!) I didn't mean your sister, I was speaking about you—you're a devilish pretty girl, I say."

"Lo! sir, you're very good to think so, sir!" replied Chatty, holding down her head, and curtsying to the ground, while the other edged a little nearer as he continued, "Ehem—yes—yes, you are, I must say, dev'lish pretty—I say my good girl, I should like to give you a kiss!"

"Oh, sir!—you—you're very kind, sir! but what would father say?" and pretending as much confusion as she could, Chatty appeared to draw back, while the officer jumped forward and caught her in his arms. It was foreign to Charlotte's feelings to resist so harmless a salute, she therefore allowed him to profit by his opportunity, half shutting her eyelids, while the blood suffused her beautiful countenance, and quietly drawing off the glove from her right hand, she watched her mo-

ment when the officer, having finished his devoirs, was engaged in once more placing her safely on the ground. Quickly swinging her little arm round, she gave him a slap on his unprotected cheek that awoke every echo among the surrounding trees; then bursting into a loud laugh, she scampered back at full speed through the path by which she had come.

The young officer no sooner felt this retaliation, than he gave instant chase, exclaiming half in passion, half in joke—"You good for nothing little devil!" This was not the first time that Chatty had engaged in a race, and despite of the different sex her light foot promised to hold him a long pull. As there were a great many turnings at that part of the road where this scene occurred, the officer now lost sight of her for a few moments—now he gained a view of the chase again, but at no moment was he in any danger of losing the scent, for the incident had so tickled Chatty's fancy, that she literally screamed with laughter, that pealed through the woods on every side, and invited the officer to overtake his prize. As the fit increased on her, it

cheek, and then held out his hand to his superior, not exactly knowing what to say.—“I fear, Admiral, I have to apologize for”——

“Nay,” interrupted Charlotte with much grace, and some blushes, “I fear it is I who have to apologize to — — —. I certainly was not aware of the illustrious rank by which I was distinguished—but I can only say in extenuation, that the next time so small a favour is thought worth the rising, it shall be granted to —— ——— for the honour: and I am sure,” looking up to Sir Richard, “‘Father, the old sailor,’ wont say anything against it, nor the Port Admiral neither.” The joke was then explained to the old officer, who having shaken his sides at the same, and given his directions to the park-keeper, proceeded to conduct his illustrious guest to the house. Charlotte now leaning on his arm was internally delighted at the idea—however accidentally—of having laid her fingers on the cheek of collateral ——, and he as a gallant and proper officer, holding with Frederick the Great—that no dishonour could come from the hand of a lady who was at once of great beauty and honourable birth. Nay, truth to say, I doubt not that he would have been

very glad to win the same favours from many a proud beauty in the land, even though it were at the same cost—at least I've known many who would, and I can answer for myself—though to be sure—a most material point as * * would say. I boast of no r—y—l blood in my veins, save such as may have filtered down and muddled in its descent for the last couple of hundred years, since the good old days of Queen Bess; when my ever-to-be-venerated ancestor the celebrated king——; but I forget THE PORT ADMIRAL.

CHAPTER III.

"Among much elegance and beauty they had attracted a great degree of the public attention, being certainly two of the handsomest women present. The Prince took much notice of both, particularly of * * with whom he danced."

WAVERLEY.

THE evening of the ball, the expected, the desired evening, at length arrived. All the nobility and gentry of the surrounding country—as the newspapers express it—were present, as well as the naval and military officers, the former amounting to no slight number, which included two of the Lords Commissioners of the Ad—r—lty. These were Sir George Monmouth and the senior naval Admiral * * *. They had only arrived that morning, and—humble souls!—had graciously condescended to honour the Port Admiral's *fête* with their distinguished presence. Not fewer than five hundred of the *élite* of Devon were supposed to

be present, and all agreed in pronouncing it to be the gayest turn-out that had dazzled their eyes for many many moons.

Among the numerous faces gleaming forth in all the brightness of beauty, and bestowing heart aches with each smile, none could vie with the fair twins. It was true that the suffering and privation, through which they had so miraculously struggled, appeared to have reduced them considerably, but the interval of ease and pleasure which they had enjoyed on board the *Pearl* had greatly restored them, and what they now lost in actual symmetry of form was more than made up by that interesting languor which we find so attractive in woman suffering under pain or sorrow, or to speak as truly and more briefly in woman suffering at all.

When Rannolini heard of the fête, he suggested to his "sisters of the sea," that they should support the characters of Naiads of the deep. This jumped admirably with Chatty's fancy, and as usual the amiable Margarita was too good-natured to offer any opposition. Their dress was simple yet splendid, and though somewhat similar, yet strongly marking their different characters. Both were to

wear chaplets of coral, and loose flowing silver tunics. Charlotte's red wreath was clasped in front with a gorgeous aigrette of rubies, which blazed from out her jet dark hair like the fabled star of the fairy prince. The scarlet flowers of the almond tree were interwoven with her crown, a sapphire necklace encircled her richly turned neck, and bracelets of the same beautiful gem were clasped round her little wrists. Her complexion was that of a brunette, and their azure tints were well chosen to relieve the skin as well as to harmonize with the light blue boddice over which her silver robes were flung. As Lady Sapphira sapiently remarked on seeing her come forth from her toilette thus arrayed, "*Artis est celare artem*," and in her case it was perfectly true. There she stood—art had done every thing it could, yet not the slightest art was apparent, nor was the concealment of it any art in her. Her native and dazzling beauty shamed it all. Her jewels to be sure were costly and accorded with her rank, but the gleam of the sapphires were eclipsed by her eyes, and the coral looked coarse, and the ruby blushed beside the bloom on her cheek. In the dress of neither her nor her sister were to be seen any of what is in

painting termed finniking strokes—all were broad and bold—you saw nothing of the milliner's thimble and needle, but an elegant dress far eclipsed by a beauteous woman; and I would recommend the consideration of this to such of my fair young readers who may have an eye to the captivation of us poor men!!

Margarita also wore a silver tunic, but it was on a white ground. The coral that confined her luxuriant auburn tresses was of the same pure colour, it seemed to have been plucked from the reef where it grew near "the still vext Bermoothes," and woven into a coronet by the fairy fingers of some attendant Ariel. It had been so well contrived that it bore no traces of having ever passed through the jeweller's hands save in the resplendent diamond that united the ends and darted forth its many prismatic hues from her snowy forehead like the rainbow that glistens amid the fleece of heaven—it was a family stone, once a royal gift, and since an heir-loom. On her arms and neck were strings of large and magnificent pearls, yet they were but little seen at a distance, for neither in softness nor purity of colour did they excel the innocent bosom on which they lay.

Her hair as usual hung about her in rich clusters, and she seemed if possible more winningly fair and lovely than ever.

The quiet elegance and grace of her person, the dove-like tenderness of her light and liquid hazel eye, agreed admirably with the maiden purity of her dress. At every step the passing breeze bore away a rich perfume from the orange and lemon flowers intertwined with her coral chaplet, and presented by Jamie Maxwell to "his braw young lady, the maist sonsie lass o' the haill country-side, be the ither wha she might, no to mention her sister the leddy Charlotte, for wi' twa buds on ac stem it was mickle to tell between them."

As Croiser gazed in rapture on the placid but most expressive loveliness of his young enchantress, he sighed and thought how worthy she was to be the mistress of the noblest poet's dream of love. "What," thought he, "can be added to such masterpieces of God's hand save immortality?"

The Port Admiral himself, busy in setting the utmost flow to the tide of hospitality, was in the very height of his glory, nor was there a more noble

figure throughout the whole assemblage. His fine and commanding person, adorned with all the splendours of his rank, was seen every where doing the generous honours of his feast; but it was chiefly among the ladies that he now shone conspicuous. Uniting all the politeness which he could so readily assume, to the overflowing good nature of his own heart; and possessed of all the fluency of the Irish, with whom his blood had mingled, there were few more calculated to please the softer sex, or more happy in so doing, and none more successful.

He wore the Port Admiral's full uniform. It consisted of a very long-tailed coat, the edges, lapels, pocket flaps, and button-holes of which were heavily bound with broad gold-lace. The long bars of the latter were so thickly laid on the breast, that it seemed more like a complete cuirass of the precious metal than aught, except where the collar sloping off round the neck, displayed the fine and carefully protected cambric frill. The same profusion of lace was visible on the large and laboured cuff, where a pair of handsome muslin ruffles decked those veteran hands that had often done their owner important

service. The waistcoat was of white kerseymere, descending considerably below the waist, its huge lappels being visible between the slopings of the turned-back coat, that revealed the glitter beneath. Gold-seamed pantaloons, also of white kerseymere; silver clocked silk stockings; high-quartered shoes, with large gold buckles, completed Sir Richard's costume, with him a favourite one, since, despite of his time of life, he could boast of a leg which many much younger men envied in vain. Alas, poor humanity! when envy can be produced by a larger development of the biceps muscle being evident in one man than it is in another! If the reader adds to this sketch, a superb diamond-belted rapier presented to him by the city of London, on his memorable action of * * * * *, and four stars of as many orders, which hung gleaming on his breast, he will have before him the noble figure of Sir Richard Salisbury, as he appeared on the night of this fête, and drew forth Rannolini's unmingled admiration. Two dowager countesses, highly delighted with their gallant, were hanging on his arm, beneath which he also contrived to carry his large and singular three-cornered cocked-hat, bound at

all points with the broad gold. His hair curling naturally over his open forehead, bloomed in all the beauty of Orris powder, and his well ordered cue hung three parts down his back. Bless my soul! how altered are all these good old things since my time! Now-a-days an old fellow like me scarcely knows himself, bound up in full tog, and going to wait on my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, and be —— to them—I had almost said.

The scene around was indeed brilliant. The old building itself seemed a perfect palace of light. The ancient hall was given up to the dancers; the remainder of the ground suite was laid out for the supper, and the withdrawing rooms above devoted to cards and music. Saving the very old, there were but few whist-devotees; the chief scene of magnificence was without, where the view presented seemed rather such as might have been called forth by the stroke of some enchanter's wand, than a mere mortal revelry.

The outside of the old castle itself was completely hung with lamps of every hue and colour—tier above tier, and range over range. The lines

of the battlements, the copings, the mouldings of the towers were all preserved in outlines of fire, as was also the old granite entablature over the Gothic door-way, which bore the sculptured scutcheon of the family; while the lights from within beamed brightly forth from the pointed windows. The low railing of the surrounding terrace was hung in the same manner, as well as the carved pine apples that surmounted each low capital, even to the very flight of steps that led from the lawn; while lamps placed on the flower-beds before the windows, revealed their form.

Fortunately for the full display of art, there happened to be no moon, and the night, though exceedingly fine and nearly calm, was quite dark. The effect of this illumination, therefore, was redoubled, when standing on a higher ground, the eye looked down on this castle of glare, and Fancy suggested that it beheld the palace of the Prince of Evil, visible through the dark and deep abyss. If on the other hand you viewed it from the declivity of the lawn immediately below, this brilliant structure of light hanging in mid-air, might be deemed some alhambra of Moorish genii, which the stranger had suddenly

encountered, afraid to breathe lest the motion of the air should dispel so entrancing a vision, while the gay and fairy figures around, sporting about the many tents pitched and lighted up in different parts of the park, might be taken for the elfin inhabitants, as yet unconscious of an unhallowed intruder.

The noble avenue of trees leading from the lodge to the mansion blazed forth in resplendent beauty. Innumerable lamps of a light green colour, in imitation of their foliage, made it seem as though an army of glow worms had taken up the branches for their quarters, while the blaze of light shed down on the lawn below, discovered fresh groups of females in all the sheen and show of diamonds, feathers, and other costly articles of dress.

One quarter of the space, amounting to some three or four hundred yards, had been temporarily planked over and chalked for dancing, and not less than two hundred of the youngest and most graceful of the assembly were seen moving to the mirth-inspiring sounds of performers that had been collected from all quarters. The different military and naval bands were in attendance, and foremost among them that which I now believe

owns no superior in England—the marine band of the division. The softer instruments being selected for the dancing, the rest were dispersed throughout different parts of the grounds, and mingling with the murmuring hum of approbation and delight arose from the deep recesses of the woods, the inspiring sounds of martial music, and the startling clang of trump and drum: presently in an opposite direction might be heard the beautiful deep harmony of human voices that swelled and rose upon the ear, until the excited nerves of the listener made the heart propel its vital current with such velocity, that it seemed to impart to every vein through which it flowed, a fiery glow of fervour.

Croiser and Rannolini had been strolling about arm in arm amidst this gay scene, the latter delighted with the contrast which such a view offered to those lately forced on him. He admired every thing; each new object around seemed to impart fresh delight; but above all he seemed to admire the old Port Admiral. Several times he exclaimed “Ah, if France had twenty of those men—Do you utterly despair of making any thing of him, Croiser? What fools are English rulers to

think of neglecting such men for her army! What madness! What political insanity! An army! Bah! What has an island to do with an army? She ought to foster her seamen as the only bulwark can protect her. But we shall prove the truth of this—it is France—it is ourselves who are to profit by all this. Blockheads! let them proceed. But when the French tri-colour flies on the palace of St. James', and four hundred thousand of the *élite* of France make good a line of communication from Dover to Pall Mall, when the navy with trebled pay obeys the republic of the British isles, and the Tories suddenly find themselves shipped off to take an involuntary refuge in that America which they long oppressed, and now more foolishly insult;—then it is that—hah, Croiser! what have we here?"—and Rannolini suddenly turned and faced to his left, where issuing from the over-arched pathway that led down from the house, was seen a procession which instantly attracted his attention.

First came twelve sailors gaily decked in the dress of their calling. They wore white painted hats, with little low crowns. Around these were tied long streaming black ribbons, bearing imprint-

ed in letters of gold, the name of the "Queen Charlotte," the admiral's guard-ship. They bore on their shoulders a superb model of a British seventy-four. The twelve bearers were the finest men that could be picked out from among the crew of their vessel. Around their waists were buckled their ship's cutlasses, and in their belts were stuck the long barrels of their boarding pistols. With one shoulder they supported the model, while with the other hand each man held out a roman candle, the glare of which fell with dazzling effect on the rigging of the mimic seventy-four, and after displaying their good-natured, but grim and rough, hairy faces, it glanced along the polished arms that adorned their large strong figures, and made them look a most complete set of naval myrmidons. A choice band of fifty, accoutred in the same style, followed behind, in serried order, and all united in chanting a wild but melodious song, which they had acquired with much perfection. The song itself was chanted by some twenty, while at regular intervals pealed forth the chorus with one universal burst from all. The time of the song was so contrived, that the burden broke

forth just as the Roman candles discharged their white globules of fire into the air with a loud explosion.—In this way they proceeded through the grounds, received every where with a shout of enthusiasm, the beautiful women showering flowers on them as they passed, the officers and gentlemen flinging coin upon the decks of the model.

They were headed by a gigantic seaman, who towered far above all the rest, as much as he exceeded them in bulk. His Herculean feet performed with the greatest rapidity, the many evolutions of a kind of fandango dance, much in favour among the sailors. He was dressed quite at

brow, and smile round his mouth, rendered still more comical by the cunning twinkle which his features always exhibited when he had been indulging in the pleasures of the bottle—Need I say it was Nine-fathom Tim?—He had been especially requested by the Port Admiral to head the procession; but he refused to have any thing to do, he said, with “H. M. service,” and only consented to take the lead, if permitted to dress as he pleased.

Altogether the effect was admirable. As Rannolini beheld this glittering show advance from beneath the dark shadow of the woods, the stern and startling glance which the interrupted topic had called up within his eye, was succeeded by one of pleasure and admiration. After listening to their wild harmony, and seeing them file past, he said, “What is that song which they are singing? I heard it once or twice yesterday—it seems to excite much ardor.—Interpret to me, Croiser;”—but Croiser appeared not to hear the request. It was repeated.

“Why,” returned the latter obliged to say something, “I fear you will not be pleased with the interpretation.”

"Oh, I thought so!—well, never mind, let me hear it!"

"Why, then the truth is, it is a song composed to excite the people against the threatened invasion of the army of Boulogne, and is at present sung throughout the country; that chorus which they all chant so stoutly, is a defiance to the effect of this—

' Nor Gallia's barks,
Nor sans culottes,
Shall land upon our coasts.' "

"Bah!" interrupted Rannolini, with his usual interjection, at the same time knitting his brows, while anger clouded his noble featurese—"and can they even at the giddiest moments of merriment like this, share their gay thoughts with apprehensions of danger?—How widely different are the temperaments of the two people! but it is because the English have been taught, that we come to conquer *them*, not their *tyrants*—have been taught to believe, that we wish to *enslave*, not to *emancipate* them!"

It was evident that this little incident had seriously discomposed him; it seemed as if in the moment when his mighty soul was pondering over

her mightiest schemes, the indomitable spirit of the people to whom he was opposed, had arisen embodied as it were before him, to dash down the fairy forms of his imagination. He muttered "That old Admiral is worth a hundred Pitts—it is indeed their seventy-fours alone that can defy us—these are their only bulwarks!"—then waving his hand peremptorily to Croiser—"Leave me—I wish to walk alone for an hour. By that time you will find me in the private gardens:"—and folding his arms on his breast, and bending his head towards the ground, he walked somewhat sullenly away.

Striding with slow step beneath the trees which flanked the garden wall, Rannolini arrived at the lodge, where stood old Jamie Maxwell, his wife, and several of the under gardeners, contemplating the brilliant assemblage just before them on the lawn. Rannolini paused. All the carriages had been cleared away from outside the railing at the principal entrance which bounded the park, and a sort of avant-guard being maintained by a dozen constables, the assembled multitude beyond, that thronged from the neighbouring towns to gaze at the show, were permitted to indulge their

curiosity. Nor was this all; the generous old Admiral, disdaining to enjoy a happiness which others could see and yet not partake, had provided for such a contingency, and two oxen roasted whole, with hogsheads of right good ale and other proper viands, invited them to pledge the gallant veteran's health, and forbid the yellow-eyed fiend of jealousy to disturb their breasts at the display of his prosperity.

This pleasing sight having for a few minutes diverted the gloomy ideas whose vastness almost oppressed the very soul that conceived them, Rannolini turned quickly to enter the garden lodge, when Jamie—"Douce and honest lad as his mither had aye ca'd him lang syne—mairs the pity that he should hae to say sac"—Jamie, I say, ever on the alert to shine the monarch "o' his peculiar province," touched his hat and prepared to hobble on with the aid of his crutch through the gardens, his light-blue coat and plated buttons visible in the glare.

"A blythe and a heartsome night this, your honour!" said Jamie, half turning his sharp but withered countenance over his shoulder to see that his prey was following. "Doubtless your honour's

come to tak a glint at the garden, and muckle it says for your discrimination, for though it's Jamie Maxwell himsel wha's obligated to say sae, there's no a better assortit and cultivated spot o' grun' atween this and Woburn, whilk, as your honour will ca' to remembrance, is the manse of Francis Duke o' Bedford, the mair that the orticultural matters, as the latter ca's it, is under the skeelfu' guiding o' an honest lad wha, your honour will mind to hae seen when ye saw the manse; a blude friend o' mine, your honour, Adam Gordon, my fifth cousin by my mither's side, she was a Gordon, your honour—Douce honest lads she aye ca'd the pair o' us. A vera good maister, Adam says is the Duke, though between oursels, I ken some, and them no that far aff, that ca' him a daft claverin whig; but a's no gospel that's rounded into our lug in this warld. I like a liberal minded man, I canna say but I do. I was aye brought up to be ane mysel, and so was my cousin Adam, sir." While Jamie had thus been running on very much to his own satisfaction, Rannolini totally absorbed in the ideas which his mind presented to his contemplation, mechanically followed his conductor in silence. For the sake of the contrast

presented to the glare without, these gardens had with good taste been left almost entirely dark. After following through a short avenue of laurel and privet, they emerged into a large square and open space, surrounded on every side with trees. "This, your honour," resumed Jamie, pausing with much self importance, and drawing up his poor bent figure as well as he was able, while he proceeded to describe the spot. "This, I say, your honour maun ken is the Italian garden, and a maist tastefu' spot ye see it is, thanks to your humble servant, Jamie Maxwell,—no that my lord when he's at hame, doesna' contribute a hint or twa to mak the place tidy and decent. There's that hubble-bubble in the midst there, they ca't a fountain, that's ane o' his contrivances, by the same token sae are a' thae pagan stocks o' white senseless stane stuck up, ane here and t'other there, to mak belief o' men and women. Ah, your honour, they never did siccan things amang the Gordons; but wae's me! the canty auld times are gaun fast, and we've sair changes. Here's ane they ca' the Venis o' Meddychis, and anither Apollyon, ane o' the names o' *The Enemy*, God preserve us! no to name Antinus and Discobolus, and sic-like,

and a hunner ither daft-like names that your honour and mysel' kens are no to be found amang ony o' the clans o' bonny Scotland.—Ah, the Gordons wad never a had ony sic thing in their country, but this comes o' people rinning away frae their ain folk, and ganging like a parcel o' gaberlunzies to no man's land there, a-yont the sea, for I've heard that a' thae things cam frae there; the foul fiend drive them that made them to break the second commandment. This on our left ye will discern to be the conservative house, where we put a' the plants in the cauld weather; the orange trees, and the limmon trees, and the aloes, and mony mair that I scarce could tell ower 'twixt this and the morn, at e'en, for your honour will remark, we're ower near the sea; and the blasts are baith mair frequent and strong than a puir honest lad could wish. I'm sair pit to it sometimes anent the evergreen hedge o' the French garden, to keep it a' standing in the bitter sou'-easters that Providence sends us. These, ye'll remark, are sarcoflagusses, where they say the heathen used to bury their dead,—unchristian-like cannibals that they are, no to gie their ain kith and kin seven feet o' the cauld earth. These that

ye see sae liberally distributit ower the garden are the orange and limmon trees, doubtless ye'll be maist suffocated wi the smell. Wae's me! it's no to compare with the bonny blossoms o' the heather and the gowden buds o' the broom that I used to wander amang lang syne. Waes me, sir, the times are aye growing waur and waur. There was ance, and that no sae lang back, when the winsome young twin lasses wad a ta'en a delight in the flowers and wad hae plaguit me at my wark wi 'Jamie Maxwell, gie me this flower o' the magnoly, or cultivate me sic a plant, or do this, or do that;' but now-a-days I scarcely ever set eyes on their bonnie cheeks, they're aye flitting here, flitting there, like a swallow afore spring, the mair especially sin' that deep dark browed chiel o' a Croiser's come here, he cares mair for ae glint o' the ee o' my leddy Margaret, than for a' the posies atween this and the bonnie Hielands. Your honour, I must say, is a maist discreet body, and doubtless wi' considerable skeel in the noble learning of botanical natures, to think o' a' thae fules and neer-do-weels out there, kicking awa, and wearing out their braw gilt shoon to nae yirthly gude, let alane a' their unchristian instruments,

and to leave your honour and a douce honest lad like mysel a' alone in sae bonnie a place. They wadna ha' dun sae amang the Gordons!"

During this unceasing pouring forth of the pent-up spirit of old Jamie, Rannolini had for a very sufficient reason said nothing. Intent on his own thoughts, ignorant of the language in which he was addressed, and admiring the excellent taste with which this beautiful garden was laid out, he was in thought once more treading the dearly beloved soil of Italy, and revelling in the remembrance of all that such an association called up, unheeding the discontented yet not ill-natured remarks made by the douce honest lad of sixty years at his side.

There are moments when the most energetic minds instinctively relax, and the soul unconsciously indulges in a state of repose, while the contemplation is nevertheless engaged on subjects of interest and importance. This was at present the case with Rannolini, who ever welcomed these pleasing reveries, as he was in the habit of thinking that his best conceptions always had birth at such a time; when thought, wearied as it were with its own exertion, lapsed into a state of mo-

mentary lethargy to arouse unbidden and in greater strength than ever. But it was also remarkable that this only occurred to him when alone, or when ignorant of the presence of a second person. It has been remarked, and I believe with great truth, that nothing truly great was ever planned except in solitude. The presence of our fellow beings seems to degrade and lower the soaring spirit which flutters within our bosoms, as if the sight at once brought home to sad conviction the meanness of the prison in which it is confined. And here we cannot help tracing some slight connection between greatness and virtue; for though some might doubt that solitariness ennobles human views, all must confess its value in purifying the human heart, and happier is he than the mightiest conqueror whom Fortune has placed in a situation to smile on the surrounding turmoil in which he has no share. Alas! even then what barriers are necessary to shield the mind from peevishness and *ennui*! But I have sadly wandered from Rannolini, inusing over the beauties of the Italian garden at Mount Edgecumbe. It was a spot well worthy of his attention.

In the middle stood the fountain so much de-

spised by Jamie ; it was a noble structure of some fourteen feet high, carved in white marble from an antique design, the little basin at the top, from which soared the jet, was supported by four caryatides, and under its shelter were disposed a quantity of variegated lamps. The fountain itself stood in a large reservoir of water, where swam many gold and silver fish. As the jet in its descent was scattered around, the many-coloured lamps gleamed through the broken and falling waters until they resembled one continued shower of brilliants. Rannolini stood on the bank contemplating this scene of enchantment. The scarcely moving air wafted past him loaded with the perfume of the orange flower, the magnolia, the ceringo, the Portuguese laurel, jassmine, clematis, lilly, jonquil and mignonette ; the joyous hum of the surrounding fête fell quenched as it were in the deep silence of the garden, unbroken, save by the falling fountain. The many beautiful statues were softly gleaming in the reflected light, till the beholder could almost fancy them living beings, and forms of exquisite beauty. Every thing around bespoke the elegant taste of the noble owner, it also spoke of calm—of happiness—of deep tranquillity. Alas !

not long did this holy feeling prevail in the mind of Rannolini.

He could bear its unbroken repose no longer—he turned hastily away, Jamie still going before him, like a shadow thrown by the setting sun, too busy in talking to desire an answer, and too much delighted with so patient a hearer, not to make the most of him.

The hour past, Croiser did not arrive, and Rannolini hastened to leave the garden, with a quick and impatient step, Jamie hobbling after him with the horrifying suspicion that he was about to be defrauded of his dearly loved *douceur*. Suddenly starting from his reverie, Rannolini turned round quickly, enquiring, in French — “What hour is it?”

“What wad your honour be wanting?” answered Jamie, coming up out of breath.

“What hour is it? Is it midnight yet?” again demanded Rannolini, comprehending by Jamie’s attitude that he was not heard.

“Wad your honour be pleased to speak a little louder?” answered Jamie, putting his hand to his ear and drawing still closer, “I’m a wee hard o’ hearing when folk speak sae lown.”

"Bah, what a ninny I am, the old imbecile doesn't speak French!" and recollecting himself, Rannolini moved rapidly forward to depart, but there was an iron gate in the way, of which Jamie possessed the key, and was in no hurry to let his anticipated booty escape.

"Wad your honour no' like to take a bit walk through the English garden, we hae missed that, and wad your honour no' like to see Cowper's Seat, and a bonny ane it-is, your honour."

"Open the gate, you old blockhead—open it, I say!" interrupted Rannolini, stamping.

"And wad your honour's grace no' like to sit in Thomson's 'Temple?'" continued the imperturbable Jamie, "it was ay' a favourite with Francis, Duke of Bedford, (the Lord forgi'e me for telling sic a lee!)"—to himself,—(then aloud,) "and his grace is a liberal man—Adam Gordon says, he strives muckle to bring down the quartern loaf!" Here Rannolini, ignorant of the cause of his reluctance, convinced Jamie, by unequivocal signs, that he must either unlock the gate, or get his head broken. "Weel, weel, stir, if ye winna see them ye mauna, but dinna be in sic a de'il o' a hurry, man.—I'm

like the deep water, ilka thing drapped into me is said naething about, though it should be agen a' rules, that a' douce honest lad should hae his hand crossed wi' a piece o' siller." Just at this moment, when Rannolini, stamping, and swearing in French, was unwilling to use violence against so old a man, even though so obstinate, Croiser appeared, and having gained admittance, and explained to Jamie that Rannolini was a foreigner, ignorant of his language, and slipped a piece into the hand of the douce honest lad, he took Rannolini back with him into the private gardens, leaving Jamie Maxwell muttering—"To think o' that, Fiend hae the baker—that I suld say sae!—Nae wonder that he didna' comprehend me—to think that I suld ha' been *obleeeged* to say sae muckle to an unchristian cannibal loon that never kenned de'il a word o' the matter frae ane end to the other! Nae wonder he was sae slow with his siller, he's nae mair notion that my mither was ane o' the Cionchus than —O'ons, as I live, that dark deed's gien me gowd; to think o' Jamie Maxwell hae to ha' a gowd piece gien to him in these sair — and gude gowd too!" examining it by the

light. "Weel, the times hae lang been sair, nae doubt the're gaun to lighten at last—it's a wearisome night that never sees the dawn; and as for the rest, the least's said's the soonest mended.—Maggy, lass, set the porritch on the table, it's time for douce honest lads to be in bed."

CHAPTER IV.

“The holy vow,
The ring of gold, no fond illusions now.”

ROGERS.

“WHAT do you think has just occurred?” said Croiser to Rannolini when they were alone.

“Heaven knows!” replied the latter, somewhat startled.

“Oh nothing of any particular consequence; but you shall hear. I had been dancing with Margarita, and was handing her to a seat, when I observed the wife of some military officer near at hand—the figure appeared familiar to me—she turned, and I saw it was ——” whispering in Rannolini’s ear. “At that instant her eyes met mine, she recognised me, uttered a loud shriek, and fainted.”

“How droll!”

"No, not exactly that either; but however, as you may imagine, there was no slight confusion. I helped to carry her to a private room, and the first thing her husband did was to call me somewhat peremptorily to an account. Having managed to defer this until every one had left the room except himself and wife, I explained."

"But are you sure that they will be silent?"

"Quite, and indeed we are doubly safe; they are acquainted with nothing save my family name, and are utterly ignorant as to what service it is on which I am employed. I have their strictest promise of silence, and I am sure of them!"

"Well, that is right! It is a singular coincidence. But did not the circumstances attract much observation?"

"Not much. Margarita seemed very much astounded, and somewhat affected by it, but otherwise it excited little attention; and when I came away, they were all dancing as intently as if their lives depended on the motion of their heels. Charlotte foremost among them all, though it must be confessed that she was somewhat perplexed which to flirt with most—her old lover Falconer, or the gay young *."

"Giddy beauty! but the * carried it, I am sure!"

"You're right! and my lord, I promise you, appeared sufficiently savage!"

"What sort of a young man is he?—I take a great interest in all your naval gentry. I never saw a finer body of officers in my life than those so plentifully scattered about to-night. Who and what is this Lord Falconer?"

"A young viscount of rather good family and considerable property. Having formed a high idea of salt-water glory, he entered the navy, and succeeded to his estates and title by the sudden demise of his uncle. He is agreeable and accomplished, and his abilities, I believe, are calculated to add lustre to any coronet."

"Hah! Those are the men I admire! Talent is always good, and genius is always precious, but neither are the worse for being of gentle birth. Surely I must have met him in the grounds—describe."

"Met him! I don't doubt it—he is tall—some-what above my height. He has light hair and blue eyes, and one of the most handsome faces that I ever beheld on a man's shoulders!"

"This girl's in luck it seems!"

"Yes, I think so; but with what different eyes do we behold each other's prospects! She does not care very much about him—perhaps because she sees how fondly attached he is to her, and partly, I believe, because she does not like so soft a disposition; but at all events she would leave him at any time to run after any one else. Poor Falconer! I watched him to-night as his eyes were fixed on the *. Certes, if his glances had been as penetrating as steel blades, there would have been high treason perpetrated in the hall."

"Silly girl! A pity with so much talent, beauty, and good nature, that she should be a coquette! That detestable female failing—the worst in their calendar—if they only knew how much they lower themselves by it. But bah! what are the women to us, provided they don't interfere with politics? Croiser, we leave for town to-morrow."

"I remember it," returned Croiser with a sigh, "what think you of the fête?"

"I think it is superb! I would that I could transport it, sailors and all, to the banks of the

Seine, and call them Frenchmen. But come, let us rejoin it!"

"No, I came here on purpose to tell you that at midnight a still more splendid spectacle is to commence—namely, a sea-fight in Barn Pool, and we cannot behold it from a better situation than that of the battery terrace."

"A naval action, and by night? This is indeed worth having staid for—let us hasten on!"

Midnight arrived, and the action commenced. Two frigates were opposed to each other—one on either side of the bay; around them a number of old fighters, fitted on purpose, with long masts, that cut up into the horizon. On board there were placed a quantity of small cannon, with men to work them, and the engagement proceeded to all appearance as if in earnest. The whole semi-circular line of coast, about a mile in length, being in that part of the grounds prepared for the fête, was thronged with the company.

From among the volumes of smoke, were seen the masts of the vessels wreathed in the sulphureous vapours that ascended, as from a scene of the direst carnage; while the incessant

flashes of the guns, afforded sufficient light to catch occasional glimpses of the masses of men on the various decks, and to behold the waters gleaming ruddily beneath. Every now and then a wild buzza broke through the roar of the cannon, and came joyfully upon the ear, as one vessel ran alongside another, and the crew took possession, or the different ship's companies cheered at their guns. Occasionally the temporarily-rigged spars fell with a crash into the waves, having been cut away by the crew on purpose; while some of the merry seamen, to give it a still more graphic effect, leapt overboard and swam from one ship to another, their heads distinctly seen from the shore brought out by the dark contrast with the gleaming waves. Others again going far beyond their instructions, set up a loud screeching which produced correspondent hysterics among the lady-beholders. In short, it was a most complete fac-simile of a night-action, excepting in one point—the absence of shot, the whizz of which were not to be heard in the air, nor their splashing to be seen in the water. After sustaining this scene for about an hour,

one party began to strike their colours. The boats were then seen crossing the bay, and the shouts of taking possession rang aloud. The victorious frigate warped out, followed by the captured prize, whose topmast and topgallant-mast having been struck on different parts, and the yards topped up and down, and braced about, made her appear in all the confusion of a vessel much cut up by shot. Lastly succeeded the boats towing out the prizes in different directions; the latter part of the entertainment being plainly visible by the glare cast from the flaming hull of an old lighter, prepared for the purpose and set on fire. As the flames flickered and towered toward the sky the spectators anxiously watched to see her blow up.

“Such, I suppose—though on a far grander scale—was the fatal battle of the Nile!” remarked Rannolini to Croiser, in a melancholy tone. He had scarcely pronounced the words when an unusual gleam burst forth from the burning wreck, reddening the sea and sky as far as the eye could reach. While the blackened and still mouldering timbers falling around, and the bellowing roar that disturbed the stillness of the night, pro-

claimed the final catastrophe. A dead pause succeeded. "Such was the fate of the *L'Orient*!" said Rannolini. A band on board the frigate here sent forth a burst of music whose harmony stole over the still trembling waters.

"That's good! I forget the name. What is it?"

"Britannia rules the waves!"

"True! too true! Come let us be gone!"

As they passed by the old block-house, at the end of the battery, Croiser heard some people in conversation; they were hid from sight, but as the accents fell on his ear he recognised in the two speakers Sir Richard Salisbury and one of the lords of the Adm—r—lty, who had come down on a visit of inspection.—"You may call it 'moonshine' if you like, Sir Richard," said the latter, "but I fear if these facts come to the knowledge of his Majesty's ministers, it will be denominated smuggling—a breach of our laws—and treated as such; particularly in one whose rank would warrant us in expecting him to prove a good example to his inferiors. I should really be very sorry to be instrumental in bringing about any inquiry that might hurt one I value so much as Sir Richard Salisbury.

If you could point out any path by which I could escape laying this serious information before Lord —, but you see by suppressing it I might inculcate myself?"

"Well, well, sir; you shan't do that on my account," said the hearty Sir Richard. "For my part ye see I look upon it that the service pays us cursed badly, and these little affairs are the mere opportunities of office. A poor fellow by Jove may starve on an Admiral's pay if he has a family. Besides I shouldn't like to be popping off the hooks some day and leaving Chatty and Margiee without a shot in their locker. Moreover, after all,

present, that *you* shall never be a loser through Richard Salisbury."—— The Lord of the Adm—r—lty slept at the house that night, and on retiring to his chamber, found on his dressing table a sealed letter superscribed for himself. He opened it. Within was a bill, drawn on a certain house in London, for five hundred pounds, "the amount of his share for '*moonshine*,' received." The bill only required his signature to be available, while the envelope contained these words. "The endorser by using a similar form is at liberty to draw on Messrs. * * * * * every quarter." Suffice it to say here, that it was tendered, accepted, and paid. The Lord of the Adm—r—lty gained an additional increase of two thousand a-year by the visit of inspection, during which he learnt of Sir Richard's smuggling. Nor did the hearty old officer ever hear one word more about his moonshine being laid before his Majesty's ministers; so far from that, it continued "moonshine" to the last. He regularly kept up his correspondence and partnership with a celebrated house in town which realized many thousands a year, and to the last used to delight in going disguised to an occasional landing when the night was fine, and his friend skipper Derrick was on duty, as on the memor-

able evening, when the reader is aware that he escaped at the expense of his "stern-post."

But to return to our heroes.—The mock engagement being over, the delighted spectators flocked to the supper-table. The last was supplied in the first style of munificence—which made the Adm—r—lty man mutter "the Devil! This fellow needs to smuggle to support his extravagance!" In a more reflecting tone, however, on the next morning, he remarked "Well, Sir Richard does deserve a little license, for he is as liberal as a prince."

On his return to the house, Rannolini met the

herself. She was sensible of his approach to her side, by that secret throbbing of the heart which surprises us when the object of our love is nigh, and she received him with the mingled feelings of affection and coolness that struggled in her bosom. Affection for the man to whom she owed her life twice over, and coolness for one who concealed himself in the most impenetrable mystery even from those to whom it was evident that he was so deeply attached.

Poor Margarita! She was distracted between a multiplicity of emotions. Now she beheld him noble—clever—attractive—generous—spirited yet tender—all that fond woman could paint in a fancied lover—all that her warm romantic spirit had so often painted. Again she read in that wild eye more than she wished to comprehend; a feeling of fear was mixed with her affection. What had given rise to that intractable fierceness that broke from him in unguarded moments? Who was he? On what purpose could that determined mind be bent? Then again the fragments of that startling conversation which she had heard him hold with Rannolini, when Croiser pronounced the rustling to be a deer in the underwood. Her suspicions too of the former, still more harrowing

from being afraid to breathe them, even to her sister. If true, they might be divulged! They might affect Croiser's life! Then again her love for her country, her sense of rectitude, honour, and principle. It was fearful to love him, and yet too late to arrive at such a conclusion.

Scarcely less moved was the object of her attachment. The increased strength which his passion had attained. The favourable lights in which the gentle Margarita had been shown to him, her unwonted courage, her firmness, discretion, and docility withal, as well as the sadness of the approaching hour that would separate them, the perils which he must surpass before they could meet again, the many chances that such a meeting would ever arrive to bless him—all these circumstances imparted to his manner and his sentiments an air and tone to which few women can long remain insensible. On one so favourably predisposed, how was their effect redoubled! His gentle yet impressive accents rose on Margarita's ear long after those fluent lips had ceased to meet her sight; when the dull hours were passed in abstracted reveries, Fancy again portraying his manly form as it had met her partial gaze that night, and golden Memory reproducing all that

he had uttered—as we still delight in the odour of those dried flowers whose freshness and bloom has, alas! fled from us. He never left her side for the remainder of the *fête*, till light breaking in the East, bade the revellers disperse, when she quitted Croiser for her pillow, soon to be moistened by her tears—the offspring of that exquisite grief which mingles with and softens the only pure bliss of our lives! On that same pillow slumbered the lively Charlotte; dreams of pleasure crowding on her brain, and now a noble lover, and now a r-y-l gallant and a brilliant foreigner did homage to her beauty, and added to her delight; so closely do joy and sadness meet. The many hundreds lately admiring the joyous scene around, were now getting to their homes, and with each roll of their carriages breathing a wish for repose. Alas! what is pleasure, such as men too frequently pursue it? A bubble!—a shadow!—an empty name! And does it not, as Goldsmith has so beautifully—and I fear too truly—said of friendship:—

“ Follow wealth and fame,
And leave the wretch to weep?”

Poor man! Though “lord of the creation!” we have never found, since the days of Joshua, that dame Nature pays the slightest regard to the direst extremities of the lordly animal.

Day did not dawn one moment later for those who were to be severed by its light. All arrangements were made; they were to start at ten at night. Rannolini had taken leave of the Port Admiral, who loaded him with thanks and offers of all service in his power, and the foreigner merely waited at his hotel for Croiser. The latter had returned to Mount Edgecumbe to say 'good bye' to Sir Richard and his family. The old veteran was if possible more kind than ever, wrung him by the hand with a grasp that made his fingers ache for an hour, as he finally said, "Fare ye well, my jolly boy, and whenever Dick Salisbury can serve a good turn to ye, whv heart alive! all ye have to do

Charlotte and Margarita were the only individuals of the family who remained for him to see. He found them in their boudoir. Margarita was sitting by herself near the window, pensively gazing on the beautiful expanse of the Sound, as the bright rays of Croiser's favourite star slept on its glittering bosom. Charlotte was seated in the middle of the room in an old high-backed chair. She listened with a sparkling eye to the compliments of the *, who sat on one side, and averted her countenance from the displeased looks of Lord Falconer, whose seat was on the other.

"And are you really going, my dear Captain Croiser? Well, I'm quite grieved to think so! What shall we do without you?"

"Nay, you need give yourself no concern on that head, as far as it relates to me individually. I leave those behind me who will more than make up for my absence."

"Come, Sir Captain, no quizzing! But I really should like to see you off, only at present I cannot leave my guests. Margiée will you atone for my negligence? We both saw him off when he last left us, now I resign that pleasure wholly to you again!"

Croiser was about to say it was unnecessary,

but checked himself. Such a pleasure was more than he could hope, it was not for him to reject it. Margarita hesitated; but Charlotte with a view of being left *tête-à-tête* with her gallants, pressed it. The evening was deliciously fine, the sun had but just set, and Margiée consenting, she walked with Croiser towards Barn Pool.

Both their hearts were too full for much conversation. The favourable opportunity that now presented itself, tempted Croiser to declare his love; but the remembrance of the service on which he was engaged, the entire devotion which he was pledged to yield to another, and above all the vicissitudes to which his love would expose its object, all combined to deter him.

"When shall we have the pleasure of seeing you again, Captain Croiser? I hope no great interval will pass!"

"I am sorry to say that I am utterly ignorant when that pleasure will again be permitted to me, so little my own master am I at present."

"I regret much to hear *that!*" returned Margarita, with a marked emphasis and complete change of tone. Croiser was not aware of its exact meaning, and therefore replied—

"I feel, deeply feel the kindness which prompts

you to say so, and can only assure you that however prolonged our separation, or whatever may be the events which occur in the interim, nothing can efface from my warmest remembrance one—" sinking his voice, "whose loveliness, whose mind, whose warmth of heart endear her to all around!" He took her hand in his—it trembled violently—she endeavoured to speak—but no distinct accents met his ear further than the words—

"Then how much less can I forget the preserver of my life!"

"The obligation was more than repaid me by the pleasure,—name it not, or if you will allow me to presume on so poor a service, allow me to retain this as a cherished memento of Margarita Salisbury?" withdrawing her glove from the delicate hand which he pressed to his lips. She made no reply—her agitation spoke for itself. He approached a step as if to repeat the question. She looked on the ground, and in the next instant their cheeks were softly pressed. In a broken voice he whispered "God bless you!" and well might Purity herself—

"Forgive the kiss,
That asked from form so fair no more than this!"

She turned—withdrew that lovely hand from his

clasp, and applying her handkerchief to her eye gazed intently on his saddened features—she retreated a step, looked round, waved her hand, then hurriedly disappeared among the trees.

Croiser remained fixed until the last gleam of her receding figure vanished from his eye. He fancied he heard a low indistinct sound as she turned away, and affection coined it into the word "Adieu!" Then it was, as his eye pierced the dark vista in vain, that he truly felt the loss he had sustained. Then it was that bitter memory painted in her richest lights each blissful moment of the past, whilst, to complete the picture, threw in her deep dark shadows of the future. There he remained, gazing in the direction in which she had gone, motionless, saying that his hand started as a burning tear dropped on it.

The faint starlight showed the boles of the trees distinctly to his view, as once or twice he imagined he beheld her form gliding between them. He bent his head and his eyes met the ground. There was the print of her tiny foot; that spot had supported her whom he might see no more!—It was sufficient; agonized by the thought, he flung himself on the sward and pressed it with his lips, apostrophizing it as though it had been sensible of

the passion which possessed him. He felt the cool fragrant dew act like a calming sedative on his perturbed spirit, as it bathed his fevered and throbbing temples. He plucked away the herbage which her light footstep had marked, and placed it in his bosom, then burying his face in his hands, he indulged in the sad images which his troubled brain presented. Every thing beside Margarita was forgotten, even the impatience with which Rannolini must be waiting his delayed arrival. "What," thought he, "does the world contain—to what prize do the paths of ambition lead to prove a recompence for this sacrifice of my affections? Or if there be that prize, is it one which can stimulate *me* in putting forth my powers to attain it? No. Yesterday I felt as a giant! No views, however vast, could have appalled me; no privations, sufferings, hardships or dangers could have kept me back! Nay, they would rather have impelled me to proceed!—Now! even the call of Rannolini would fall unheeded on my ear!—What am I now?—a fly!—a mortal worm! insignificant and weak. One passion, like a conflagration, has devoured all beside. Oh what a weight, what a burden is life! and doomed as we are to feel this, it is yet more galling from being

sensible of the link which involuntarily binds our affections to the earth. Vain, weak, silly Breast. Why should my happiness be dependent on viewing one set of features? Why should my ease be bound up in the glance of that eye? How can I ask? When was passion connected with reason? It is enough for me to feel—to mourn that it is so!"

Croiser was lying on the grass covering a little bank above the rocks of Barn Pool, where immediately beneath was his boat in which Nine-fathom Tim and his crew were waiting to row their master over the water to Dock. A slight breeze was occasionally seen to ruffle the sea which softly

planet above, was brilliantly thrown back from the dark surface where each tree on the neighbouring shore seemed to enjoy double life.

"Surely," said Croiser inwardly, as he looked again—"it is—it must!—"

"He is gone!" said the figure with a sigh, as, after looking, she beheld no boat on the water.—
"Yet what is he to me?—or rather what should he be? Surely he is more dear to me than I imagine! Surely more dear to me than he ought to be! since his departure can thus affect me—the departure of one who could leave me perhaps, as he said, 'for ever,' with the cool expressions of a mere acquaintance!"

"You are wrong, dearest Margarita, you are deceived," cried Croiser, unable any longer to restrain himself, and springing to the side of his mistress—for it was herself. Scarcely could she believe her senses. She felt ready to sink beneath her confusion as she remembered that he must have heard her confession; and could only stammer out "Is it Captain Croiser?"

His situation was now totally changed. The feeling of consideration for her which had before restrained his declaration of love, now as plainly pointed out that it should be made—that

could exceed the cruelty the dishonour of hearing such sentiments as had dropped from Margarita, and leaving her in suspense as to whether her passion were returned. Croiser perceived this, and once freed from his former scruples by a sense of the necessity of the moment, he was not slow in unfolding to one so dearly concerned, all that he had long felt towards her. Half an hour flew as though it had been a moment! and for that short space of bliss, how many long days of misery were they not doomed to experience!

Croiser having finally promised to return to her at the earliest moment which his avocations would permit, and Margarita having wished him much happiness, said "Do not, I beg, run yourself into peril, if it be only for the sake of those you leave behind. Rely on a deep and warm remembrance—and now—farewell!"

One more embrace, and they had parted—Croiser to skim over the sparkling waters to Ranolini, and Margiée after watching his boat fade into the darkness of the bay, to return disconsolate and sad to her room, there to weep over the many tokens she possessed of her mysterious wanderer—to treasure up all that he had said, and recall each attendant circumstance.

CHAPTER V.

"*Auf.* What is thy name?

"*Cor.* A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, and harsh in sound to thine. Prepare thy brow to frown—Knowest thou me yet?"

CORIOLANUS.

A HASTY ebullition from Rannolini was the result of Croiser's delay; and they set forward on their journey. Whenever they changed horses, he made Croiser question the postillions respecting every mile of road over which they were going, and give directions where they were to be stopped, and have the objects worthy of notice pointed out to them. These were chiefly the plains which lay in their route, the principal being Salisbury plain, the more open country about Basingstoke, and Hounslow heath.

At both Salisbury and Hounslow, Rannolini made the postillions dismount their horses, and leaving one for
ok another,

they both rode over the ground together, the foreigner pointing out whatever he thought worthy of notice. As he had said, they arrived in London on Monday night. It was very late, and they instantly retired to rest. Breakfast having been discussed, Rannolini's first wish was to be driven to the house of *, the celebrated orator and statesman. Croiser's name was announced, and they were shown into the library, where this illustrious individual was deeply engaged in writing.

He had risen to receive his visitor, but anxious to finish a sentence, was still stooping and busy with his pen. He did not look up, but said in his usual affable tone, "Ah, Captain Croiser! I hope you are the bearer of pleasant news." Relinquishing his pen, he advanced. The first object which he beheld was the person of Rannolini. For a moment he hesitated; then bowed profoundly as if in the first moments of doubtful recognition, when Rannolini stepping forward, extended his hand, and remarked with much animation, "Aha, Mr. *, this is not so bad! so, my disguise is not to be penetrated even by you? I fulfil my word, you observe, for I am come to return the visit you paid to me in the Tuileries."

"What—do I—is it possible? Indeed, sir, I

feel highly honoured, though I scarcely thought it was to be accomplished in so short a time, even by you."

"Well, well, nothing is impossible. But you do not give me a welcome to this inaccessible land of yours; this second isle of Calypso. Neither Ulysses nor Telemachus ever met with more disasters in their approach, than Croiser and myself. But I suppose you esteem me lightly now that my two hundred thousand are left on the other side of the channel. I suppose your welcome is reserved until I return with them at my beck."

"Nay, sir," here Mr. * smiled incredulously; "if I reserve it till then, I greatly fear that you will never receive it. Since this very voyage must have convinced you of the truth of my arguments held with you in Paris, as to the utter impracticability of a successful invasion! To speak candidly, admiration and wonder at your present enterprise, have made me forget the courtesies of hospitality! Believe me I am delighted that my poor roof has the honour of receiving so illustrious a guest as M. Raminini!"

A momentary pause ensued.

"Perhaps, Mr. *, you will excuse my absence for a short period," said Croiser. "I can

have no information to offer while M. Rannolini is present; and to avert delay, during your conversation, I can pay an unavoidable visit to Mr. Pitt."

"To Pitt!" echoed the foreigner, quickly catching at the name. "*Apropos*, Mr. *, I must contrive to look at your great rival."

"Great indeed!" replied *, musing, "though I must disclaim for myself any credit or importance which such a sentence might attach to me. Yes, great in genius decidedly, though wanting in forethought and consideration; and I should say of a mind rather brilliant and dazzling, than profound and lasting. That arrangement of yours, Captain Croiser, is good—I presume you return to us."

"Within two hours, sir," returned Croiser; and retiring from the study, he leaped into his carriage and drove off to the prime minister.

"You expressed a wish to have a sight of Mr. Pitt?" resumed *.

"Yes, if it could be accomplished with safety!"

"Certainly it can, by the simplest of all methods. Croiser shall have an order by means of which he can bring you into the House of Commons beneath the gallery. To-night ministers

move for leave to bring in the bill for * * * *, my party of course oppose it. I have a few words to offer on the subject. In all probability there will be a very warm debate, and therefore you will see him in all his glory. Moreover you will have the delight of hearing my friend Sheridan."

"Good—this is admirable!"

—— Leaving these two however engaged in a varied and interesting conversation, we must for a short space sink into an immeasurable bathos of character, and revisit a pair of very humble individuals in our history, namely, the marvellous Captain Bombast, and his obsequious satellite the wonderful Major Puff. In dispositions of this stamp curiosity ever forms a prominent feature, and in the present case the said pigmy quality had in these two persons, been excited to the greatest possible extent by the mystery enveloping Croiser and his foreign friend.

"I tell you, Puff, that I am morally convinced of its being very suspicious," repeated Bombast to the Major, for the tenth time, with a most knowing twinkle of the eye and suitable motion of the hand, as the night before the Port Admiral's fête they paced up and down in the garden behind the house—which has not hitherto been mentioned.

"Yes," continued Bombast, "most suspicious indeed! For my father always said, 'Beattall, my boy!' Sir James used to say, 'it's aye vera' suspicious.'"

"Exactly, Captain, so I think; for when I was abroad in Ireland"—

"Yes, yes, I know all about *that*, but you don't hear what I was going to say, Sir James always remarked that it was a suspicious circumstance when ye saw a man afraid that ilka body was going to jalouse him. Now, you must be well aware, Puff, that the force of the argument is doubled if the suspected person talk French.—I could give you an instance of it. There's my first lieutenant when I was at the Longbow Islands."

"Yes, Captain, you're right, I remember most perfectly. Indeed I've often remarked the same thing myself when I was abroad in Ireland."

"Aha, indeed? Well then, Puff, to be short, it's my idea that that Rannolini is a most suspicious looking fellow."

"Well, Captain, that's just what I've been thinking all along."

"But did you remark his eye?"

"Yes, that I did, Captain, and I never wish to

see such another again, going through and through one. I'm sure no loyal man could have such a pair. I know that we should never have listed such a man in the militia—that's to say, the line! And then the scornful way in which he seemed to take no notice of us."

"Ay, Puff, but you know those French *sans-culottes* are only now recovering from their revolution; little better than savages, they don't know how to treat men of our rank. Indeed the savages have the advantages of them, for when I was at the Longbow Islands I always met with the utmost deference. There both Madderhead and the prince were most assiduous, and you know that Jemminey, the chief master-butcher, gave me at parting even the very knife from his girdle."

"Ah! that was very kind! But didn't he add the *steel* too?"

"Pooh! No, no. But Puff, as I tell you, my father Sir James would say, that—that this Rannolini is a most suspicious fellow. Who can he be? I'm convinced that he's some one. I shouldn't be surprised if he was to turn out one of the French regicides!"

" Ah, very like! I've been thinking so all along. Perhaps he's Robespierre himself! "

" Why, Puff!—Puff! My dear fellow! Robespierre's been dead I don't know how long."

" Ehem—ah—yes—bless me how I forget! to be sure so he has! I remember now reading the affair in the papers, when I was abroad in Ireland.—Some woman stabbed him in the bath."

" Exactly, yes—quite right! Well, Puff, my suspicion is—but mind you mustn't mention this to any one."

" No, I wont!"

" Now, on your honour you mustn't?"

" On my honour."

" Well then, my suspicion is—but now positively Puff you mustn't breathe a syllable of this!"

" I wont."

" Not even in your sleep."

" No."

" Well then my suspicion is—that it's no less a person than Cambaceres the French consul, come over here to invent a new 'infernal machine' to blow up the Government."

" Do you indeed! well that's just been my opinion all along."

"The deuce! Why then you're a cleverer fellow than I took you for. From his manner it can't be less than a general, Puff, and I think it's one of the consuls. It isn't the famous Buoneypartey."

"No: oh dear, no!"

"No, because you see, Puff, he doesn't look half fierce enough, nor is it Le Brun, so it must be Cambaceres therefore, besides, to tell you my reason, step aside here with me into this arbour." However, not to inflict upon my reader the empty nothings of two empty heads, it will suffice to say, that the result of their cogitations was a letter to Mr. Pitt, in which they said that "a most suspicious foreigner had landed at Plymouth." They then went on to describe him, mentioning their hypothesis of his being Cambaceres, and in short, making such a ludicrous jumble of the affair that no one of any sense could have read it without laughing. Luckily for Rannolini they supported the character of anonymous correspondents throughout, and did not even mention the circumstances of the shipwreck, or how this suspicious foreigner had found his way to England, lest, on an enquiry being instituted, it should come to the ears of the Port Admiral that they

had been the informers ; in which case they knew that he would resent to the utmost such a breach of good faith towards those who were his guests. Mr. Pitt on receiving this precious morcean of prying ignorance, merely laughed at its contents, as he had done at innumerable similar communications, but as one of his many agents happened to be going down into Devonshire, on the day of its receipt—Saturday,—he sent for him, showed him the letter, and desired him, as was his custom, to find out the suspected person, and take his likeness, adding, “ They mention the fact of this stranger’s coming up to town. So be on the alert if you should meet any likely person. By the way, do you know at all to whom these poor people allude ? ”

“ No, sir,” replied the agent, who was a clever artist, “ but you have the miniatures of two or three French spies residing at that port. Perhaps on comparing these with the latter, we may find out the one alluded to.”

“ True—here they are.”

Pitt then advanced to a bureau, on opening which were seen a number of petitions lettered with the alphabet. “ Now, let us see—Plymouth—P—. This is it,” taking out a red morocco case

which unfolded and displayed a number of likenesses—four or five were examined, but without tracing any similarity. “What fools these informants must be! If it be true, I shall suspect them of being accomplices—they neither name his occupation or residence, the time of his arrival, nor the place from whence he came last.—‘*France*,’ they might as well have said Europe. But I doubt not, that like many similar wonderful discoveries, it will turn out to be some poor unfortunate emigrant who dreams far less of plots than he does of the restoration. However we must see to it—and now begone; lose no time, and you need spare no expense.”

Obedient to these instructions the messenger set off, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of the second day—Sunday—he stopped to change horses at an inn to which a carriage and four had just driven up for the same purpose. Observing that the horses bore traces of hard riding, and that the utmost despatch was used to yoke in the fresh relay, he inquired in a seemingly careless tone what nobleman was on his way to town.

“None, sir, that we know of,” replied a waiter, “it’s only two strangers, a gentleman and a foreigner

on their road from Devon—Plymouth I think they come from.”

This was enough for the ministerial spy, and walking into one of the front sitting rooms on the first floor, he flung up the window and took a sketch of Rannolini—for it was he—as he sat in the carriage which had been opened at the top, to admit of his viewing the country through which they passed.

The artist, however, had barely time to take down the outline of Rannolini's features, when Croiser jumped into the carriage, and they both drove off. Fortunately the latter had not been

the residence of Mr. Pitt, was immediately admitted to his presence. He found the minister, much to his secret satisfaction, so deeply engaged with the multiplicity of affairs which demanded his attention, that he could scarcely afford a moment's hearing to any thing which his young friend might have to say.

His first questions were, "Well, Captain Croiser, have you any thing of importance to tell me? Where is Napoleon? What is he about? What is the state of public opinion in France? Is it true, think you, that he is actually about to attempt the invasion? or are the reports correct which destine the army of Boulogne for a German campaign?"

"I can scarcely answer that question, I assure you, sir," replied Croiser, "no one seems to know! Many of the officers about Napoleon's person, supposed to be in his confidence, assert that the invasion of England is a mere blind, a project never seriously contemplated. Bourrienne, his late secretary, is among those who affirm this. On the contrary, the Parisians generally seem to think, that the moment has arrived for the attempted subjection of England. For me, I confess, I can say nothing on the subject. Napoleon gives out one thing to one party, and

another to another. I believe that the truth is strictly confined within his own mind, and that time and events alone will disclose it."

"I begin to think that you are right. Somehow I have an idea, though I can give no distinct reason for it, that the first consul is waiting for some favourable moment, some smile, I suppose, from his goddess of Fortune. But Bourrienne, I should think that we might rely on what he says! *He* must know—his old school-fellow must know his mind."

"That's true, sir; but if Bourrienne is crafty, he is overmatched by the colossal genius of General Buonaparte. The latter seems to be pretty well aware that his late secretary is on rather too intimate terms with this side of the Channel. Indeed, I believe the fear of this to weigh with the consul in not taking him back, far more than any representations of Bourrienne's enemies. This it is which makes him keep on good terms with the ex-secretary, in order that he may possess an unsuspected channel through which to mystify you!"

"That's like Buonaparte's policy to be sure! But I hardly know! Have you any papers for me? I am so pressed for time that I can say no

more at present. However, I shall have something for France in a day or two; call on me shortly. I suppose you still continue to elude the French cruisers?"

"Oh yes! easily enough. Fouché has provided me with a passport for them. By the by, sir, you must give me some little piece of information for him. These papers will inform you of some of Napoleon's movements. And now I will trespass on your time no further."

"Very good! Then I shall see you in a day or two. Are you in funds, by the bye? Truly I had forgotten! Here are some notes!"

"Thank you, sir," said Croiser, bending low, while the colour mantled to his cheek as he put the money into his pocket.

"Be in readiness, Croiser, and now good morning." Croiser moved to depart. "But stay—stay. Is it actually true that the Consul is about to establish the imperial throne and assume its dignities so soon?"

"I fear it is, sir!"

The minister's brow darkened as he faced about to the window, with his hands crossed behind his tall ungainly figure. Turning quickly round, and mutely waving the packet which he held towards

Croiser, he touched the bell. Croiser bowed profoundly and left the room, while he heard the minister make some indistinct remark from which he could only gather the words, "*an emperor!*" The fortune that is his goddess, must indeed be my evil genius!"

Croiser was no sooner seated in his carriage, whirling off on his return to Rannolini, than he took from his pocket the paper which Pitt had given him, and looking to its amount—five hundred pounds—he muttered, "His generosity is certainly a redeeming trait!—if we can so term the profusion which squanders the bounty of a nation without scruple as to the mode of obtaining it, or heedless as to the results of its expenditure. Even in private life that feeling cannot be ennobled by the term of generosity, which merely dispenses to others the superfluity for which it has no need; for that man alone is generous, who wanting himself can yet share his means with those who want still more. Measured then by such a metre, even Pitt falls short! Thus perish the vile lucre which tyranny makes subservient to the viler uses of corruption! Since such are his weapons, he shall be foiled with arms of his own forging!" Tearing the notes into pieces, Croiser flung them

to the bottom of his carriage and trod them into the fur beneath his feet.

The door opened, he had reached the house of * once more, and now ascended to Rannolini. Rannolini rose on the instant, and taking leave of the statesman for the present, sent his carriage back to their hotel, and putting his arm through that of Croiser, desired him to take the nearest route to the Horse Guards.

"I hope," said Croiser, "that you have been pleased with your visit."

"Oh, admirably! I could scarcely have believed that a man of so much genius as * could be so easily cajoled. He has not the most distant idea of the purport of my visit! He believes that it is a sort of silly romantic adventure for my own amusement. It was not my cue, you know, Croiser, to undeceive him. I came into his views, talked of the pleasurable excitement of the risk attendant on a voyage to Britain, of the impassable vigilance of the British cruisers, the constant gales which protect your shores; recalled to his remembrance the Spanish armada; played off to him the futility of further conquests for France; pretended to view my long-cherished project as perfectly at an end, and seemed with great unwillingness to

abandon it for ever. Believe me, I cajoled him most completely! He little knows me, if he thinks I would endanger every thing for *amusement* alone! It is true that this may have tempted me some way, but there is no one to whom I could trust for the information I want. Andreossi, on his return to Paris after the embassy, could tell me very little. Apropos—I go down to the Nore to-morrow with you. We must inspect the fortifications at Chatham very narrowly, and we can then push on to Sheerness. I mentioned the intended inspection to *, but he seemed to offer no objection to it. By the by, he appears to be most anxious that this visit should be kept in eternal silence and secrecy. He extorted from me a promise to that effect. He is prudent, but when once the day is our own, he will have nothing to fear. It amuses me, does his simplicity, in not suspecting my views. I am to hear him speak to-night—Oh, but that you know—and Pitt, have you seen *him*? How did you arrange with him? Is every thing right in that quarter?”

“Perfectly so,” replied Croiser, “Luckily he was so deeply engaged that he only had time to say a few words. He asked the usual questions, wanted to know where Napoleon was, to which I

answered, 'I cannot exactly tell you.' He seems perfectly puzzled about the invasion, but rather inclined to think that it is not meant in earnest. You may be sure that *I* did not elucidate the matter much, though I told him a sufficiency of unimportant truths to make him confident of my attachment to his interests. He seems thunder-struck at the idea of the new Imperial dynasty"—

"*Aha!* does he—that's *good!!* From whom, think you, did he get his information respecting the invasion?"

"I rather think it came through Monsieur De Bourrienne."

"Bourrienne! Did he?—I have been informed of this before! That is another viper that I have warned in my bosom until he would sting me if he could; but I know him, there are a nest of such. I shall have my eye upon them, they shall be crushed!"

"As to that, I think I have poisoned *that* source of information in Pitt's mind, by telling him confidentially, that you suspected Bourrienne, and pretended to notice him still, in order that you might mystify the English ministry through the channel of his communications."

"Admirable, my Croiser. The pear is ripening. We shall yet see the day when our bulletins are

dated 'London' instead of 'Paris.' But where are these horse guards?"

"Yonder they stand, do you not see their chargers' necks projecting!—Before us, where those groupes of ragged little urchins are looking up in wonder at the trappings of slavery."

"Come, come, my friend, no abuse of the army, —the navy as much as you please."

"I beg pardon," said Croiser smiling, "truly I had forgotten. Now we turn," and they stood in the front court of the Horse Guards.

After surveying the building for a few moments Rannolini expressed his disappointment. "Tut! this is a mere guard house after all! And here they

rival if not surpass her ; but there"—He did not finish the sentence, but after gazing at the building for a few moments, he turned, and folding his arms walked mutely forward with Croiser at his side, until they reached St. James's. The dingy exterior of this edifice excited his mirth. " Truly my Croiser !" he remarked jestingly, " we must build you a somewhat better palace than this when you are our ally."

" Apropos, we have passed Carlton House."

CHAPTER VI.

"Conqueror of the world art thou,
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruted in men's minds than now.
• • Thou seek'st to assume th' imperial mien,
And shake the world again, the thund'rer of the scene."

CHILDE HAROLD.

Nor, however, to weary the reader, it will suffice to say that our two friends having passed an hour or two in remarking all that seemed most worthy of notice in the west end, the hour of four arrived. "Come," said Rannolini, "the business of the House begins shortly, I wish to be there early, in order to witness their mode of conducting it. We must dine."

"True," replied Croiser, "we will return instantly to our hotel, though I am sorry to say that I have neglected to order dinner."

"That's of no consequence, I shall not dine in Albemarle Street. Take me to some restaurant such as that one which I pointed out to you in the

Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, where I used to dine with that ingrate Bourrienne. It appears to me but yesterday, that I met him there on the twentieth of June, when I was a sub-lieutenant of artillery. Those were miserable, yet happy days! Strange! that even sorrow is a source of pleasure to memory!—But, bah! we lose time; you know the sort of place I mean, where officers of the army and navy dine. I like to hear the topics they discuss. It is a very good key to public opinion. It is a favourite amusement of mine, when I am idle of an evening at Paris. Here as well as there, I shall hear something of myself I dare say. I have often thought of the joke of going to such a place in London, and listening to all the names which you John Bulls please to bestow on me."

"Why, I fear that you may hear something unpleasant."

"Oh, for that I can allow!"

Seeing that he was bent on this project, Croiser took him to the only place with which he was acquainted, and where he knew that several officers of the two services dined, in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. On their road Rannolini remarked

to Croiser, "How frequently is a noble city spoiled in its appearance by the want of regularity in the buildings. See, look around us, what confusion and inconsistency in the various structures. This is one of the greatest faults in Paris. And this reminds me of a project I have often entertained of appointing government surveyors and architects to draw the plans of all houses built in towns and cities throughout France. They shall pay a small sum for the advantage thus enjoyed, and be compelled to attend to uniformity of design. They shall also be obliged to use materials of a proper strength and solidity. This will prevent accidents, houses falling, and so on.

countenance gave way to a stern expression, as he watched some individual at the next table with much doubt and apprehension.

"I suppose you saw him this morning, sir——?"

"'Tis the same," said Rannolini, in a low voice, on hearing the name by which the object of his suspicions was addressed, though he did not understand the question. Rising on the instant with some precipitation, he touched Croiser warily on the shoulder and then left the room, while the latter in astonishment and alarm quickly followed him. On gaining the street, the foreigner walked forward with some rapidity and in silence, turning at random first one corner and then another.

"Croiser," said he in a few minutes, when he deemed himself in some manner clear of pursuit, "*who* think you was sitting near us?"

"Who in the name of Fortune? I confess myself at a loss to conceive!"

"Why truly you would hardly guess! What think you of Admiral Sir ——?"

"Is it possible? How singular!"

"Strange enough, but still a fact. The mad-man!—a silly man, but a brave officer. Of all men he has crossed my path, if not the most, at least at the most annoying moment!"

"Well, it is strange! one would hardly be expected to have met a man of his rank in such a spot! But he is very poor! Then where do you go now, Monsieur? I hardly know of any other similar restaurateur's."

"Oh, no more of them! I have had enough of the adventure—to our hotel straight! Let us have a hasty dinner, and be off to the House!"

Agreeably to these directions, they dined in their rooms in Albemarle-street, and then drove down to Westminster. Having gone through the forms necessary for their admission, they entered, and found Mr. Pitt on his legs. R

is a great mind!—indefatigable in following up the suggestions of a genius which is of itself indomitable. I must say I admire, even though I detest him! He has a good idea of ruling. He has the advantage of * in delivery, if the latter is superior in matter, which I think that he is. But the mind of * is formed altogether on a grander scale! it is nobler, more liberal; he is not the bigot which Pitt is.” At this moment some one passed by them, and coming in gentle contact with Rannolini, the foreigner turned round.

The stranger was a gentleman in the noon of manhood, of prepossessing appearance, and bearing all the external marks of high-breeding. He took up a position immediately by Rannolini’s side, and seemed to enter very warmly into the sentiments expressed by *.

“Who is that, Croiser?” The captain looked at the new comer for a few seconds, and then whispered in the ear of the foreigner, “You are in luck to-night! It is no less a person than the Prince of Wales!”

“Ha! that is admirable! I must speak to him.”

“For Heaven’s sake, have a care!”

"Never fear me." Then slightly pressing—as if by accident—the foot of the illustrious individual in question, so as to attract his attention, the foreigner begged his pardon with all the ease and breeding that he could so readily assume, and soon entered into conversation with him for the better part of an hour.

Having waited for the adjournment, * came up and shook Rannolini by the hand; and after the latter had complimented him on the brilliant speech which he had made, insisted that they should accompany him home to supper, which they did.

"Well, Croiser," said Rannolini, as they drove home, "after all, these speeches may be very fine, and it does well enough to amuse the canaille, this sort of chatter about nothing, but still in the end you must confess that they are mere babblers—nothing more! I would not be plagued with such a set in Paris for all the world." To this remark Croiser made no reply, preferring, when he differed in opinion from his friend, as at present, not to enter into an argument, as uncalled for as it would have been useless.

Early on the next morning they were on their road to Chatham. The day was one of those

cloudless and delicious specimens of an English summer which are so truly delightful. Rannolini was in high spirits. "This Kent is a complete garden," he observed, as plantation after plantation appeared, in which the hops were in full bloom. "It would *almost* be a pity to trample so much cultivation beneath the rude hoofs of a body of cavalry. What a splendid road too is this! It is one continued level. See, plain after plain presents itself! Such a country as this is only tenable by a superior force. It is as I have always said, Croiser; an army once landed would be possessed of London in five days! What stand could be made against us in such a champaign country as this?" but finding that Croiser was silent, he fell back into a deep but pleasant reverie, as the smile around his mouth denoted.

Having arrived at Chatham, somewhere near the hour of three o'clock, they immediately took horse and rode over the lines. These elicited a smile of contempt from Rannolini, who remarked, "If the works on which they are now so busy do not far excel those they supersede, it will be but a brief time that we are delayed here, my Croiser, on our march to town!"

Having admired the country about Rochester,

and shrugged his shoulders at the misery of the town itself, they retired to rest after the fatigues of the day.

By an early hour on the next morning they again arose, and set off by water for Sheerness.

As they passed down the innumerable, tedious, and devious windings of the Medway, Rannolini mutely but anxiously surveyed the ships of war at anchor, in all the various stages of lying in ordinary (or store), ready for sea, fitting, and refitting.

On landing at Sheerness, there was at that time nothing to demand his attention, save the trifling fort which commanded the entrance of the harbour. After quickly walking over this little fort

spot for invasion. I now see my error. It is true, Croiser, that this is a point perfectly open and unguarded, but my mind is made up. This is not the favourable place of attack which I had once considered it. The shallows and difficult navigation would occasion far too great a loss of time. It is too far distant also from the encampment, where the embarkation must take place. To think of taking troops up that meandering puddle, the Medway, would be madness, and I suspect the route on its marshy banks to be little preferable. To be sure it is only a long day's march from London, and there are no fortifications on the road worth mentioning, but those advantages are overbalanced by the attendant evils. For here they might bring into operation their best means of strength, by hastily manning those ships which we passed, they might render the march to Chatham most destructive, if not impracticable. No, I now see my path distinct before me. Dover shall witness my arrival. My plan is determined on, and this is it, Croiser," laying his hand familiarly on his young friend's shoulder, while his eyes sparkled with animation: "we will return immediately to France; my flotilla is in readiness. It shall be completed on the instant

to four thousand vessels. At this very time I have two hundred thousand picked troops encamped on the heights of Boulogne. I will take immediate measures so as to be supported by twice, or, if need be, thrice that number. They have already been practised in embarking and disembarking, and they shall yet be wound up to the utmost pitch of enthusiasm. A hundred thousand of them shall be made to embark and land daily, as part of their drill. There are squadrons now lying in the ports of Rochefort and Boulogne. I will instantly despatch these to sea, so as to decoy the English from the Channel; they shall have some place of appointment named, where they shall receive fresh instructions to return without loss of time to the Channel; calling at Brest for a reinforcement, as well as previously shortening sail off the Ferrol to be joined by the Spanish fleet. Then by another manœuvre which I have in my mind's eye, and false intelligence adroitly managed, the English shall be so far led off from the right scent as to leave the Channel clear for six weeks, during which time I shall have thus contrived to assemble some eighty ships of the line, and having command of the seas in that spot, not a moment

shall be lost in embarking twenty men and one horse in each of the boats of the flotilla, and pushing across to Dover with these eighty thousand troops, while the cockneys are in all the glorious anticipation of some great naval victory in the West Indies. These eighty thousand men then, finding nothing to offer any adequate resistance, take possession of the town and the surrounding heights, and push their videttes forward on the road to London, while the flotilla returning without the delay of an hour to Boulogne, would re-embark the remaining eighty thousand, making in the whole a hundred and sixty, and accomplishing their landing within twenty-four hours. Before any steps can be taken to bring an efficient force against us, we shall be half way on our road to the metropolis. Both parties rush on—we meet; their troops must be few, and those but inexperienced recruits. These cannot stand the veterans reared in the campaigns of Italy, inured to fatigue on the banks of the Nile, and the burning sands of the desert, and proved on the bloody plains of Marengo! Superior discipline, knowledge, and numbers, must win the day!

“The first pitched battle then is ours; we sustain little loss, and pursue the route to the

very terms of Julian. Within thirty-six hours we must be ready. E——y has to be in England, a republic is proclaimed, and democracy is its aim. I shall send popular leaders; they shall choose a committee of their own and authorities to provide my Council, supplying one of the chief posts leading to your friend the conqueror and new saviour, for ultimately obtaining the Term that Julian at last obtains a deliverance from the oppressive system which now fetters strength. Once free, all her energies, all her resources shall be employed in a

the ocean will be turned to the happy and beneficent purpose from which it has too long been perverted. Then it will at length protect the commerce of the united empires, and bestow on them a greatness unknown, or even undreamed of before. Then, Croiser, then, our knowledge of the East will be turned to advantage. For it is from the East that all true greatness must spring, and ever has sprung. France, the close ally of England, we must make the empire of India subservient to the dearest interests of the two countries! The first, the greatest boon which could be granted to Englishmen, would be a repeal of taxes. I would effect this, and at the earliest moment. I would have them told so. Nay more; I would prove that it was in our power. The cessation of the war with France, the change of government, and consequent abolition of unnecessary pageant, would do much towards the reduction of expenditure. We would complete it. The interest of England's debt would alone remain; and that by the upsetting of the present order of things, would be considerably diminished. It should however no longer press upon Englishmen—it should be paid from other sources: from the confiscated estates of

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once opened, would almost overflow! It should be for us then to accomplish this opening, and that under salutary restrictions to the whole world! What vast districts in India are now depopulated! What still larger districts are entirely uninhabited. Yet the population of India might be increased to any extent! Her sepoy's can be trained under European officers to become some of the finest troops on earth. On their native soil what northerners could cope with them? They would undergo toils which none others could survive! Who knows?—Persia might fall beneath her arms! Again—her timber—the Teak tree will produce ships which ours cannot rival. The Parsees with their slow but astonishing industry, cannot be surpassed in such mechanism. India would soon float a navy, in many respects fit to cope with that of England!”

“Yes, Monsieur, this is all true, and I grant that it would be a gigantic power in the hands of a master-spirit, but remember that before we can render the commerce of India available to the desired end, there are innumerable minor difficulties to be subdued, but which you have overlooked in the theory of so vast a plan!”

“I have not forgotten them, but I set forward with

this: to genius, determination, and prudence all things must yield. I have proved it, for I have mounted difficulties far greater than any which I should have to encounter!—Listen!” and here Inolini paused in his walk. His eye, without losing its severe look, assumed an expression of pleasure mingled with pride, while an unusual curl of his lip and irony gathered around his mouth.

“Twelve years have not passed since I stood in the streets of Paris, a youth, a stranger, a stranger to fortune, with no one on whom to rely for assistance except myself! I was an unemployed lieutenant of artillery, say of a good but dec-

becoming in the space of eight short years, the head of one of the first kingdoms of Europe ; the ruler of thirty millions of people. These circumstances, Croiser, did not prevent me from revenging Gaul upon the empire of her ancient victor, Julius, by standing undisputed conqueror on the fertile soil of Italy ! Nor did they prevent me from shaking to its base the throne of the last of the Cæsars, nor from heading the immortal men who resubdued the land of the Ptolemies, while yet shadowed by their very pyramids ; or from rescuing my adored country from the hands of imbeciles, and giving her a due rank among the nations of the earth ! Neither, my Croiser, did they prevent me from obtaining that which cannot be the least dear to me—a page in the imperishable records of history, and a recollection among the posterity of mankind ! Remembering this—looking back on this,” and he resumed his rapid pace while his features seemed to glow with the bright beam of intelligence which played over them,—“ Can I pause ?—Can I doubt ? Never. We must proceed. We must not cease to advance. To pause, is to be lost. That which I have gained is not half, scarcely the half of half which remains to be

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cal. Not so, however, to me; I can rely on my own resources, on my own invention,—that which has stood me good stead in many undertakings scarcely less momentous. But to those who have never been thus tried, the Alps appear insurmountable, and the Red Sea impassable! Whatever may be the task which is to be undertaken, let him who would triumph, but once apply his *soul* to the accomplishment of the end in view, and already the greater number of his difficulties are vanquished. I do not take to myself all the credit for whatever I may have accomplished. No, I am aware how much Fortune has favoured me, but I do not fear that she will desert me yet! But of these things hereafter, for the present my plan is as clear before me as though it were traced upon a chart. We have seen all that is necessary, let us get back to Chatham. I am impatient of every moment that delays my return to France, and the preparations for our descent!" And Rannolini gradually relapsing from his former state of excitement into his usual manner, left the rampart which they had been pacing together during this singular conversation, and walking quickly towards the boat which waited for them, they returned up the Medway; while Croiser mutely reflected on the

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CHAPTER VII.

"He stood a stranger in this breathing world,
An erring spirit from another hurled,
*A thing of dark imaginings, which shaped
By choice the perils he by chance escaped,
But 'scaped in vain."

BYRON.

AT the period to which we now refer, so many jarring interests were opposed to one another, and so great was the struggle for pre-eminence, that many paths of conduct were then held available, which would now be looked on with suspicion at least, if not disgust. In the neighbourhood of a court where a certain degree of polish is expected from every one, and the surface of the stream is always supposed to be serene, however fiercely opposing eddies may be struggling beneath, the undisguised force which bears away the palm in other contests, must necessarily give way to intrigue and circumvention. Among

which port orders had been sent to intercept and arrest them, for some alleged offence against the laws.

The alarm that such intelligence was calculated to excite, may be readily imagined. One source of consolation was however to be gathered from this disastrous news, namely, that the minister was still without the slightest idea that one of the suspected couple was his trusted and confidential friend Croiser. While **, in the greatest perplexity, was revolving in his own mind the best method of getting Rannolini out of the country, and bestowing some few oburgations on the imprudent curiosity which he believed to have brought him over, as well as the improvident carelessness which had omitted to leave with him their present address, an individual was announced for audience with whom, to the best of his belief, he had not the most remote acquaintance. Leave being given for his admission, the door opened, and the servant ushered in a stranger, of no pigmy stature, since in entering he was obliged to stoop for fear of striking his head against the frame of the doorway.

The visitor was arrayed in a coarse jacket and canvas trowsers, which, while they bespoke his

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Croiser was anxious
who came to Mr. *
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"But he was fearful lest you should not be able to reach town. I believe sailors are not proverbial for making land journeys, whatever you may do in the way of sea voyages. But sit down my good fellow, sit down, and tell me how you managed to get to town; I don't like to see you standing after so much fatigue."

"Thank your honour, thankye!" said Tim, availing himself of the proffered seat, "as to the fiteeg, sir, I must say that I'd rather keep watch and watch, beating through the Straits of Gibraltar on a rainy night, than start off on one of these land voyages again; more specially when it's aboard o' such pia-waw-waw picked-up-along-shore-hau-buck as the barkey I came in!"

"*What?*" said **, smiling at the original, and to him most novel, character, which he had thus suddenly encountered, and which he quickly determined to draw out for his amusement. "Barkey, what do you mean, Mr. Tim?"

"My name, and begging your honour's pardon, isn't *Mister* Tim," said Tarpaulin suddenly interrupting the statesman, for he hated such an appellation, "'tis but Tim Tarpaulin, much at your honour's service, though if your honour's in a hurry, and wants mayhap to say something short,

why d'ye see I answers to Nine-fathom Timothy, seeing that I was once cast away"—but the reader already knows the tale, at which ** indulged in a long and hearty laugh, saying,

"Well then, Nine-fathom-Timothy, you have little to fear from drowning in future, that is one consolation for you; but as I should think that you must be very hungry, I'll order some refreshment for you," ringing the bell. "When did you arrive in London?"

"This morning, your honour, about gun-fire."

"Gun-fire?"

"Ay, your honour, the daylight gun, tho' to be sure I didn't hear it!"

honour—and then I found myself hard and fast; for the passage-boat, or mail as your honour calls it, had started just an hour before.”

“Why then, how did you manage to get up to town?”

“Your honour shall hear all about it. Ye see, sir, as soon as I found that the mail was off, I was in a pretty taking surely, thof to be sure I don’t see how I could have helped it; howsomever, sir, while I was standing at the inn-door, chafing and swearing like a cat in a line, some of the ostlers came up to me in a consoling sort of a manner, trying to comfort me. ‘Jack,’ says they, ‘dont take it to heart so much; if it’s anything particular that you want to be up in town about, why we’ve got a capital horse here, ye shall have cheap; it’s a true bit of blood.’ ‘Horse, old boy, true bit of blood,’ said I, ‘why I know as much about backing a horse as a horse knows about steering a boat!’ ‘What o’ that, Jack?’ said they. ‘My name’s not Jack,’ said I, ‘don’t be coming it so strong over a fellow! My name’s Tim.’ ‘Well then, Tim,’ said they, no-ways put out, ‘this is the best horse that you ever sat eyes on, you’ve no more to do than get astride him, and go to sleep, for he knows the way

to London, every inch of it, as well as a blind man does to his mouth, and as to ride—he rides as easy as a good sea-boat in a gale o' wind."

"Well, certainly, Tim, that was some temptation, you were monstrously lucky to chance on such a horse."

"Why, as to that, your honour, it *was* a great temptation; but as to the luck, your honour shall hear more about that. However, ye see, sir, they didn't spare soft words. 'Moreover,' said they, 'the animal's dirt cheap, and he goes like a clipper free o' the wind.' 'When shall I make my port, think ye, mate?' said I. 'Why, Tim,' said they, 'to-morrow morning early, wind and weather holding fair.' 'Well,' said I, 'I don't expect impossibilities, so bring the craft out, and if I like her build, why, ye see, I'm the fellow that'll strike a bargain with ye.' 'Well then, Tim,' — always 'Tim,' ye see, sir, — 'Well then, Tim,' says they, 'walk this way;' and they took me first to starboard, and then to port, as if they were trying to work something like Tom Cox's traverse."

"And what may that be?" interrupted —, entering into the character of the rough and honest sailor, with all the pleasure which novelty excited

"What is it, your honour?" replied Tim, "why it's up one ladder and down the next; howsoever, at last we came to a sort o' shed at the break o' the town, the end nighest to the London road, and sure enough they walked the craft out, and brought a lantern for me to hold a survey on it, chattering all the time about its being a prime bargain and a true bit o' blood. 'As to your bit o' blood, ye lubbers,' says I, 'I don't think he'll go any the better for that.' 'Oh yes, she will, though Tim!' said they. 'Well then, poor creatur!' said I, 'it's as plain as a pike-staff, for there's the blood ye talk of on her knees—isn't that what ye mean?' 'Oh yes, Tim, that's it.' 'Well then, what's the price?' says I. 'Fifty guineas!' Well, your honour, I pulled out my shot-case, and down with the dust, made them rig the creatur out a little, and point out the right course for London; then taking some slight bearings, your honour, I jumped a-board o' my barky, and made all sail, ten knots an hour, holding well on by the slack, for fear o' coming down by the run; and your honour must know it's no easy matter to hold your own on such a fly-away. However, your honour, she did pretty well at

first, 'sept that she pitched pretty heavily; but after we'd gone over some ten or fifteen miles, thinks I to myself, your last skipper must a boen a methody parson, or else you wouldn't have larned such a trick of bobbing down on your knees every half-glass—skulking your duty under pretence o' saying your prayers. If this is what ye call 'a bit o' blood,' why no more of it for Tim Tarpaulin! At first I thought my neck would be carried away at the least of it; but as ye see, your honour, that my legs grounded on the bottom, whenever she came on her knee-timbers, why I wasn't so much the worse for it. After a time, your honour, she began to flag; thinks I, what's good for the skipper is good for the crew, so I took out Sal Moffat."

"Who?" said **, utterly unable to comprehend this last allusion, though he had passed over many others in Tarpaulin's narrative almost equally unintelligible, for fear of a repetition of those digressions of which he had already experienced a sample.

"Sal Moffat, your honour, she's my bosom friend, as ye may say, I never go any where without her, and here she is: will your honour condescend to take a drop? I'll warrant it true schnapps,

seeing I smuggled it myself, and begging your honour's pardon—"

"None, oh! none, thank you my good fellow," replied **, to the generous offer of Nine-fathom-Tim, who had already unscrewed the top of his favourite *poculum*, as Lady Sapphira would have termed it, and proffered it full of spirit to his host.

"What, refuse a glass of true schnapps, your honour? Well then, it's a sin it should be wasted, so your honour 'll excuse me if I drink your honour's very good health!" tossing off the potation.

"This canteen," continued Tim, "your honour must know, is called Sal Moffat, because—" but we will spare the reader the repetition of the old story, and take up the conversation which followed.

"What, then!" said **, when the story of Sal Moffat was finished, "did you venture to give your horse raw spirits?"

"Just so, sir, and the creature took it as natural out of the crown of my hat as if she'd been a Christian bred and born; but however, I'd hardly got athwart hawse again, when away she went like a mad animal, and the more I tried to shorten

sail and round her to, the more she carried on. Well, your honour, I managed to hold my own but that was all, till she shortened sail of her own accord at a little sort o' a tavern. I hadn't beer off my craft, however, ten minutes, while they gave her a feed of corn, when the landlord, looking as mighty as a turkey-cock, came to tell me that my bit o' blood was stolen from a gemman's stables, nigh handy, and that twenty pounds were offered to apprehend the thief; and that wasn't the worst, for he told me that he thought your humble servant was the horse-stealer, and that he must detain me, putting himself in the doorway.—'Ye

low ;' for your honour will see she was nigh knocked up, ' and I'll give ye the twenty pounds into the bargain.' When the matter was settled, says he, ' the coach is coming up to the door in a few minutes to change horses, and if ye jump on top of that, ye'll be in London by day-light.' ' That's all right, Bo,' said I, and when she drives up, here's your money, and mind me old fellow, if I catch you saying anythingscaly o' Nine-fathom-Tim when his back's turned, look out, look out,—I'll keel-haul you and your ship's company, if I tramp fifty miles to do it.' ' Mum's the word,' said he, and just as he was swearing he'd keep the cat in the bag without fail, up drove the new craft, or coach as they call it, I paid the fellow his dubs, took up a berth on the forecastle, and after a few ins and outs and ups and downs, here I am your honour, much at your honour's service."

" Well, my fine fellow, I think you managed very well, but unfortunately your captain is not in town, and what is worse, I do not know where to find him.—Would to heaven that I could! for I fear that he is in great danger."

" *Danger!*" cried Tim, starting from his seat, " why what does your honour mean? The vil-

lains, whoever they be, had better keep their claws off Captain Croiser, I can tell them, for he strikes somewhat hard now and then, and if-so-be your honour would only let me know where to lay my finger on——”

“Why, my good fellow, the facts are simply these; Captain Croiser has left town for Chatham, with his friend Monsieur Rannolini.”

“Your honour means the furriner?”

“Yes, Tarpaulin, the same. Well now,—but you must be very careful not to mention this to your soul.”

“Your honour may trust Tim for keeping his secret close. At least he could tell ye one or two that would make your honour's eyes open a little.”

“Very good! Then attend to this.—Since they went away, I have found out that there are some enemies of Captain Croiser in London, who have sent down spies on the Kent road to watch the captain and his friend, and put them in a trap. Now, I very much want, if it be possible, to inform Captain Croiser of this, so that he may get out of the country as soon as possible. As may be, but unfortunately I have not been able to get him to leave his ac-

no knowledge where to find him, and I am in hourly fear that he will be returning to London and get caught by these fellows on the road! If that should happen, Tarpaulin, I wouldn't even answer for his life.—Now, my fine fellow, you know your captain's habits, you may happen to know also the inn at which he is likely to put up. Tell me, therefore, is there any device by which we can let him know of the danger in which he is?—Can you think of any expedient?—If you could but convey a note or message to him, there is no sum that I would not give you!" moving towards his desk.

"'Vast heaving there, your honour, 'vast heaving," interrupted Tim, much moved, "as to money, it's not all the dirt that ever was coined could make me bear-a-hand for Captain Croiser a peg faster than I will without a farthing. For, your honour—" Tim seemed on the point of blubbering, "I looks on Captain Croiser as the best friend I've got, or even as a son, for the matter o' that, seeing I've sailed with him high and low, breeze and storm, since he was but a younker, as I may say; I'm sure, and begging your honour's pardon, if Sal Moffat had been his mother I couldn't have cared more about him!—The Bermugian-built

lains, whoever they be, had better keep their claw off Captain Croiser, I can tell them, for he strike somewhat hard now and then, and if-so-be your honour would only let me know where to lay my finger on——”

“ Why, my good fellow, the facts are simply these; Captain Croiser has left town for Chat ham, with his friend Monsieur Rannolini.”

“ Your honour means the furriner ?”

“ Yes, Tarpaulin, the same. Well now,—but you must be very careful not to mention this to your soul.”

“ Your honour may trust Tim for keeping :

caper with his feet. "I have it, I have it, your honour! A pint o' grog to a gallon o' water, but I find him out within twelve hours, or never trust Nine-fathom Tim again!"

"How? Explain yourself! I don't understand you," returned **, very eagerly, for he was, as the reader must see, deeply interested in opening some communication with Croiser, though he hardly saw how it was to be effected.

"Why, your honour," said Tarpaulin, "the long and short o' the matter is this; I'll be off this minute and put myself aboard o' one o' them packet craft bound to Chatham, like the one I came up in this morning, and I've only to set myself well up forrard in the bows of her.—I, your honour 'll remember, am Nine-fathom Tim—and the deuce is in it, if he can't see me coming along, half a mile off."

"But perhaps he may not be on the road," said **, smiling at the seaman's odd fancy.

"Well, better still, your honour, for if he's 'in the town, I've only to walk up and down once or twice, and in case his honour doesn't take an old shipmate for a church steeple under weigh, why there's little fear o' his missing me. Just let me once start and I warrant I'll find him within the

twelve hours yet!" and Tarpaulin moved toward the door in a hurry to depart at once.

"Stay, stay, my good fellow," said * *, "there is no hurry for five minutes. By this time," tolling the bell once more, "they have, I doubt not, prepared some refreshment for you. Go be and lay in some slight stock for your journey while I consider what you propose, and if I hit on no better plan, I will write a note for you to take down to Captain Croiser."

Tarpaulin having done as he was desired, * * having, on a calm reconsideration of the matter, found that this project of Tarpaulin with all its deficiencies was nevertheless the best which

CHAPTER VIII.

"Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine every hour,
Fear not clouds will always lower."

BUT if ** was alarmed, and with sufficient reason, at the minister's obtaining intelligence as to the character of his visitors, how much more apprehensive would he not have been had he guessed to what extent the minister's information went !

Though the spies, actually in his pay at Plymouth, had not pointed out Croiser with sufficient clearness for his employer to recognise the description, they nevertheless dwelt so strongly on the character and appearance of Rannolini—judging him of the first importance—that the minister, though he could hardly believe the suspicions which arose in his mind, yet at once discerned who it was most likely to be. The same in-

formants also acquainted him with the fact the foreigners having been wrecked on their voyage. This, they said, supposing that the wlogged timber vessel, in which our friends rived, was the original ship in which they started from France. They then proceeded to that a fine new vessel, originally intended smuggling, had been purchased by the foreigners and had then either sailed, or was on the point sailing for Dover, for the purpose, as the w supposed, of conveying the strangers back France. The minister was now fairly puzzled. He could no longer doubt that these objects universal suspicion were the same with those respecting whom he had received the delectable epistle of Puff and Bombast, and whom his ar had met on the road to Devon. On referring however, to the sketch then so hurriedly taken, he could trace but little resemblance to the dark individual to whom his suspicions—and I may add his wishes—so clearly pointed, since the little likeness which his imagination was able to trace, was marred by a pair of large blue eyes; whereas he well knew the foreigner in question was distinguished by orbs of a piercing grey. Still less did it enter into his conception that

Captain Croiser could be one of the denounced, since he well knew that Portsmouth was the harbour in which he had always hitherto arrived ; and that if he had suffered shipwreck he must have mentioned the circumstance to him, in order to have obtained the means of procuring a new vessel. Still, despite of all the conflicting evidence which presented itself on the face of this affair, the description given by his last informant,—on whom he implicitly relied—so unequivocally represented the foreigner to be one whom he had for years exerted his whole energies in vain to subdue, that his soul leapt within him at the idea of ensnaring his enemy in his toils at last. The agitation of the moment scarcely permitted him to come to a conclusion as to the course it would be most prudent to adopt. Two plans presented themselves to him. “ If,” these were his thoughts, “ if he really is in England at this moment, it is only for me to announce the fact publicly, and the hue and cry will fly with the gale from one end of the country to another. Individually and collectively Britain will be up in arms to guard our shores, and an escape is utterly impossible. If, on the other hand, I should do this, and these suspected persons on being apprehended,

should prove not to be him, but some mere paltry spy, the laugh will be completely turned against us, and we have disappointments enough to madden us without such an addition. For after all I must take into the account the probability of such a mischance. I know by experience what fools these agents of mine occasionally prove. This is not the first time that such a suspicion has arisen, to be proved fallacious! I cannot, knowing his wily policy, the depth of his cunning, his care of himself, his prudence, I cannot, even with all that is before me, think that he would prove so venturous, so madly daring, as to go to this extreme of temerity, and land on a shore so hostile to him,—so teeming with danger. How was he to have escaped our cruisers whom nothing scarcely can pass? I know it has before now been asserted that he has been in England, but I cannot believe it! I dare not risk the open assertion of it! No, I must proceed by a surer course, I must send down trustworthy people to Dover, with orders to find some excuse for arresting this mate of their vessel, who must be nearly arrived there by this time. He is the person I suppose on whom they rely to take them back. Without him they will be wholly at a loss, and in our power.

Parties of two or three shall be left at all the principal towns on their route, from London to the very sea-shore. They shall not know who I suspect him to be, therefore they will not be able to divulge my secret; and in case of failure, no harm will be done. My prey has not yet escaped me. I have waited long and toiled hard for my triumph; but I dare to think that it approaches at last."

This, the reader will bear in mind, was on Wednesday morning; the day on which Pitt received the information, the day on which Croiser and Rannolini had started off for Chatham. Pursuant to the views which he had taken on this momentous occasion, the minister lost no time in taking the necessary steps, first, to find out where these said foreigners were in town, and next, if not at present in town, where they had been and whither they had gone.

The reader may judge of his surprise and rage when he at length traced them to their hotel in Albemarle Street, thence to the house of **, and finally to their departure for the Dover road: this last piece of information having been obtained from one of the footmen, to whom it was told by the postilion. Further than this, however, he

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eyes the system of espionage with which he was so well acquainted in France, continued to take the most scrupulous precautions against detection. For this purpose he desired Croiser, who was well acquainted with the road, to make the postilions halt at the first turning that might be distant some two miles from Rochester; then dismounting, they paid the postilion not only for their present journey, but also for one which they engaged him to take on that day-week, appointing him to be at the same hotel in Albemarle-street at ten o'clock in the morning. Croiser then very coolly flung the valise over his shoulder, and trudged down the road which led in a totally different direction from that of their true destination to Rochester; while the postilion respectfully touching his hat, turned about and drove back to London, never doubting that he had seen them set forth on their true route, and that he should meet them again "at Philippi."

"There goes an honest fool, Croiser!" said Rannolini, "and to any information which he can give, all the world is welcome. Now that he is out of sight, let us turn back into our proper road. We must find some young rustic to carry your burthen. What a delightful ride we have had!"

As the reader, however, already knows, it was now nearly three o'clock. On arriving in Chatham, Croiser dismissed the bearer of his portmanteau, and carried it in his hand until they arrived at a little tavern, where they engaged some rooms and then, walking into the town, hired a couple of horses for a ride, as if they had been inhabitants. From this time the reader is acquainted with their riding round the lines, and their trip to Sheerness on the next day by water. They contrived to manage these matters so quietly, and in a manner so free from the slightest appearance of consequence, that they were duly neglected by the inquisitive waiters, and the

"there is some sailor in the street below, singing a song. That is not so bad! Why surely I have heard that air before! listen, Croiser!"

"What!" exclaimed the latter in tones of astonishment, after a moment's pause, as a well known burden met his ear—"Is it possible? Hush, monsieur! It is—it must be!" Then rushing to the window—"What can have happened!—see, as I live, it is Tarpaulin!"

"Eh, what's that you say?" quickly demanded Rannolini, alarmed in his turn—"Tarpaulin?"

"No less, I assure you! Come to the window and you may see him. You may prepare yourself for some catastrophe. Rely on it, he has been sent to find us, and that long head of his has hit on this expedient. Look at him! the old boy has actually put his right arm within his jacket, to sham being a cripple and escape a press-gang."

"True, Croiser, so he has. I fear that all is not right! Do you hasten down and pretend, as an old shipmate, to bring him in, and give him a glass of spirits. Quick, lose not an instant! Let us hear what he has to say. We can never learn bad news too soon."

Putting on his hat, Croiser hastened to obey Rannolini's orders, and succeeded without dif-

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We must ride hard to-night.—This is the crisis of our fate! If Pitt succeeds, we fall.—But if we escape—it is over with him and all his crew!" handing back the little note, in which ** had said every thing in French that it was necessary to express, and that in the fewest possible words. "Despatch, my Croiser, despatch," he continued, "time is life with us at present. When the waiter comes up, send for the bill, say that we wish to pay for every thing to-night in order to start at an early hour in the morning. Pay him moreover for our beds and breakfasts, and two places in the first coach, which you must order him to take for us. You must say something about our going to see an old friend in the neighbourhood, towards town, and that we are not certain of returning to-night, but will be back as early as possible in the morning. Let our honest friend here take his meal quickly, and then send him out to some clothier's shop, with orders to buy three farmers' suits, one for each of us: appoint a rendezvous at some convenient spot with which you are acquainted, on the outskirts of the town towards Dover, and in the meantime I can make use of what day-light remains in purchasing three horses. I hope you

have followed my advice and have cashed bill?"

"Never fear me, monsieur," replied the captain, "if money can extricate us we have more than enough—"

"So, that is good! I have perilled all upon this throw, and I will redeem my stake nobly yet, I am much mistaken in myself. Pitt may do well to bully those babblers in the Chamber, he has no *garçon* in me!" As the dangers thickened around him, and life, and fame, and empire depended on the merest odds of Fate, he seemed the more to exult in a stern exalted glee, a sublimity of which inferior minds are unable to comprehend. As he once remarked to Croiser, who commented on this trait in his character, "It is then, Croiser, that I taste of the true ecstatic life! If nature were not thus to frame some mind and bid them chase peril for the delight which it excites, how think you should we witness the achievement of any thing that is great? I cause this feeling to arise in my mind at will, and it has always been the sure augur of success. It is true that I am now in the vigour of manhood, and the energies of the soul may in time

fuse such a bidding—then adieu to prosperity. But I have no wish for life to gain such experience. I have a presentiment, Croiser—but no matter—it alludes to years far in futurity—the present is enough for our care!”

CHAPTER IX.

" Swift fly their coursers as the storms of Heaven,
When thunder-clouds by tempest winds are driven ;
Wrath threatens the future, Danger marks the past,
And dread Destruction rides the fearful blast."

DENTONE.

HAVING minutely and carefully followed the directions of Rannolini, Croiser soon had the satisfaction of finding himself mounted on a noble horse, which after some little difficulty they were able to purchase at a large sum. He was dressed in the style of an English farmer of that day, while on his left rode Rannolini and Tarpaulin similarly equipped.

On reaching the place of rendezvous, they had put on their several disguises, and stuffed their other garments into a place of concealment at hand, where they were not likely to be found for at least some days. Rannolini being unable to

speak more than a very few words of English, was—in case of their being accosted—to pass off for a deaf and dumb sort of imbecile; and Tarpaulin, in order that he might not betray his nautical identity, was to take upon himself the character of a person “in drink”; a part which he was ever fitted to play to admiration, but in which he was now likely to acquit himself better than ever, since to a stranger, the sailor-like and ridiculous manner in which he clung to his horse’s mane, had more the appearance of inebriety than aught beside.

As they pursued their flight at a most rapid pace, Rannolini amused himself with alternate mirth at the awkwardness of Tim’s horsemanship, and exultation at the beauty of the night; which if not preeminently calculated to favour his escape, yet granted to him—that which singularly enough he seemed to value still more—a clear view of the country through which they were passing. The moon was yet in its first quarter, and a light north-westerly breeze, while it favoured our sailors on their path, cleared the heavens above of every fleece that could otherwise have obscured the brightness of the night, and allowed the orb

above to shoot down her trembling but cowering light, displaying hill and vale, forest and pasturage, in all the luxuriance with which summer is resigned into the arms of Autumn.

Going at the utmost speed which considered for their horses would permit, and never halting their steeds except at some low and solitary inn or hostel, our friends at length reached the famous city of Canterbury, where the arrogant murderer churchman, and the royal hero reposed side by side, to prove how much exists in memory, and how little in fame!

Turning aside very shortly from the main street, Croiser conducted his party at a slow rate through the one on the left hand, which passed the outer wall of the abbey-yard. Rannolini seeing the building beneath the arch, rode through, and persisted in taking a slight glance at it before he left the shores of England; then quickly rejoining his companions who waited for him, they proceeded up the street, which seemed in some measure overgrown by the old-fashioned houses on either side. A few minutes they arrived at a ruin, whose octagonal and castellated turrets came nobly forth in the clear moonlight. Touched with that melancholy beauty which ruthless time seems to bestow

some slight compensation for his ravages, the party instinctively drew up and halted.

"What ruins are these, Croiser?" enquired Rannolini.

"The ruins of Saint Augustine's monastery," replied the captain: "but move a little to the left, there are two still finer towers standing—here we have them. You see that gothic window. Within is the chamber in which our celebrated queen Elizabeth was confined during the reign of Mary."

"Hah! do you say so? Elizabeth was a woman of ten thousand—but cruel and unamiable—as women always are when they forsake the walk for which Nature designed them. It is a beautiful ruin. How enchanting it looks! So much for greatness! it is not worth the chase it gives its votaries. — But forward! or greatness will be giving chase to us, and that in an enemy's country will not be quite so pleasant."

"In a few seconds they gained the outside of the town, and spurring forward their horses, they resumed their former rapid rate along a road not generally frequented; the principal one lying on the right-hand. This, however, Croiser had thought it prudent to avoid, as long as it was in his power, for fear of interruption, since the note

from **, had warned him of the minister's emissaries being on the look-out on every part of their route.

After proceeding for some six miles, our friends were however obliged to turn into the ordinary Dover road once more, at the little village of Bridge. The hour was about midnight, and saving an occasional cur who awoke from its slumber at the noise of their horses' hoofs, no unwelcome signs of life presented themselves. As these sounds gradually died away in their rear, they found themselves at the foot of a steep hill.

"This part of the country," said Rannolini, "does not seem of so level a description as that through which we passed on the first day's journey. I have scarcely seen a plain of any note since we started from Chatham."

But Croiser seemed lost in some unusually deep reverie, and replied not until they reached the summit of the hill. "See," said he, extending his horsewhip before him —

But Rannolini was too quick for him, and interrupted what he was about to say with the sudden exclamation, "Ah! Here we have a field at last! What call you this?" he continued, as

his eagle eye measured the wide space extending before him. "By whatever name it may be designated, it is on this plain that England will soon be lost and won. What name has it, Croiser?"

"These are Barham Downs."

"Barham!" musingly. "The Battle of Barham then will be decisive! Come, I must ride over this ground."

"Nay, monsieur; consider every instant is of the first import."

"Bah! Croiser! Ninny that thou art! You know nothing about the matter. For what did I come to England, think you, if it were not for this very purpose? Come, come. If Pitt himself, and all his babbling majority were here, I would not decamp until I had seen this field." And without waiting for further reply, he dashed the rowels into the side of his steed, and set off.

"Tarpaulin," said Croiser, seeing that he must follow, "do you remain here, we shall be back in a few seconds. You have arms?"

"Ay, ay, your honour, I've a pair o' pistols in my pocket and an oaken stretcher in my hand, that might floor the old un himself." Croiser then putting his horse to full speed, came up with

Rannolini, just as he paused on the crown gently swelling eminence at the other end Downs.

"See," said the foreigner pointing with his hand and describing the ground, as his young friend halted at his side. "This is such a field I would have chosen myself. We shall approach the Dover road on our left, we shall occupy this position, this is the highest ground; our flank will be covered by that line of hedge on our right, our rear will rest upon the one behind us. Our enemy, on the contrary, must take up the inferior ground, and on the instant that he attempts to retreat, it must be down the steep hill which we have just ascended. One good charge such as we have seen our friend Murat make before now, and they must in such a position be thrown into immediate and irretrievable confusion. Once they meet here, Croiser, and our difficulties are vanquished. See—Hah!—what cry was that—hah!"

"It is Tarpaulin's voice, monsieur. Something must have happened!"

"Quick; quick, Croiser, for your life. They are there, again—Quick, for your life I say!"

Dashing their spurs into the foaming sides of the generous steeds they rode, our friends dashed

off with the swiftness of the wind, to the assistance of Tarpaulin, whose voice had thus suddenly but distinctly been heard by them as if shouting for assistance.

"Quick, quick, I say, Croiser ! See, yonder they are," repeated Rannolini, pointing towards the seaman who was struggling with several assailants. "He has been set upon by some villains."

"You are right, Monsieur, we are discovered, pray draw your pistols."

"Draw, but do not fire I command you, Croiser ! See, they are attacking him in front and forcing him down the hill. We have a fair opportunity to charge them. Make your horse plunge directly upon them ; follow my example. Now—on ! now or never !" Urging the animal which he rode, to its utmost strength, Rannolini leaped, in the manner he had described to Croiser, directly into the midst of the attacking party, while the captain, who was immediately behind, followed him in his course. On their wheeling round to renew the charge, they found three of their enemies on the ground, and the fourth grappling with Tarpaulin.

"Huzzah ! true blue for ever ! Take that you thief o' the night !" shouted the latter, flourishing his ready cudgel at arm's length, and then bestow-

ing all its weight and force on the head of his opponent, who, startled by the sudden and unexpected charge of Rannolini, had let go his hold, and now fell senseless to the ground, where the rest of his companions lay struggling. One appeared crushed by his horse which had fallen on him, and the others were so severely contused, that they were scarcely able to rise, while the three emancipated steeds had taken to instant flight along the common.

"Jump off, Croiser," cried Rannolini, on seeing the true state of affairs. "Be quick, do you and Tarpaulin give me your reins to hold, you must secure these scoundrels as prisoners. Not one must escape."

"Right, Monsieur," returned Croiser, "here Tarpaulin, give your horse to M. Rannolini. Jump off with all haste, and help me to secure these rascals."

"Ay, ay, your honour," replied Tim, doing as he was ordered with the most cheerful alacrity, "ay, ay, your honour," he continued to grumble forth as he proceeded to execute his order; "I'll serve 'em out, the cowardly ruffians, trust me, to set upon an honest fellow without so much as giving fair odds."

"Come, come, Tarpaulin," interrupted his commander, "don't talk, but be quick."

"Croiser," said Rannolini, "take a pocket handkerchief from each of the prisoners, and tie their legs, and then I'll tell you how I wish them to be disposed of."

Meanwhile drawing a pistol from his pocket, "I will perform guard over these fellows with this, and give them to understand that I shoot the first who attempts to escape."

Having obeyed this instruction, Croiser lost no time in helping Tarpaulin to secure the only two who were in a state to get away; the one felled by the powerful blow of the seaman, not having as yet regained his senses, and the other, who lay under the horse now found to be dead, being scarcely less inanimate than the animal he had ridden.

In a few minutes more the prisoners were all secured as the foreigner had desired.

"Now then, Monsieur," said the captain, "I think that our best plan will be to lash these men to that small stone pillar which we passed in the middle of the plain. Once secured to it, they will be too far beyond hearing to obtain relief soon."

"No, no, Croiser; should they by any accident

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strance and entreaty, the prisoners were secured in the manner which Rannolini had pointed out, and then conveyed into the thicket at no great distance. Having no other ligatures at command, the neckerchiefs of this unfortunate party were now made instrumental to their bondage by lashing them in pairs, but opposite to one another, with their feet secured to the boles of two trees. Their pockets being duly rifled, and the usual threats having been held forth in case they should presume to cry out for assistance, Croiser and Tarpaulin returned to Rannolini; after removing the dead horse from the road, they once more mounted the faithful creatures that had already served them so well, and conscious that everything depended on the celerity of their movements, they put the mettle of their coursers to a still harder trial than before.

Rannolini no longer seemed to be in the mood, or to possess the time for laughing at the continued and ticklish struggle by which alone Tarpaulin was enabled to maintain his seat, as they flew along the road whose dust was whirled in circling clouds behind them. His mirth was changed to apprehension, as every now and then, on glancing back, he beheld the sailor

on the point of coming to the ground, clinging to the mane with both his hands, and leaning his immense long body forward, his grim features betraying the difficult part which he had to sustain. No, Rannolini seemed at last to awake to a consciousness of all the perils that surrounded him; but if the severity of his brow denoted a knowledge of his danger, the eye bespoke a spirit equal to all.

Scarcely a word was now spoken, and it was only during the brief moments allowed for baiting their horses at an occasional little cabin on the way-side, that Tarpaulin related to them the manner in which he was attacked. He had barely been left by Croiser two minutes, when a party of four horsemen passed him at a brisk trot from Dover. In a few seconds he heard them halt, and after a short conversation, they turned back, suddenly surrounded him, and inquired which was the way to Canterbury. Before he could perceive their designs, they attacked, and would soon have overpowered him, but for the timely charge of Rannolini and Croiser, which, as the reader knows, dismounted three of the assailants, two of their horses taking immediate flight, third being killed by its head coming in contact with the hoofs of Rannolini's

charger, and the fourth joining its companions on the instant that Tarpaulin felled its rider. That they were some of Pitt's minions there could be no doubt, since they had recognised Tarpaulin, and had said something about apprehending him as a horse-stealer, which proved that they must have heard of the circumstance, and used this as an excuse for getting hold of his person.

Pursuing their flight as already described, without the further loss of a moment's time, they at length arrived at the wished-for town of Dover. The old church at the entrance of the suburbs was tolling out the hour of half-past two. As they dismounted from the sinking and galled animals, which had borne them so gallantly, they turned them into a sort of walled paddock on the left hand side, the gate of which happened to be open.

They now stole quietly through the by lanes, and keeping in the shade, they soon succeeded in reaching the harbour without being once interrogated as to their destination. On arriving at the quay, the greatest difficulty was how to get a boat, since from the little nook of the basin in which they now stood, they could hear the sleepy took-out stalking up and down on the wooden

pier close at hand, and mumbling the chorus of some old sea song to keep himself awake.

In this dilemma, however, they did not remain long, for Tarpaulin, with his usual readiness, desired his captain to remain by the side of the foreigner, while he swam off and cut adrift one of the many boats moored in the harbour.

This having been accomplished, he took the painter or little cable in his mouth, and towed the skiff ashore, saying "If his honour and the fur-riner would get in and lie down in the bottom of her, he'd just tow her out of the harbour in the same fashion; and as for that land-lubber who was knocking his pumps about up there, to the tune the cow died of, he should know no more of it than my ould mother, and she,—God bless her!—went to Davy Jones one cold morning as she"—

"Yes, yes, Tim, we know all that, so get ready to tow us as you propose—you monster of a dolphin!" then turning to Rannolini, Croiser told him of Tarpaulin's proposal, and in a few minutes they were almost imperceptibly moving down the harbour. Presently the clocks proclaimed the hour of three, and just as the look-out, thus roused to his duty, hallooed those boastful words "all's well," Croiser heard the voice of Tarpaulin whispering in a low tone from under the lee of the boat,

"Bad luck to us, your honour, if these villains haven't got a drift-boom chained right across the narrow o' the harbour! However, your honour, blessings on the chance of it! there is some sort of a fisherman's cobble on the leeward side of it, so I've towed ye opposite, and while I dive under the boom and cut her adrift, your honour must manage to get the furriner into her, without making any noise for that marine-adrift up there to hear us."

Unfortunate as this occurrence was, it could not be obviated otherwise than as Tim had pointed out; following his advice, therefore, the captain at last succeeded in getting Rannolini into the little fishing boat on the other side of the boom, without having apparently awakened the suspicions of the sentinel, or sustained any further inconvenience than that of having wetted their feet. Tarpaulin now took them in tow once more, taking the greatest care not to make any movements in swimming, which should cause a plashing of the water.

Having at last cleared the harbour, he got on board, and they then took to their oars; at first but gently, till they increased their distance from the land, when the captain and the mate gave way with all their strength towards the vessel

which Tarpaulin now beheld where he had left her some thirty-six hours before.

They had not proceeded very far, however, when Rannolini's apprehensive eye discovered a long and low black object approaching from the shore. "Croiser, we are discovered," said he.

"Where, monsieur?" demanded the captain looking astern. "Yes," he continued, "you are right. Now then, Tarpaulin, pull for your life."

"Ay, ay, your honour, like a young greyhound for his breakfast!"

For a few seconds they gave way with head and soul in silence, their light heart beating in their

pull, I say, you old fool! Had we only gained a little more distance before this unfortunate chase commenced—”

“Ah! your honour, if ‘*hads*’ had been *chads*, we should have had fish for breakfast. Them greenhorns astern, don’t pull so bad for preventatives! I wish, your honour, we were but a leetel more even-matched; we might give them a bit of a tussell for it, round our barkey here, back to Dover pier, and out again. But here we are nigh alongside now. Some of them chaps aboard must be stirring. ‘Pearl, ahoy,’” hailing the lugger, which had been named after the ill-fated schooner, but without turning his head or ceasing his efforts at the oar. “Holloa” was the reply soon heard from on board. “All hands make sail,” continued Tim, “and clear away the stern chaser. Now, your honour, them lubbers are coming up! Now for it! A long pull, and together O! Now, sir!—now again! So once more! Here we are—in bow—in all!” And as the little boat shot up alongside, Tarpaulin seized Rannolini in his arms, and leapt on board in an instant, and Croiser quickly following his example, once more, with inexpressible joy, found himself upon the deck of a vessel whose crew obeyed him alone.

Every thing having been prepared in case of such an emergency, in a few seconds the cable was cut, the ample lug-sails hoisted to the breeze, and the lugger, which had been built for sailing, moved quickly through the sea, leaving the chasing party at some twenty yards' distance.

The officer's voice was now heard urging his men on, and the foam flew from their oars as they exerted themselves to overtake their prey. It was soon seen to be in vain. Enraged at the escape of his intended victims, the officer gave the command to "fire a volley at those rascals standing on the poop;" before, however, they could execute this malicious order, Croiser applied the port-fire to the gun, which he had already directed—it flashed forth—the shot whizzed through the air! A crash was heard—a shriek, and the boat settled in the wave. "Bah!" exclaimed Rannolini, angrily stamping on the deck as he beheld this catastrophe, "that was unnecessary cruelty."

"No, Monsieur, I heard the order given to fire upon us, and they deserve this for the wanton cruelty which would maim those whom they cannot catch."

"But those poor seamen, they will be drowned for the fault of their officer!"

"Oh, no! there is the boat in which we came off, it is near them, they can swim to it."

"True, I had not thought of that. And now for France, *ma belle France*! Croiser, thou art a jewel of an officer, let me embrace thee on our escape, for it would never have been effected but for you. How am I to reward you? and that honest Tarpaulin.—I wish, by the by, that his name were easier to pronounce. In a few hours,—think of that,—in a few hours we shall be in France." I may, however, safely leave to the imagination of my reader the transports which filled the breast of Rannolini at thus escaping from the snares of his enemy, and though he by no means underrated the dangers which he had braved with so much temerity, yet he considered the information which he had thus gained to have been cheaply acquired at the risks which he had run. The foreigner no longer seemed to entertain a doubt of his designs on England being crowned with success, and exulting in the triumph which he deemed to be awaiting him, he spent some time in dictating to Croiser, and giving him instructions as to how he was to proceed; but as the reader will in due time be made acquainted with the nature of these orders,

we shall pass them over without notice for present.

Croiser and Rannolini being now satisfied all pursuit was at an end, refreshed themselves after the fatigues of their journey, and took gratitude the scanty sleep which was all to them, before the arrival of their lugger off Quise; then a little insignificant fishing town on the *Côtes du Nord*.

The captain having accompanied Rannolini to the shore, and embraced him before setting off for Brussels, returned to his lugger and made all down channel, while the foreigner proceeded to meet his friend D—c, now waiting for him at the above named city, impressed with the belief that the latter was only making a private tour of observation in France, which he was well known to be in the habit of doing. Nor did the duration of his absence appear to be inconsistent with the account of himself, since he had not as yet been absent three weeks, but in this brief space of time what events had been crowded!

CHAPTER X.

“ What heart of man unmoved can lie
When plays the smile in beauty's eye ?
What heart of warrior e'er could bear
The beam of beauty's crystal tear ? ”

HOGG.

DESPITE of the many imminent dangers which Croiser now knew to be hanging over him, he determined to repair without loss of time to Plymouth. When coming to this resolution, he tried to analyse those emotions which dictated such a course ; but his efforts were unattended with any satisfactory results. Still, amid the chaos of passions prevailing in his breast, one feeling predominating over the rest, convinced him that it was his duty to go. He had *promised* to see Margarita at the earliest moment. That moment was now at hand, and could be spared for the fulfilment of his word. However incompatible he might deem his love for herself with his engagements

to Rannolini, one thing was evident, beyond all doubt he must return to her.

Margarita herself, had, in the mean while, found ample leisure to ponder over and reconsider several matters that her passion had not hitherto allowed her to judge fairly. He had heard her avowal of affection for him. She had received his declaration of love, there was therefore a strong tie between them. And to whom was she thus bound? To a man who shrouded himself in the most inscrutable mystery. It was true that his manners and his language bespoke him to be a gentleman, nay, they seemed to belong to high birth, but what was his profession? On what did he depend? With whom was he linked? Who might be that singular and still more mysterious foreigner, Rannolini? Who or whatever he was, their fates seemed inexplicably bound together, and their mutual pursuit, if she might guess from what she had heard and seen, was — She shuddered to think of all that her suspicions forced on her unwilling mind. Soon, however, with a quick reaction of thought, she would turn to the brighter side of the picture, draw forth the little sketch she had made of his features, and blame them for wanting the spirited and varied expression of the original; recall the

gentle intonations of his voice as they once used to fall on her ear, and the accents of love and admiration which they breathed, or read over the many scraps of his poetry which she had received during their short acquaintance. Then would she fancy his figure once more pleading at her side, or chafing her lifeless temples, to restore her from exhaustion back to life, or leaping with her in his arms from the decks of a sinking vessel, when the elements were raging in all their fury round them. "What base ingratitude!" she would exclaim, starting up, "thus to suspect the generous being to whom I am twice indebted for my life! Can I ever regard another human being as I do him? What are all mankind beside him? Even were he all that I fear him to be, surely he deserves the poor prize he has twice gained; but no, not if he were *all* that I fear—and yet"—Thus was she alternately swayed as the different emotions of love and principle possessed her heart, until at last even the very mystery that hung around him, and the struggle which it occasioned, only tended to increase those feelings which she entertained in his favour.

Utterly perplexed as to the course she should adopt, she determined to find out the lady (a friend of hers) who had fainted on recognising Croiser,

and endeavour to learn who he was. In the pursuit of the first part of this determination there was little or no difficulty, but to gaining the required knowledge there was an insuperable objection. The lady resolutely refused to disclose a syllable: "More mystery still," thought poor Margarita as she took her lonely walk towards Croiser's favourite old tower, after this unfavourable interview. "And Charlotte, too, now that I recollect it, I almost promised her that I would not allow Croiser to pay his attentions to me; however, I suppose that I am freed from that, since she so openly flirted with Rannolini, before Croiser's face. Besides, she saw him constantly at my side and made no remarks on it. Alas! my dear, but giddy sister, if so much anxiety is the lot of my first, my only affection, what sorrows must be in store for thee! How the changes in our minds alter the external appearance of nature! I can scarcely believe that these are the same woods, and hills, and sea, that I beheld from this very spot not twelve months since! Then, they looked bright and sunny, full of delight, now every thing wears a mournful gloom. — Well do I remember smiling at those who talked of childhood being the happiest period of life. I smiled, and well I might, I thought I was never to feel

differently ! I could not know that to concentrate the affections into one point is to leave the surrounding surface of life bleak, dull, and bare. And yet I scarcely know that I *would* recall those hours even if I could. I fear the calm happiness of girlhood is fast leaving me for ever ! Why did I sigh for the age beyond ? What would I not give to recall the last two years ? Well, since it is impossible, still let me enjoy with a double zest the fleeting portion that yet remains to me. What, after all, is the bounding joyousness of youth and its freedom from maturer cares, compared with the tide of ecstatic and blissful feelings following in the train of a first affection ? Alas, they are poor indeed ! Thus fickle Heart, art thou prone to repine over the past because it is beyond thy reach, and to despise the present for being in thy power. Though no longer the joyous scene of my childhood, yet how beautiful is this view ! Tranquil sea ! —Where is poor Croiser now ?” And Margarita, as she remembered that this was the delicious hour when, leaning on his arm, they strolled together through those picturesque glades, and to all their other charms were added the music of his voice which, whether he conversed of the different nations he had seen, their customs, their manners,

as these dear rememora
with their soothing melanc
forth upon the blue and
white of a distant sail st
carelessly, "Such now m
interested with this fancy,
approach, as the gentle b
"How strange! I declar
like his vessel, but no—it
ing away her head to prev
hope that might prove fa
agitated, she could not fo
once more towards it, and
firmed her suspicions, or l
half-indulged hopes. It s
for that part of the sound;
caught a view of a very t
on the forecastle—"It is—
lin,—and there is Croiser's
me. for they are heaving-0

meet him in whom all her dearest hopes were centered.

Her quick glance had not deceived her, and he was soon by her side, breathing the pleasure which none but lovers know. To her it almost seemed like magic, as if he had sprung up from the sea at her wish, as did the silver-footed Thetis at the call of her Achilles. Having answered her many inquiries as to how he had been employed, they pursued their favourite walk along the plantations and then returned home, when Croiser's arrival was welcomed with surprise and pleasure.

Old Nine-fathom Tim, having received instructions from his commander, now conducted his vessel to a more secluded berth in Cawsand Bay, and then made his appearance at the house, to receive his share of the good things going.

When Croiser arrived, Lord Falconer's frigate was still in the harbour, but that of the * had gone on a cruise. On the following day Lord Falconer's also stood out to sea. By these several departures Charlotte now found herself in a situation that never had any particular charms for her — she was without an *attaché*. "Oh! but," said she to herself, when considering the important point, "there's that Croiser! I had for-

gotten that I was to make a dead set at him ; and now I think of it, a great deal of flirtation has been going on between him and Margiee. Now that's very unfair of Margiee, for I gave her a sufficient warning—I must talk to her about it!" and without considering the inconsistency of her conduct, the giddy Chatty resolved to reopen the trenches before a city that had already been taken by superior force still in possession. Great, therefore, was Margiee's surprise, and not slight her confusion, at receiving a certain lecture that night for having flirted with the appropriated person of Captain Croiser.—She tried to justify herself on the ground of Chatty's tacit renunciation by her encouragement of Rannolini. Such justification, however, was not admitted, and the grounds on which it was founded were disputed. Margarita, afraid to disclose what had taken place, determined to be patient, confident that Croiser's manner would be the best and most undeniable proof to Charlotte of the utter hopelessness of such an attachment.

On the following evening, after dinner, the sisters, leaning on Croiser's arm, strolled into the garden. No sooner did the "douce honest lad," Jamie Maxwell, behold the flowing garments of

the ladies between the trees, than he hobbled forward, saying aloud, "Gude e'en t'ye, leddies, gude e'en! Nae doubt ye'll be come to inspect the new Camelia that's just cam frae my honest kinsman Adam Gordon." Here suddenly turning a corner, his eye encountered the form of Croiser. "De'il tak it!" he suddenly exclaimed, turning back and hobbling off, "there's that dour chiel cam back agen—its ower little then that a puir lad will be minded and he in the way, sae I'll e'en say nae mair, seeing it's a clear waste o' God's breath."

Having turned aside to the French garden, and procured one of the guitars lying there, our friends walked round by the battery to Thomson's temple, which douce Jamie had so boldly asserted to be such a favourite wi' Francis Duke of Bedford. The reader already knows that this little building fronted towards the harbour, and commanded a beautiful view of the shipping, the dock-yard, and the forts that crowned the height on the opposite side. The red gleams of the sun, now setting behind the hills on the right, fell obliquely on the broad expanse of the Tamar, producing the most rich and varied effects. The sun sunk, leaving the young and pale eyed moon to preside over the scene; gradually the noise and bustle of life stilled into

silence, as the seamen on board their numerous ships, descended to their repose, until in the beautiful twilight of a summer evening, every thing seemed at peace.

After conversing on various subjects, Margarita put the guitar into Croiser's hands and requested him to sing. He no longer required any solicitation to comply with the request. Margarita was sitting on his left hand, Charlotte on his right, and inclining his head so that—if it were possible—only the former should distinguish the words, he sang as follows :

In gazing thus, say, who could dream,
What pangs of grief and care
Arise like bubbles on a stream,
To mar a world so fair ?

Or who, that views yon moonlight ray,
Soft sleeping on the main,
Could wish the garish light of day
Should ever shine again ?

Alas ! what joy my soul could prove,
Mid scenes like this we see,
Possessed—for realms of bliss above,
Of moonlight, love, and thee !

Nor pride, nor rage, might move me then,
Each wild emotion free ;
Won from the baser strife of men,
By peace, and love, and thee !

"Come," said Charlotte, in a tone half playful

and half jealous, when the music ceased, "you shall not tune your lyre wholly to Margiée. Sing something to me directly: nay now, Croiser, I insist." Smiling at the mixture of earnestness and play in her manner, Croiser carelessly touched a few chords, as he replied

"How shall I sing to thee, fair queen of hearts?
Mistress of many, yet faithful to none,
Sipping the honey each flower imparts,
And spurning each treasure thy beauty hath won!"
Ah! if thou lovest,
Still when thou rovest,
Think of the bee!
Lest dimly shining,
Day's orb declining,
Portions to thee,
Sweets gone and faded,
Blessings degraded,
Mournful to see!
Love where thou slightest——"

"There, that will suffice us, Master Impertinence!" interrupted Chatty, peevishly pushing the instrument on one side so as to interrupt Croiser, "I asked you for a song, and you give me a sermon."

"Well now, Chatty, I almost think you deserve it!" said Margarita.

"Do you indeed, my lady Pearl of the ocean? *you* too were in want of instruction, I presume—

a lesson in *love* for you; one on *prudence* being reserved for me."

"Nay, Chatty, you need not speak so harshly, and if I must say the truth, so unjustly—you must know, that if I have offended you, it was involuntarily done."

"Well, well, perhaps I do—it was this Croiser's fault, I never did like to be lectured; and on her too, my cavalier!—You are always talking about love, it is a silly stupid passion. What can you have to say in its defence?"

"First, my beautiful mademoiselle Charlotte," returned Croiser, "that you have never experienced the passion! That which—"

vast mightiness of which can adequately fill the human heart,—Love—Ambition—Glory. What is ambition?—cheating shadow.—Ambition is empty,—it brings nothing which can yield content; the greater its possessions, the greater its desire. Riches?—they are but a despised means. What are the riches of the world to ambition? Even in the height of its success, the wretch from whom its vampire lip is drawing life, is still in the depth of his misery!—Again, with the chills of age it may pall upon the heart, for philosophy will uncloak and lay bare the cankering skeleton within, as in the case of Charles the Fifth; the pinions on which his daring flight has been upborne may give way, and plunge him into the bathos of cold contempt and scorn.—Nor does it equal Love in strength, or why did Antony flee from the mastery of the world into the arms of Cleopatra? Neither is Glory the hallowed divinity it seems. In too many cases it is only to be pursued over the mangled corpses of our fellow-creatures, and even when obtained, the clouds of calumny may arise to shut out from our view the gory meteor we have followed; or we may be snatched away before the tainted harvest of our laurels is yet reaped, and like Ambition, reason and reflection

have it at any time in their power to rend away the gorgeous plumes and trappings with which the car of Glory is covered, displaying to the eye the loathsome hearse beneath ! But to what does Glory tend even in its most favourable career ?—Power ! and that at the best is but a couch of thorns. What then remains ? there is fame, true ; literary fame—but the gifts necessary to its acquirement are so rarely bestowed to an extent worth having, that it is unfair to state it as a general question. Love alone remains, and surely it is more noble than either, since it is one of the first attributes of the Deity ! Would you compare its strength ? Even the desire of life itself must yield to it. Urging mortals to court that which many spend a life in shunning—death ! Sappho's story brings this home to our minds ; or, on the other hand it may tempt the wretch weary of the burden of existence to bear that load with cheerfulness which, but a short period before, he was only anxious to lay down. Such we read in Sæthos was its effect on the epicurean of Athens ! From the fascinations of Ambition and Glory, I repeat, reason and reflection may disenchant us ; but who can free himself from the natural impulses and warm affections of the heart ? The mighty passion of

jealousy which led the Moor to commit murder terminating in suicide, was yet insufficient to extinguish the hallowed spark of love. Neither is it like the other two passions—empty. It *does* bring content—it has an end! In its pursuit, you are not necessarily mistaken or eluded. To love and to feel yourself beloved; to see in the object of your attachment, loveliness and worth, what earthly bliss can surpass this? True it is, as it will ever be on earth, your breast is filled with a thousand hopes and fears; but these merely enhance the intensity of your joy. There is no longer any space for the grovelling thoughts of existence! Each image, feeling, dream, is impassionately wrapt up in one object—whence they take their rise, to which they again tend. She is to his feelings what the heart is to the empurpled tide of life—the source of vitality, the seat of warm affection, the impulse of all action, the germ of all existence, the throne of the inmost soul—who—what shall step between, if they are firm to each other? Misfortune! No, the very griefs of love are a tender source of pleasure—its joys, transport indeed! It has always appeared to me that when once this feeling has ceased to thrill the breast—life

has thenceforth lost its salt. Then I would be content, nay, happy to die !”

“ But surely it is impious to entertain such feelings,” said Margarita.

“ Nay, I hope not,” replied Croiser. “ Be even renouncing such a wish, though it would be wiser to quit mortality when so ethereal an emotion dies for ever within us, yet I conceive it to be such a pure emanation of the soul, that when blight or misfortune, or even death comes to smother it, the deep and holy glow remaining, is sufficient to consecrate and endear even the sorrows of a long old age ! You are both young, and

without kindness, glare without happiness. Hypocrisy, ingratitude, and deceit! Turn a deaf ear to the low ridicule which would assail the noblest of passions, and return their pointless jests with scorn. To be truly susceptible of love, does indeed require some impress of the Deity, and those never treated it as false or chimerical, whose souls were not too abject and abased to entertain a conception so sublime! For the rest—they do but pursue the semblance of a shadow inadequate to fill the heart it vitiates,—like that unseen but mephitic and deadly exhalation, which to breathe is to expire!”

Croiser paused—and as Margarita turned to look on him with the transport which we feel towards those in whom the heart is deeply interested, she remarked the change of expression which showed how deeply he felt the bitterness his lips poured forth. It excited a painful curiosity. What could have imbued so young a spirit with so much acrimony? One, too, who seemed not only to possess the warm affections of the heart, but absolutely to rest his chief hopes of happiness upon the enjoyment of them. What could it have been? She had heard him speak of oppression, and that indeed can ruffle the most

As they now happened to be seated, Charlotte was leaning on her sister's neck behind Croiser; her hand had been clasped in Margiée's, and was lying beside it. Taking up the hand that he conceived to be Margarita's, Croiser pressed it to his lips. Great, however, was his surprise, when, after it was gently withdrawn, he discovered it to belong to Charlotte, who somewhat confused, now arose from her recumbent position. Surprised from his self-possession, he hurriedly bent towards her, saying "I beg your pardon, I thought it was the hand of —"

"Margiée" instantaneously interrupted Chatty filling up the pause which Croiser in his confusion had made—he endeavoured to explain—to say something—his lips moved, but were unequal to the task! Different feelings had the same effect on Charlotte—supporting herself on her arm, she seemed as if enchained in the act of rising, while her pallid countenance, as she gazed on him, betrayed amazement, rage, and scorn commingled, and formed a strange contrast with the usually pale but now crimsoned features of Margarita. Comprehending what had passed, she looked up, and confirmed the torturing suspicions which flashed through the mind of her sister. With

her natural acuteness and rapidity, Charlotte scanned the looks of both, saying to herself in a voice cool and distinct from extreme passion, "I see it all"; then springing up, was in another instant out of sight. Margarita alarmed and grieved at the agony which she well knew this stroke would occasion, attempted to follow, but overcome by the sensations that oppressed her, would have fallen to the ground but for the timely support of Croiser. As he tenderly upheld his lovely burden, he alternately blamed his own stupidity and the coquetry of Charlotte. Anxiously watching the first return of sensibility to that pale cheek now pillowed on his shoulder, he hastened to restore her to her own support, before she should be made sensible that she had been indebted for it to him. This delicacy did not escape Margarita, nor did she fail to appreciate it; for Croiser possessed much of that tact which distinguishes men accustomed to the ways of timid—gentle woman. He was well aware that the delicacy which sees no more than chance in such moments, will often win those endearing confidences denied to a less accomplished or more assuming lover.

Let us seek dear Chatty, Croiser," said Mar-

giée, and leaning on his arm, they hastened through the path by which she went. The first persons whom they encountered were Lady Sapphira, arm in arm with Bombast, accompanied by old Puff stumping after them, and fulfilling the office of body groom. By the side of the latter, resting on his cross headed stick, hobbled Jamie Maxwell, informing his wonderful and learned companion for the hundredth time, that "That castle, nae question, was biggit in the time o' Elizabeth, when the country was threatened to be harried wi' the Spanish Armada, wha put their trust in the scarlet abomination o' Babylon; and there was aye a big chain dra'ed up at sun down to keep in the ships, mere cockleshells in thae days compared wi' the floating clachans up the harbour, sae Adam Gordon aye tauld me, and he's muckle learning. Ye'll be minding Adam Gordon, sir, ye'll hae seen him at the"—the usual tale was here interrupted by the affected tones of Lady Sapphira.

"Dear me how bright *la Lune* looks to night! You must acknowledge, Captain Bombast, that you never saw a finer moonlight! No, not even in a foreign climate!"

"Oh dear, my lady, I beg your pardon, for when

I was at the Longbow Islands, one evening I was admiring that very planet as we might be now, my lady, and I happened to look full up without putting my hand across my forehead, and would you believe it, my lady, my eyes were so scorched that I couldn't see out of them for a week! Wasn't it so, Puff?"

"Very possibly so, Captain, indeed I may say exactly so, for you know I received your account of it in a letter dated three days after the accident—when I was abroad—at Cork."

"Indeed—ne—ver—knew—it!" drawled Lady Sapphira.

"Psha! you stupid—Puff," muttered Bombast in an undertone, "how could I write *three days after*, if I was blind for a *week*?"

"Ah, yes, weeks I meant—possibly yes. I'll correct myself"—then aloud, "Yes, my lady, dated three weeks after the deplorable accident!"

"Indeed, then most indubitably it must be very scorching! Does it not hurt the hair? Now I observe on the frontlet division of your encephalic extremity—you don't comprehend, I mean your forehead."

"Oh—ehem—Ah, my lady, yes that happened about a week before. I was riding out a gale at

those islands—most tremendous hurricane—no abatement for three weeks—when as I was hailing the main-top, I incautiously lifted my hat off my head, when whiff, my lady, it blew all the hair off the front part of my head, and left me as bald as a coot, just as you see me now, my lady!”

“Indeed—never knew—”

“Can you tell me where my sister Charlotte is, Lady Sapphira?” here interrupted Margarita.

“No child, I don’t carry her about in my pocket! But what’s the matter? We past her on the battery just now, I thought she was crying; but as I was saying, Captain Bombast——.” Margiée and Croiser hurried past this affected clod of inhumanity and conceit, as well as her congenial followers, and found Chatty, as her aunt had said, sitting on a gun carriage, her face leaning on the cold cannon, while the sea breeze gently lifting her dark locks, displayed her tears glistening on those curly tresses like diamonds from a mine, far richer than Golconde’s! On Charlotte’s perceiving Croiser, she started up, and with a swiftness that baffled pursuit, fled to the house and secluded herself within her own room. Bitter and unjust were the reproaches she heaped upon poor Margiée; it was in vain that the latter as-

serted that her sister's conduct with Rannolini, with the *, and even with Lord Falconer, had induced her to conclude that Croiser was indifferently esteemed by her. No; with all her admirable and amiable qualities, she was too headstrong to hear reason on such a point, and remained inflexible in her determination not to speak to either of the offending parties. This continued for two days, on the third Lord Falconer returned. The tides of our affections resemble other streams; driven out of one channel, they rush into another with redoubled impetuosity. Lord Falconer had brought in a little privateer as a prize, and was in high spirits. Now whether it was as Charlotte affirmed in excuse for her fickleness, that he looked far more handsome than heretofore, or whether it was that she had an innate love for a conquering hero, or whether, which I fear is the truer hypothesis, she was solely actuated by that love of change which doth somewhat sadly infest the better moiety of the creation, I will not decide; but certes she now took to her ill-treated adorer more kindly than ever she had done before, and he, too much delighted with the effects to enquire into the cause, played his part with all that gentle but warm and respectful attention so conspicuous in

his estimable character. She now forgave Croiser and Margiée, and harmony was once more restored.

In Croiser's mind one circumstance alone appeared to excite any uneasiness, or interrupt the calm happiness which he now enjoyed. It was the continued and increasing malady which had seized on the mind of Nathaniel. The illness under which Croiser had left him labouring, had soon brought on a relapse of an insanity, which had slightly showed itself some years before. Under the influence of this affliction he committed the most strange and unaccountable acts, which seemed to pain Croiser as much as if

CHAPTER XI.

"The world's a shadow! Vengeance sleeps,
The child of reason stands revealed;
When beauty pleads, when woman weeps,
He is not man who scorns to yield."

HOGG.

IN the meanwhile our hero's mind was at times distracted by the many opposing emotions that alternately arose within it. Now wisdom urged him to give up every thing to that love on which his happiness depended. Now honour demanded the fulfilment of those engagements by which he stood pledged to Rannolini. Then conscience awoke from her long trance, and held up principle and patriotism, spoke of treachery and crime, and hinted that Rannolini, by having the power, might be tempted into the fact of deceiving even Croiser! Then came that odious retrospective creature—prudence, demanding why he had ever exposed himself to an attachment

his estimable character. She now forgave Croiser and Margiée, and harmony was once more restored.

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then turn his back in sternest scorn upon them all. "Vengeance is mine," whispered the still small voice. And shall a mean mortal sprinkle his native country with the ashes of her finest cities, and bathe the land of his birth in the dearest blood of its inhabitants, to gratify a passion denounced by all laws, and condemned by his own conscience? Inaccessible as was Croiser's heart to aught like fear, his soul was not yet so dead to every just feeling, but that it shrunk back from so horrible a picture! Every thing swam around him—the mountains—the trees—the horizon of the sea—the heavens. He doubted—was this a dream—was this life a reality—the fiery flood propelled through his distracted breast—was it human? or such as circled through the frame of the fallen angel? Was he sober or intoxicated—sane or mad?—he saw no clue to guide him out of this fearful maze. Yes, there was death—suicide—there would at least be the self-consolation of having nobly sacrificed himself rather than act with dishonour to Rannolini, or with unnatural turpitude to the clime in which he first drew breath, in which his ancestors had been born, for which they had so nobly fought, from which they had won their noble name! He was

standing on a high promontory, the dark blue sea rolled beneath him. There must be rugged rocks a short way beneath its treacherously clear surface—it was but a leap—a moment's pang, and he was free. Claspings his hands over his forehead he stepped back, then sprung into the air. With vast rapidity his tall form descended—plunged into the waters, and disappearing in their bosom—sank.

In his maddened and impious resolution he had miscalculated—it was high tide—beneath the promontory from whence he leaped there was a deep chasm used by the smugglers to conceal their kegs, but was fortunately empty. Croiser merely struck the bottom sufficiently hard to arrest his impetus and cause his body to reascend. Being an excellent swimmer, he involuntarily floated, and the first thing which he fancied he heard on recovering his senses was a female scream. "It must be Margarita's! She had not entered into the insane calculation of his last rash resolve. Was it possible that he could for a moment have forgotten her! It was enough. Her scream! His first impulse was to strike out for the shore and climb the rocks to find her. She was not to be seen—he shouted: She was not to be heard—it was fancy then, and

returning life, which had brought back to his remembrance her for whom alone it was dear. The plunge had cooled his burning brain, he now beheld his late act in its true colours, and to judge it even by the most worldly considerations, it implied a degree of cowardice foreign to his nature; to shun a danger merely because it appeared insurmountable.

Elevation of his spirits followed this unusual depression, and as he relapsed somewhat into his former views, he determined not to be swayed by shadows or dangers. "As for thee, dearest Margarita, little dost thou know who and what he is, thus daringly aspiring to thy love! But who could resist aspiring to such a boon? Let me enjoy this passing ecstasy while it is permitted to me, perhaps the last unsullied joy which is ever to fall to my lot on earth!" With this melancholy conclusion he hastened back to the house—entered unseen—changed his attire, and appeared at the dinner table with his usual composure. He soon found out that Margarita had been within doors throughout the morning, and that it was indeed but his fancy which had deemed her near him.

The meal over, they adjourned as usual to the

gardens, having ordered coffee and dessert to be served in the French pavilion. Hither Marguit, Charlotte, Croiser, and Falconer repairing, took their separate instruments, and amused themselves by having one of those delightful concerts which frequently afforded them an innocent delight, and formed an exquisite remembrance, to which some of those young hearts looked back from the embittered hours yet to come! When no particular piece of music was to be played, they were in the habit of choosing a subject and singing it in catches; each one taking it up, and improvising in turn—such was their fancies on the night of

Whether buoyant on the wave,
There thy fairy court thou'rt ruling,
Or in mimic seas dost lave,
Limbs that court the zephyrs cooling,
Spirit of the bubbling fount,
Bid thy waters cease to mount ;
Cease to mount and cease to fall,
Hear thy lovely mistress call !”

As the soft intonations of Croiser's voice gradually subsided, the jet of water almost imperceptibly fell, until its gentle dripping on the huge shells beneath, was no longer heard, when the last singer motioning to Margarita, she took up the dying strain :

“ Spirit rise and tell us when
Hearts that love shall meet again ?”

To this Charlotte replied as the fountain played again :

“ When the dews once more descending,
Lull the balmy flowers to rest,
Lovers' sighs and vows are blending,
Maids are kind and youths are blest !
Thus I wake and tell thee when
Hearts that love shall meet again.”

Then Falconer :

“ Yet—yet, rise revealing where
Shall hearts thus true, meet forms so fair !

Here the jet sank a little as Croiser replied
sotto voce.

" Here within these sacred bowers,
Where youth and loveliness have made
Fleeting joys of ling'ring hours,
To consecrate each shade !
Here within these spicy groves
Where perfume fills each spot,
Whose hallow'd glades by him who roves
May never be forgot !
Further may I not disclose,
See the thirst-expiring rose
Aaks my fall's refreshing dew,
To bloom as roseate as you !
Still the lily joins the pray'r,
Fearing thou wilt seem more fair,
While flow'rets all now hail the night,
Envyng eyes that shine so bright !
Further may I not disclose,
Fairest mistress, grant repose ! "

Charlotte:—

" Yet, oh yet, one last request,

As the fountain rushed once more with full force into its accustomed channel, and rose silvering in the moonlight, a low moan caused by some fissure in the jet, mingled mournfully with the last cadence of the music. All were startled at this unexpected sound—its note of tender melody hung on the ear, and lent a reality to the mimic enchantment which they had been feigning—it was but momentary—and yet when it died away, it seemed to have sunk into the heart of each as a fit resting-place, and harmonized strangely with the ominous and foreboding impromptu with which Croiser had concluded—a gloom came over them—they tried to rally themselves but in vain, and rising, they sought another part of the gardens.

Thus day after day passed in a sort of dreamy and exquisite delight, Margarita and Croiser constantly together, riveting the golden fetters which already bound them so fast: he, still undetermined as to the ultimate course he should pursue, but meanwhile fulfilling his duty to Rannolini, by forwarding all the instructions relative to the British fleets, which he was now desired to obtain. As for Margiée herself, she endeavoured in vain to pierce the mystery which surrounded

him, while every succeeding hour proved affections to be less and less under her own con-

After all, reason is but an adjunct, and leading events of life are, I am inclined to find in other hands—so at least it proved to be in this instance. It was on the day before Margarita's birth-day, that Croiser retired to his room to rest. His first duty was to prepare a despatch for the Emperor, which, as he was secure in the moment of sending it, was not in cypher. This finished, he composed some lines for Margarita, on the occasion of the following day. He had hardly finished committing them to paper, and was reading them over, when he was summoned to the dinner-table. Hastily putting his papers into his desk, he descended. Some officers were dining with the Port Admiral on that day, and the meal was usually prolonged. When freed from this restriction, Croiser, impatient to join the sisters, went to his room in the dusk, hurriedly snatched out a few lines of paper for Margarita, and made the best of his way to the gardens.

Having presented this little remembrance to her with a few words suitable to the occasion, they passed the evening together as usual, and the family separated for repose. On gaining

room, Margiée's first act was to draw forth from her bosom the cherished billet—that anticipated source of delight. She read, and as she read, each faint hope, as to the desperate schemes in which her beloved Croiser was embarked, vanished—like shapes of empty air. In the dark, owing to the inconsiderate haste he had used, he drew forth from his desk the despatch for Rannolini instead of the lines addressed to Margarita, and the former was now in her hands. It had been purposely written in that brief and concise style which Rannolini so much admired; but short as it was, it gave a key to all that Croiser most wished to conceal, and therefore in effect it revealed the whole; while she was acquainted with its contents, almost before she understood that she was reading what was not intended for her eye! Could she believe her senses? If so, she had it under Croiser's own hand that he was in league with Rannolini to render the arms of France triumphant in England—her worst suspicions were confirmed! Her agitation on perusing the fatal paper was so excessive, that Charlotte remarked it, and begged to be made acquainted with its contents, but Margarita was too faithful to her lover to think of such a disclosure. Once, indeed, the question

flashed through her mind, "Was she not bound to discover such plans to her father?" but the remembrance of the manner in which she became acquainted with them, determined her to suppress the dreadful secret, unaided and alone.

During the restless night of torture which passed, a thousand disjointed images of misery and horror presented themselves before her; at length she came to the resolution of communicating to Croiser all that had passed, of laying before him all the enormity of the act he was about to commit, adjuring him, by the passion she professed to feel for her, to abandon the hostile league, or finally to renounce her for ever.

On the next morning, on which her birth-day was to be celebrated, she appeared in the breakfast-room more than ordinarily pallid, from the conflict of the preceding night. She had scarcely entered the saloon, than she felt on the point of sinking to the ground—the first object that her glance encountered was Croiser. He was standing near the fire-place, his arms folded on his breast, as she had so often seen Rannell stand. The swart hue of his countenance was mingled with a deadly and unusual pallor, and his eye was fixed on her with an expression that made

her tremble. She had often admired its deep meaning, its tenderness, its dignity, its sternness—but never till now had she seen it thus bent on herself—probing as it were the inmost recesses of her soul! She could almost fancy it was Rannolini himself, stripped of so many summers, and standing there in the extreme freshness of youth.

Croiser read her mind at a glance, and though he beheld the truth, he also beheld the woman whom he loved, trembling before him. Masking his own feelings beneath his usual composure, he advanced, gave her his support, and after tendering in a low tremulous voice the compliments of the day, seated himself by her side at the table.

When they arose, Croiser requested the favour of a few minutes' private conversation, and giving her his arm, he led the way to the sisters' parlour, where he was secure from all interruption, as Charlotte had scampered off with Lord Falconer to ride Marengo. Croiser felt the delicate arm now resting on his own, tremble violently as they traversed the short space dividing the breakfast-room from the boudoir. "Compose yourself, dear Margarita," said he, as they reached the room. Closing the door, he seated himself beside her on the sofa, and gave her a smelling-bottle

that was lying on the table before them. He attempted to speak, but in vain. He rose and walked to the window. There in calm reflection he beheld that beautiful and varied view of land and water, which he might shortly be doomed to quit for ever! For a few minutes he paced his apartment in silence, then pausing opposite Margarita, said, "I believe, dear Margice, I gave you a paper last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, I fear it was not the one intended for you. May I ask where it is?"

"It is here, Croiser"—drawing it forth with a tremulous grasp, and presenting it to him, not daring to look up at the person she addressed.

"Hah!" glancing over it and speaking with a feigned composure. "Yes, this is it! Have you read it, Margarita?"

"Dearest Croiser, forgive me!"—seizing his hand and pressing it towards her. "Forgive me in the confusion of the moment, and little suspecting what were its contents, I did read it—there was no superscription—the tenor of its contents alone informed me that it was for Rannolini."

"Then you know all."

"All."

"And to how many have you communicated your knowledge?"

"To none. O believe me, not to a single soul!"

"That is well! Remember, Margarita, you obtained this knowledge, I may say, in a confidential manner, and therefore, you ought still to regard it in that light."

"I do, Croiser, and I always will."

"Hold it secret and sacred on your word of honour, as a woman—as a lady—as my affianced bride?"

"As a woman, as a lady—I do indeed pledge my secrecy, however painful, on my word of honour, but as your affianced bride—No! Croiser, never!"

"Not as my affianced bride—why, Margarita, what fickleness is this?" he demanded in a sterner tone than she had ever heard him assume before.

"Fickleness, Croiser?" returned Margarita, in a voice scarcely articulate from the grief that struggled at her heart—"how imperfectly do you know me! My feelings towards you remain unchanged, but alas, in what a different light do you now stand before me? I will be candid with

you, for deceit would sit but poorly on an unaccustomed to use it. If in what I am to say, anything should drop from my lips a womanly reserve would condemn—forgive if I get it—attribute it to the confusion of a mind that seems to confound everything save the dull sense of existence. When I first met Croiser, we were strangers, and I was happy in the calm of unawakened emotion. It would have been mockery, a deceit foreign to my nature, to have said I did not admire you. But as a stranger wrapped in mystery, I would not allow myself to do so. It was ordained otherwise; twice you were destined to be the preserver of my life; and alas, too well know that we were thrown much together, when peril softens and commingles those hearts that mutually encounter it. I should have been inanimate, if your kind attention had not made an impression on me—insensible, if your merits had not awakened my regard—ungrateful, if I had treated my preserver with affected coldness,—and unwomanly, if I had not—must I not say it?—bursting into tears and hiding her face on his shoulder, as he sat by her side,—“yes, yes, womanly, if I had not *loved* you!”

Croiser attempted to speak, but what remain

for him to say on hearing such a confession? He was still more bitterly affected than herself, and could only kiss the forehead that leaned on him for support—as she continued—“perhaps you think it unmaidenly to say so much; alas, it is only what accident has revealed to you before—but to proceed. It was now too late to be prudent, to ask, to consider who you were. Accident, I say, discovered my affection to you—you professed to return it.”

“I do, I do, Margarita,—if there is either truth or love on earth.”

“I believe you, Croiser, I did believe you—my confidence is a proof of it, and I was too happy, ever to examine the suspicions that floated before me as narrowly as I should have done. I confided in your honour that you never would win my esteem and affections if your pursuits were such as would bring odium on myself or family.”

“Nay, do not blame me here, Margarita, though each thought—wish—feeling—were bound up in you, I never would have disclosed it, had not circumstances demanded in honour—”

“You need say no more—true! Too true! it was *my* fault—I alone am to blame.”

"I have not said so, dearest Margarita. I do not for an instant think it."

"Then it is worse, for *I* think so of myself—but the past is irreparable—I will not dissemble—I can only repeat to you that though my heart, my affections—all that I had to give were granted to the mysterious and unknown Captain Croiser,—never shall my hand be bestowed on the avowed renegade to patriotism, whose talents and energies are to be devoted to the overthrowing of his country, and the subjugation of his native land under a foreign dominion! No," lifting her head from its late pillow, and drawing herself up somewhat

for ever?—for ever? Do I live to contemplate it? Do I exist to utter it? Are you to fade from my eyes like a bright and unearthly vision of the night, that will not stand the test of morning?—Why did I love you?—Fool—Madman! Oh, could I but crush my heart and feelings at once, or tear it from my bosom for ever, how gladly—Say—say—speak for the love of mercy, Margarita, am I to renounce you for ever?”

“It depends upon yourself.—Give up Rannolini and his impious schemes, and I am yours to-morrow—pursue them, and we are severed to all eternity.”

“Heavens! let me keep my reason!—You are ignorant to what your demand extends. Every thing binds me to Rannolini—my word—my honour—my truth—my gratitude, the impulses of my heart. My future fame depends upon the fulfilment of my pledges! But why should I be swayed by woman’s tears, and let you work my heart into a greater state of softness than you yourself are capable of feeling.—Go,—you have deceived me—you have deceived yourself. Charlotte’s is not the only heart of sand in the family. Go, I say, you have only been toying with your own affections as well as mine. You will forget

me in a few days—you have not loved me or you could not thus have wrung my heart by asking this at my hands !”

“ Well—well may you pray to Heaven for your reason, Croiser !” replied the agonized Margaret, bursting into a fresh flood of tears, and covering her face with her hands as she bowed her head to the opposite side of the couch to that on which he sat, “ since you must surely have been deprived of it, before you could think—reason—argue—speak like this !” Then suddenly turning round as if to make one determined effort, she parted back the disordered tresses that half obscured her lovely countenance, and laying her hand on his arm, continued with all the persuasive eloquence of woman in distress, “ You say your future hopes of fame are built upon this scheme ?—You say I do not love you ? Why—why, Croiser, will you ungenerously compel me to reiterate this unfeminine—this unmaidenly declaration. I do love you,” bending down her brow to conceal the blush that suffused it, as he arose from her side and hurriedly paced the room. “ I love you to intensity—you do—you *must* know it ; and while I confess it as a claim upon your consideration, I feel ashamed of the weakness that holds me in such a thrall,—but

think—think, dearest Croiser—How can I continue to love the apostate to his country ?”

“ That apostate I am now, Margarita !” he replied in a slow solemn voice, suddenly turning round and facing her.

“ Alas, you are !” she resumed ; “ but granting even that—even that I am so far degraded—can I love the traitor, the worse than traitor, the son who battles to subdue his parent country ?—or still more low, supposing that I cannot wean my heart from the spells which you have thrown around it, do you deem so slightly of my virtue as to imagine that I will wed the betrayer of my native land ?—I were not worth possessing if I would—even you yourself, ought—nay, would despise me ! If otherwise, cheat not yourself with such a belief, never dream that I will stoop to it, for hear me swear”—

“ Swear not—I beseech you !”

“ Yes, Croiser, I will, I do vow by that imperishable love which you have drawn from my bosom against the better dictates of my reason, I will never become the bride of one who can contemplate the overthrow of her to whom he owes a prior allegiance, his mother earth. Your fame ?—Think, Croiser, think what fame can ever accrue to you from planting on the soil of England the

standard of her deadliest enemy ? For the love of Heaven, do not believe Rannolini ! Croiser, he will only break the promises made to you, and infamous eternal infamy alone will descend on him who betrays to spoil and desolation all that patriots hold most dear—that name which I have so fondly cherished, this will be its portion !—Think ! think what my father would feel if he knew whom he had harboured, and the character of him who would become his son-in-law !” Croiser drew back as if he seemed to shudder at the idea. Margarita watched the slight advantage she had gained, and hastened to pursue it. “I have no bribes to offer—no alluring alternatives to hold out ; but if ever there was any truth in your repeated vows, if ever there was any meaning in your assertions, that let me would repay the sacrifice of all beside, I call upon you now to renounce this unnatural project, whether urged by vengeance, interest, or other feeling. Yes, I call upon you by your own unrefuted arguments, which declared the pursuit of ambition or glory as mere shadows compared with the attainment of an affection worthy of the human heart ! Surely you will not break in practice the rule you so ably support in theory. It remains for you to prove by your conduct, whether you d

esteem me as truly as you have professed, or whether you will give me up, to pursue a plan impious towards God, guilty towards man, dishonourable to yourself, and ruinous to all! For the sake of every thing, do not persist, but rather allow yourself to be persuaded by one, who, being without the vortex in which you are whirled, can more properly point out the course you ought to pursue!"

Croiser paused. His quick and hurried pace slackened, he turned towards her, and then, as if afraid that so much beauty might lead him against his better judgment, placed his hands over his eyes, exclaiming in a low broken voice, "Alas! what a moment of agony is this? While every feeling of ambition, of injured pride, wrongs unredressed, and retaliation yet to come—all that I have ever—perhaps erroneously—deemed it ennobling to regard, now urge me to fulfill my engagements to Rannolini—Love, ay, and some innate feeling stronger, though less loud, proclaim that she is right! What to me, without her love, would be the empire of half his sway? What, even the crown with which he would lure me on! Too truly I feel she would execute all she says. Again, the thousand chances which militate against

but really think I was a
spite of every obstacle, &
my veins would prove re
Yet have I not reason
months of my life ince
man's mere tears and tim
my principle, suspicion,
failed to effect? Psha!—
her aloud—"It is in vain
this case, since you are
details, and your view of
you once more, you have
I know the human heart
woman too well, and the
feelings too exactly, to be
which has deluded your
nounce me! If by that w
all affection for me, and li

as you say, but I will effectually prevent any relentings—this letter," pulling forth a packet, "contains—an—an offer—I shall request six months from this day to consider the proposal. If by that time you are not pleased to claim my previous pledge to you, declaring your present scheme and connexion with Rannolini entirely abandoned—every thing will be irrevocably past between us. You will find me the bride of another! I will not conceal from you, that such a bridal will but prove the first step towards my grave—yet if it is ordered, it shall be so—I must—I must prefer a broken heart to a sullied name." The last word was but an hysteric sob, and overcome by her unusual exertion, she sank upon the sofa—then recovering herself, arose, and was about to withdraw. Yet she could not leave him thus—she hesitated—paused in her way to the door, and looking back, beheld him leaning for support on the mantel, seemingly stupified with sorrow. A fresh gush of tears burst from her, as she held out her hand. Rushing towards her, he snatched a passionate embrace, but gently disengaging herself, she said, as plainly as her extreme agitation would permit—"I must remain firm. God bless you, dearest Croiser! Pray Heaven to di-

rect you in your determination, and we may meet again in happiness!" In another instant had passed away, leaving him speechless with woe, and gazing on her retreating figure with wild vacant stare. Within twenty-four hours he was at sea once more—distracted, madder, questioning whether the world around was actual life, or the hideous phantasmagoria of a diseased dream.

CHAPTER XII.

"Now sad foreboding bids the heart despair."

GILLMAN.

THE assertion made by Margarita to Croiser respecting an offer, was as she had stated. It came from Charles Pendervis, a gentleman of large property in Cornwall, who sat for his own borough in St. Stephen's. Some twelve months before, he had proposed for her hand to Sir Richard; but the old officer being indifferent as to whom his daughters married; provided their choice fell on those calculated to make them happy, saw nothing to which he objected in this wealthy suitor, and therefore referred the matter at once to Margiée. She, however, could see no resemblance in Mr. Charles Pendervis to the being so often imaged out in her romantic day-dreams, and therefore requested her father to reply that she was as yet too young for the consideration of such an engagement.

As the frequent prizes which Sir Richard had

made during his long service, left no doubt of possessing great wealth, the beauty of the heiresses had been sounded throughout the surrounding counties. Nowise disheartened, therefore, by the first evasion of his proposal, Pendervis waited the issue of a year and renewed his suit, but without thinking it necessary to do so through the medium of her father. Marg received his letter on the same evening that Croiser's fatal mistake put her in possession of the secret; but having read the former, some hours before the latter, she had decided on sending a direct refusal. Circumstances changed her determination. Irritated by Croiser's humiliating action that she was unable to give him up, she produced the letter and asserted that, sooner than depart from which, she would have died.

We will pass over the week that succeeded Croiser's departure—the bitter self-reproaches, misgivings, doubts, and fears which she experienced—deep dejection that followed her unusual agitation and the low fever of the spirits that preyed upon her gentle heart. If my reader has ever known—I fear there are few in existence who have not—the sorrows of vain retrospection, the slow but widening grief of seared affection, then imagination.

memory will vividly pourtray the conflict that struggled in Margarita's bosom.

We will now return to Charlotte. With her usual warm-hearted inconsistency, she resumed her old command over the affections of Lord Falconer, and appeared by her present kindness, to have determined on making full reparation for all past neglect. This went on very smoothly for some time, when the sudden arrival of the *'s ship, put to flight all his lordship's dreams of reciprocal feeling on her part. With a most culpable levity, she instantly deserted Falconer who had so often proved himself sincerely attached to her, for one whom she knew could only prove an acquaintance of the hour, since the wide distance between their ranks in life, forbade any thing beyond a mere flirtation.

Galled and enraged as Falconer naturally was, he internally vowed to be no longer made her plaything and convenience, and resolved on instantly making interest to be sent on a foreign station. In the mean while, however, a despatch arrived one evening for the Port Admiral. He happened to be out of the way, and the packet was laid on his table. Charlotte entering in one of her merry moods, broke it open, relying for pardon on

the ease with which she always managed 'B-ing-main.' The enclosed letter, after going on to state that a French squadron was reported to have sailed from Rochfort for Scilly, ordered Sir Richard to despatch the Phœbe frigate to reconnoitre as that vessel was now lying in the roadstead.

Now Charlotte had been hoping ever since *'s return that some duty might take Falconer off to sea once more, and leave her at liberty. "Good, this will do!" thought she, and without giving herself a moment to reflect, she took up the pen and turned the final letter *e* into *us*, making the name of the frigate appear to be Phœbus, the ship that Falconer commanded. Nothing suspected, Sir Richard showed the order, and Lord Falconer sailed on the ensuing morning.

Absorbed as Margarita now was with her grief, she could yet afford a moment to thank others, and her sister's conduct to his lordship gave her great pain. She had always admired and esteemed him as a friend, had shared his confidence and supported his suit with Chatty, she now, therefore, ventured to take the * aside, and after representing to him the inutility at least, of carrying on a flirtation with Charlotte, related the exact situation of Falconer with respect to her sister, dwelt on

sincere feelings entertained by the latter, and his various qualifications likely to contribute to Charlotte's happiness, and finally gave it as her opinion that if the * were not at hand to occasion her inconsistent conduct, she would obey the dictates of her just reason, and give a favourable hearing to one who so well deserved it of her. With the generous character of the *, this was enough; he regretted his having been so long in ignorance of the facts, and declared his purpose of withdrawing himself at once, so as not to thwart the happiness he was unable to enjoy. He remained faithful to his word, and once more Charlotte found herself alone. Little troubled as she generally was with remorse, she now felt unaccountably oppressed. A sense of "ills to come" constantly haunted her mind. Long dormant attachment seemed to spring up in her fickle breast with the absence of its object. Her conscience told her how sillily she had behaved, and how unkindly she had treated him, and while she vowed by her future conduct to dispel all remembrance of such folly, something impressed upon her mind that the hour for such an atonement had for ever past away. Imbued with this melancholy idea, she

was sitting one evening in the Park, the twilight was on the point of night, and the moon having wanted a quarter, did not rise till late. Her hands, which were straying over its cover, used the beautiful idea of Moore, "as some lost air." The gentle murmur of the fountain, as it fell through the Park, increased the mournful solemnity of the scene, and wooed her to repose. She did not fall asleep, but was merely indulging in the soft and dreamy state of quiescence which we feel so exquisite, when the tender associations of former years return all freshly upon us, and our eye beholds the bright but sad and illusory scene with which the waste of memory is decked. She heard a slight rustling of the trees. "That was a footstep," thought she. Presently a figure appeared before the trellised window of the left-hand room where she was sitting. She thought it was the gardener, as the approach was from the opposite side of the garden, but she distinctly saw through the leaves of the passion flower, a human figure passing by one which she thought she knew. She rose and went towards the door in expectation of seeing it. In another second it stood on the threshold.

her pulse beat wildly as she recognised it to be Lord Falconer. She attempted to speak, but could not. She waited for him to enter, but he remained stationary, and seemed to proffer some small casket for her acceptance—by its form a miniature. His dress was disarranged, his hair seemed to have lost its curl, his countenance appeared wan and ghastly, and wore an expression of deep grief and pain, while his eyes were dim and sunk. “Dear Falconer!” cried Charlotte, springing into his arms. Alas! she clasped but the empty air, and fell heavily to the ground. Terrified, she arose—shouted his name, begged him to amuse himself no longer at her expense, if such he meant it, and come to her. But to her cries no sound replied save that of the fountain falling near. She searched the garden round, but could not discover the slightest clue to unravel the extraordinary scene she had witnessed. She ran into the adjoining garden, and in her way met Jamie; but to all her rapid queries only received the consolatory question in reply,

“Ye’re no’ for thinking its ane o’ the brownies, are ye, Miss Charlotte?” Then seeing her continue her flight without an answer, “Na, na, I

canna think a'thegither it's ane o' them mysel—dinna see the gude creatures in sic an outlandie place as this—they're aye ower canny to leave bonny Scotland."

Charlotte next met Margarita, who impressed with her own sad thoughts, was musingly wandering on the terraces commanding the sea. Margiée, after hearing her story, and aiding her in a short but fruitless search, endeavoured to persuade Chatty that it must have been a dream, one of those strange unaccountable illusions which are so often presented to us between sleeping and waking. But Charlotte was firm in her conviction that every thing had taken place as it had been described here, and would not, therefore, give up one tittle of her belief, though she would join Margiée not to mention it in the house.

Charlotte's forebodings were now confirmed, and arguments, no reasoning of her sister, could persuade her that she had not seen some supernatural appearance, and still less could she be convinced that it did not foretell something dreadful connected with Falconer. Impressed with this belief she spent the day in wandering over the various heights in the grounds; and ascended once

twice to the top of Maker Tower, anxious yet dreading to descry the approach of some vessel, which would resolve her fears.

It was on the second evening after the strange appearance in the French garden, that she rose from the dinner-table, and strolled down the avenue before the house. The time that elapsed, had sufficed for a slight reaction in her feelings—she was beginning to think that it might have been the result of overwrought imagination, and to hope that all would yet go well, when she saw a seaman hurrying up towards her from the entrance-gate. “What is the matter, my good man?” said she, addressing him.

“Why—may it please your ladyship,” responded the tar, touching his hat, “the * has just come in, and he’s a sent me with a bit of a sealed despatch to the Port Admiral.”

“The *, eh?—and where is this sealed despatch?”

“Oh! please your ladyship, I had strict orders not to give it to nobody whatsomever, ’septin Sir Richard.”

“Yes, yes, I know—I am his daughter, it’s all the same, I’ll give it to him!”—snatching from his hand the packet which he had produced from

his hat. "There now—go up to the house, and they'll give you something to drink"—knowing this to be the shortest method of silencing sailor's objections.

Not daring to make any further inquiry until she had read the letter, which some innate conviction asserted to be concerning herself, she saw the seaman turn reluctantly away, and then took the seal. It enclosed a letter from the *, and a small round packet: the former was for the hand of Sir Richard, and ran as follows:—

"H. M. S. Phœbe, August 20, 18—

"DEAR SIR,

"Having put to sea agreeably to the arrangement entered into at our last meeting, our attention was, on the eighteenth ultimo, attracted by distant cannonade.

"Hastening to make all sail in the apparent direction, in the course of an hour we came to with H. M. ship Phœbus engaging L'Egyptien, double banked French frigate of sixty-four guns. No time being lost in lying my ship on the disengaged side of the enemy, I found the Phœbus complete wreck, and so much injured by the heavy fire of such a superior force, as to be in immediate danger of sinking.

“ After a brisk cannonade of twenty minutes, in which we were most gallantly seconded by the *Phœbus*, I had the honour of boarding *L’Egyptien* on the starboard bow, and carrying her.

“ While delighted, sir, at having such a theme on which to dwell, I feel it utterly impossible to do justice to the determined daring and gallantry of the officers and crew of the frigate which we have had the pleasure of assisting. In an action of an hour and forty minutes she sustained a loss of no less than sixty men killed, and ninety-seven wounded, nine of her guns dismantled, and her masts entirely shot away.

“ Although congratulating my country on the issue of this action, I cannot but deeply deplore the loss she has sustained in the person of Captain Lord Falconer, through whose undaunted bravery and skill the honour of the British flag was so gloriously upheld. While on the point of laying my ship alongside the enemy, I beheld him fall upon his own forecastle, heading his men in person to repel boarders. He survived to know that we were successful, and expired in my arms at forty minutes past eight, P. M., having been almost senseless since he received his wound from a musket ball in the side.

"It being reported to me that the *Phoenix* was in a sinking state, I caused the removal of the wounded on board my ship, as well as the living part of her crew, together with such as we could save.

"Unable to give to his lordship a nobler funeral than the vessel he had so daringly defended, I caused the more vital organs to be hastily removed, and having laid out his body, I carried it to the quarter deck. We then disposed of his person the brave men who fell under our orders, and read the funeral service of the Church of England over their bodies. At a quarter of past nine she went down with her noble commander, when, by previous arrangement, we were enabled to fire a broadside over him, as well from the *Phoenix* as from my own ship.

"I cannot refrain from mentioning to you, in terms of high admiration, the conduct of the French commander, M.M. Detroussat; he has done all that ability and bravery could do for the honour of his country. His loss amounts to one hundred and forty-one. He was on board a detachment of chasseurs—the demi-brigade. This ship is one of the best equipped which I have ever seen from the

of France. They pointed out to me the body of the enseigne de vaisseau, by whose shot Lord Falconer fell—his body was pierced with not less than a dozen bullets.

“ I have ordered copies to be drawn out for you, both of the Phæbus’s log for the action, which was saved, as well as that of my own. They shall be forwarded without delay. I am now awaiting your orders, with my prize, in the Sound. I have to regret the loss of twenty of the best of my crew, besides wounded, and to subscribe myself,

“ Dear Sir,

“ With all respect,

“ Your most obedient to command,

“ * * * ”

“ To Sir Richard Salisbury, Admiral of the White,
Port Admiral of Plymouth.”

“ P. S.—(Private.)

“ Poor Falconer caused the enclosed packet to be taken from his desk in my presence. He put it into my hands, whispering something in my ear, in which I could only distinguish the name of Miss Charlotte Salisbury. Seeing that was the direction it bore, I said I would deliver it; he seemed satisfied, and finding himself unable to

articulate, closed his eyes, and shortly afterwards expired. Under the peculiar circumstances of the case I thought I had better enclose it to you. I cannot tell you how gallantly he behaved! In fact, they all fought like devils, and were attached to him beyond every thing. When they think of him and their old ship being sunk, which contains so many of their dead messmates and friends, it is as much as I can do to keep them from ill-treating their prisoners. If you could only have seen us standing on the shattered decks of the sinking *Phœbus*, reading the prayers over his body! Of all the faces thronging around, begrimed with smoke and blood, I do not believe that the battle-lantern which enabled me to read, could have displayed them unmoistened with tears.

“ Shortly after we had finished our melancholy task, and had left the *Phœbus* to settle down, the moon rose, and a slight breeze springing up, we drifted some short distance to leeward of the wreck. From the time of the last boat’s pulling off, the crews of both ships thronged the ports and bulwarks to watch the final catastrophe. As the moon had risen on the opposite side we had an excellent view of the poor riddled hull. Still

lay, a dark, motionless, and ruined log in the middle of the silver rays playing on the waters, while here and there we were able to catch glimpses of the light as it came streaming through the ports and innumerable shot-holes. The only sign of aught like life on board her, was the gentle waving of her blackened and tattered ensign in the night breeze, sweeping over the pallid cheeks of some seventy of the bravest hearts in Christendom, doomed never more to feel its freshness or rejoice in the health it brought. Suddenly she heeled over on one side, and the moon-beam unobstructed shot along the continuous surface of the sea, which had received the *Phœbus* in its bosom. We immediately fired our broadsides over the vacant space, and after a few moments spent in vain and useless regrets, that our comrades could not share our victory, I ordered the men to their task of refitting. Poor Falconer—his was a noble heart indeed!"

Charlotte read this sad letter to the end, it is true, but from among all the details which it related, her mind only comprehended *one fact*—that Falconer, driven to sea by her levity and trickery, had perished!—like a hero it was true, but by a violent death, while in dying he had remem-

bered her! In the wildest agony she took the packet superscribed with her name. It contained the miniature of herself, which she had formerly given to him, and in its case was a little billet, dated the night before the battle, with the following memorandum and lines.

“ Half past ten.—It is calm, a strange and suddenly French, has been seen in the south for the last eight hours. She shows no disposition to attack us, and is to all appearance too far for us to attack; the men, however, have refused to refuse their grog, and have declared they are unworthy to fight the King's battle, and are unworthy to drink a seaman's allowance. I have promised to take them into action tomorrow row. I have a presentiment that I shall die. Pray Heaven that it may be instant death, who has ceased to love, or worse, to be loved, can no longer have ought to fear or to hope. Hope still gilds the future, though misfortune has clouded all the past; but there is a moment when Hope becomes credulity, and expectation indeed.

TO CHARLOTTE.

HAVE we loved but to sever in sorrow?
Have I worshipped to meet with thy scorn?
Can the plight vowed at eve, on the morrow
Evanish like dew-drops at morn?

When their freshness and spirit exhaling,
Relinquish the buds to decay,
And riflers—their odours regaling—
Pollute but to flutter away.

My soul is too weak to forget thee,
My heart is too fond to condemn,
Yet the parasite crew that beset thee,
Though fulsome will learn to condemn.

Thy breast if not scared, will it slumber?
Or slumb'ring no mem'ry awake,
To ask mid the hearts which you number
As conquered, how many you break?

Yes, ask if the ceaseless devotion
I gave whilst my spirit was free,
Deserves that each trembling emotion
Should meet with such falsehood from thee?

In my bosom, that scene of contention,
Still fondness will struggle with shame,
To cancel each slavish retention,
And brand every thought of thy name!

To that name can I now turn with anger?
'Tis false, though remembrance is sore!
And breathed in a moment of danger,
Impels to destruction the more!

Thou hast triumph'd, and yet I forgive thee,
Thou hast trampled—I banish the thought;
If thy conquest one transport could give thee,
Too dear is the ruin thou'st wrought.

Thou hast gloried in viewing each fetter,
My bondage was pleasing to see,
Though disgraceful to me, it were better
Than proving ungrateful to thee!

Though now recollection be madness,
And thought can but harrow my breast,
Compassion still mingles with sadness,
And all that I wish thee, is—rest !

Though the arms of another approach thee,
Though the lips of a stranger shall woo,
Fear not that my heart shall reproach thee,
If the pulse of his own be as true.

Yes, my soul is too weak to forget thee !
Too foolishly fond to condemn,
To recall, is, alas ! to regret thee,
I love thee, yet fain would condemn !

The above lines, though occasionally wanting in exact poetical versification, yet bespoke the struggle between tender passion and the pride of a slighted affection with which his bosom was torn. The few reproaches it contained, fell with redoubled weight on Charlotte from her being conscious of having deserved them ! Still, had he known the effect they would produce, his would never have been the hand to pen them. Remorse now struck her home ! All her former tricks and follies returned to goad her afresh. She viewed herself as his murderer, and urged by despair and the revulsion of her own kind feelings, she rushed along she knew not whither ! Night was closing in—the dew struck her damp and chill—the sky was overcast, and the south-east wind, as

whistled along, through the surrounding dark groves of pine, foretold a rising storm. She was insensible to all save the fury that preyed within, and weeping, and exclaiming and calling on him whose ear the cold deep sea had filled for ever, she rushed forward wandering she cared not where !

Her absence alarmed the family—ten—eleven—twelve, and Charlotte was not to be found. A pitiless storm was raging without ; but at last learning what had happened, and that she had received his packet, the Port Admiral ordered brands to be lit, and despite of the elements went forth to seek her. She was not, however, to be found, and in utter despair the pursuit was at length given over. With the earliest dawn it was renewed, and at length they discovered that a part of the rock having fallen into the sea, one of the lower walks had been divided by the gulf. Ignorant of the accident, she might in the dark have been precipitated into the chasm. They looked down, and in a thicket of brambles, some twenty feet below the surface, they beheld a confused mass of drapery. No time was lost in lowering down men and ropes—it was indeed Charlotte ! The thicket had saved her from being precipitated to the bottom, but her person was dreadfully in-

jured by the fall. In the storm of the preceding night her screams were unheard—she was able to move for fear the clod of mould in which brambles grew, should slide down, when she would be dashed to pieces. In this state she had passed the night drenched by the torrent rain that fell, and exposed to all the fury of the blast. When taken up and carried home she was scarcely alive, and the attending physician pronounced her to be attacked with violent fever as the result of exposure, and delirious. Alas! it was a delirium that seemed likely to pass away but with the life of the patient! A month elapsed, and all symptoms of the fever vanished; but the gay, the sprightly, the delightful and delighting Charlotte Salisbury, was insensible. The name of Falconer was unceasingly on her lips; nor would she consent even for a moment to part with the miniature which he had returned, and the crumpled piece of paper on which he had traced the last line he had ever written. Nor did the sad symptoms of the same disease which had showed themselves in Nathaniel begin to alleviate; if anything, they increased. Frequently would he walk up to the mirror, and on seeing his figure, take off his hat to it, make it a

bow, and remark to the bystander, "There, sir, that's my brother—very much like me, is he not? How do you do, sir?" addressing his image—How do you do to-day? Very much like me my brother is!" At another time he would walk into the room, take off all the little ornaments from the mantel-piece, and button them inside of the front of his coat. If the servants chanced to be arranging the dinner-service, he would pick out a large gravy-spoon, insert the handle of it through the button-holes of his coat, allowing the bowl to protrude, as if it had been a rose; then saying—"Well, sir, I am going to take a walk. I wish you very good morning"—he would march out of one door to return in a few seconds by another.

When we consider how dreadful a malady is this cruel disease, how mournful a sight it is to contemplate the wreck of anything that has once been great, more especially of such a stupendous structure as the human mind: above all, when we reflect on the hereditary disposition which insanity too often shows, it can be readily supposed that the grief of Margarita and her father was extreme. On Margarita the blow fell heavily indeed! She lost at once her most intimate companion, her dearest friend, and her twin sister.

Nor scarcely less dear to her was patient, with whom his gentle niece had been a great favourite. Now he was unable to recognise her.

CHAPTER XIII.

—— The eye that cannot sleep,
That cannot smile, that cannot weep ;
The heart that feeling, scarcely beats
While the slow shivering blood retreats :
The woe that others may not share,
The night—the morning—of despair,
For which no sunshine breaks the gloom,
Slow gathering o'er the yawning tomb !

BUT with all the misfortunes which had thus unexpectedly fallen on her house, time did not seem to Margarita's eyes, to fly one jot less fleetly than heretofore, when every pleasure and happiness helped to speed the hours along. Two months had fleetly glided away, but not the slightest tidings from Croiser. 'Surely,' thought she, 'he might have come to a determination within this space, if he had been favourable to our union! But I suppose this is to be the last sad blow of fate, which is only wanting to crush me altogether! Alas! when I think of the brief, brief space which has elapsed since I was in pos

session of perfect happiness, it appears to be an illusion of a dream, that everything should suddenly have shrunk from my grasp! I could not have expected this cruel blow from him; I will not blame him, we are all but mere puppets obedient to the law which guides us!"

No longer possessed of a companion with whom to spend the passing hours, and indeed no longer blessed with that smooth serenity of mind which would allow her to turn to her usual occupations for a respite from the harassing emotions pressing on her young heart, she could direct her mind to no one end. Much, but vainly, did she try to keep it from reverting to Croiser, from dwelling on the improbability of six months sufficing to change a determination which had remained firm during the conflict of three. In vain did she banish the thought that he would still be faithful to his choice, or the dreadful suspicion that he had forgotten her. These, with a thousand other torturing ideas, sprang up at every step, since where could she be without recalling some meeting—some look—some kind expression—some word which she had heard him utter on that very spot? It seemed as though each leaf possessed a tongue to call up spirits from the sad and unfathomable recesses of memory.

torment her! Then recurred the mocking structures which her fancy had so often delighted in building on aerial foundations, with which his image was interminably mingled. Now, where were they? The hollow gust of wind rising from the sea, and passing with a mournful cadence through the groaning wood above, appeared to hear her, and yield a still more melancholy repetition of her complaint, while the showers of sear leaves which it hurled to the ground, was typical of the fate which had overtaken all her hopes!

Day after day was passed in wandering over every spot which she had ever trodden with him, and recalling his look, voice, gesture, at every turn. Hour after hour would she pass sitting on the platform of the ruined tower and examining through one of Sir Richard's glasses, every speck that appeared on the horizon. Then would she recall the delight of that evening when she beheld his glittering sail glide over the serene blue of the ocean, until he leapt ashore at her feet; and Hope fresh springing up, would cheat her into the belief that she saw it once more—with the most breathless agitation she watched the animated canvas, but it either passed the port and proceeded up channel, or it came and passed her un-

concerned, or some change in its position discovered a rig totally different from that for which she so anxiously prayed. He never came! Tremblingly would she then sink down upon the granite sill of the old gothic window, maddened with the fever of disappointed affection, her beautiful glossy ringlets streaming on the rude swelling by, and finding a hundred complex voices in the worn out crannies of the stone breathing its sad liquid melancholy through wires which Croiser had fixed as an Æolian harp on one of the old pinnacles. It was a somber harmony with her feelings, and leaning back in thought of the hand that fixed it, and in the dying cadence fancied she heard the low plaintive voice of him who had deserted her. In her hand she held the exquisitely tender poems of which she attempted to read, but her eye could not dwell on the handwriting that had traced his name in the first leaf. The page she would peruse was quickly blistered with her tears. If she drew forth her handkerchief to dry those sunken eyes it was scented with the perfume which he gave her, which he ever used himself, and at once a fresh still more palpable host of memory's torturing images arose before her; a still more bitter burst of ang-

succeeded, and she wondered of what substance could that heart be made, that spurned an attachment so devoted, for the pursuit of those unreal bubbles which it despised! It was useless, though he had flown from her, she could not fly from him. His image was inseparably blended with all she thought, remembered, heard, uttered, or beheld, and was indeed a fatal part of her existence! It was more—it was a devouring blight that had fallen on her young spirit, and was fast hurrying her to the grave. Her days being thus passed in the indulgence of feelings that harrowed up her breast, and her nights being chiefly spent in tears and vain regrets, while she looked over each trifle he had ever given her—every slight memento she possessed of him—it will be easily credited that at the end of four months, she scarcely appeared the same creature of grace and loveliness as when she first appeared to Croiser's delighted eyes on the morning of his landing.

Grief had made sad ravages in her beauty! The serene and dove-like quiet of her eye had vanished, and its place was supplied by a restless sparkle, whose treacherous brilliancy spoke too plainly of mental disquiet. Her cheeks were sunken; there was a slight contraction of the brow, the dimple

beneath her eyelid,
broken rest. The fl
was gone. She seem
of decline was heral
she less sadly altere
but a few months si
tentment, now display
dissatisfaction as distr
able to those around, v
tartly spoken affected l
Gradually her convers
incoherent—wild—dis
grew irksome to her.
to increase her grief. Sl
over the grounds from
till the last glow of the
It might be blowing a

The roar of the ocean as it thundered on the rugged line of coast below, the rushy murmuring of the gale as it moaned through the woods crowning the height, these formed the wild music in which she now delighted to indulge, but aught that was soft and gentle, according with her prior taste, no longer possessed a single charm for her, except indeed the tender nursing of those shadowy forms, the realities of which had fled from her for ever.

The fifth month had at length passed—the sixth, —the last, was now entered upon; and when the fact intruded itself on her attention, reason tottered on her throne. The effects of this protracted struggle had become too apparent to escape the attention of the merest observer, and the physicians who were attending Charlotte, considered it their duty to take Sir Richard aside, and after enquiring whether there was any exciting cause, they gave him fairly to understand that if precautionary measures were not adopted, there was every probability of her adding a third to the sad list of his insane relatives. The Port Admiral, whose time was too much occupied with his numerous duties to remark much of what went on around him, had always been accustomed

therefore, excited the
and he promised to let
Margarita herself, who
cause for her despondence.

Sir Richard was in the
—that most delightful
nap after dinner; while
displayed by its irregular
old oak panelling of the
cheerful faces surrounding
corner the high-backed
the portly person of Sir
chief thrown over his
The circle of cheerful faces
no longer; but on the
to notice, there was Sir
there was the glad fire
old panels in the back-

another room to pursue the delights of whist, in which Puff, as the best calculated by an extra load of dulness, played the part of dumby in addition to his own. There was no one, therefore, left in the dining-room, save Margiée and Sir Richard. As the former sat contemplating the fire and imagining a thousand images in the fantastic forms presented by its glowing particles, she could not help thinking how delightful it would be had Croiser been sitting by her side. Already she fancied she listened to his conversation carried on *sotto voce* for fear of waking the Port Admiral; and was questioning him in the same key why he had not returned sooner, and why he had thus cruelly exposed her to the grief which his absence had occasioned—the falling of a coal interrupted her reverie, and she remembered that she was merely waiting for Sir Richard to throw his handkerchief over his head, preparatory to taking his nap, in order that she might steal out unobserved. On looking up, however, she was surprised to find him awake; and still more so when he said, motioning for her to take a seat by his side, “Margiée, my dear girl, I’m afraid you’re not very well, you’ve looked excessively poorly of late; what is the matter with you my beloved darling?”

you? if so and it's
have only to name it.

"Oh—no, no, that
plied Margarita, much
hand, "I want nothing
me."

"Well then, that's all
dear girl, you know, or
know, that as far as
minister to your country
ways been ready to do
you and my poor dear
may soon be restored
my heart when she loved
without knowing her
dear Chatty are all that
care about. Your happiness
has always been mine
been pleased in the doing

there is something, nay, a great deal the matter with you, week after week you've been pining away until you're not like yourself. Do tell me what it is ! Do consider, dear Margiée, that there can be no secrets between us. What interests you, is of importance to me, and what grieves you hurts me. If you've any little secrets in the matter, they shall be as sacred in my breast as your own; but, dear Margiée, don't add to the other sorrows of your old father, that of being excluded from the confidence of his only child ; for so, if it's God's will, I may soon have to call you. Isn't it about this flyaway fellow, Croiser? Well, I thought so, but don't cry, darling—because if you begin to do that—why—why—ye see,” and the tears were already falling, “ I shall be fool enough to do the same. What is it? Has he been playing you false? Well, don't cry so, dear Margiée—I take your meaning. I suppose the slippery-tongued fellow has been telling you the usual story about love and all that, and then slipped his cables. May-be in a huff. If this is all, Margiée, hold up—the Trades, you know, chop round once in six months, and deuce is in it, if he holds out more steadily than they do—Croiser will be back again by and by, I don't doubt, and then,

dear soul, you shall jilt him if you like, to make it all square again."

"You mistake, my dear father—I have no reason to complain of Captain Croiser—he has not treated me—as—as you suppose."

"Umph!—well—well. Then for the life of me I don't know what to make of it! But is there nothing betwixt you, Margarita?" She was silent. "I mean, you know, that you're engaged?"

"No, my dear father, I am not."

"And you don't think of having him?"

"I—I—don't think I ever shall."

"Well, well, then, if that's the case, we must try and find you a better match elsewhere. I must say, I'm rather glad to hear that it isn't your young friend Croiser, who's at the bottom of this mischief; for I must say, though I don't like his secrecy, that I've a high opinion of him, and if he had been playing the fool, I should have blamed myself for taking it so easily. To be sure I thought that I saw you getting fond of each other; it might have been only my fancy, you know, Margiée, and as I felt pretty certain that he was a gentleman at bottom, and a smart seaman; and as I knew that I had enough cash to set you fair in the

world, why I was well content that the choice should be of your own making, since your happiness was all I ever looked to. You know, Margiée," breathing a deep sigh after a pause of a few minutes, "that ever since poor nephew Frank was lost at sea, my old baronetcy has been without an heir. Now, though I hope I am not such a fool as to be eternally talking about rank and heraldry, and all that confounded pack of cant and nonsense; yet I must say, as the descendant of Hugh Salisbury, who was dubbed baronet in a hard-fought field some five hundred years since, I should'nt altogether like to have an old name scored off the books, and have an R put against it in the doomsday cheque. So as ye see my poor dear little Chatty is—ehem—is—I wish you wouldn't set the example of this confounded piping fit. But, however, I was only going to say, that I look forward, Margarita, with every hope of joy to your marrying."

"Say no more, my dear father, for heaven's sake, say no more!" interrupted Margiée, flinging herself on his neck, and giving full vent to the pangs which struggled within. "Pendervis has written to make me another offer, and I have taken six months to consider of it. I must return

him an answer by the twelfth of next month. You know, dearest father, it is a step on which my future happiness or misery depends, and it is natural that I should feel much affected at deciding on it. I believe I shall marry him—till that day arrives, question me no more—entreat—I implore. After that I am submitted to my fate—though,” speaking too low for his—“it involve ruin, misery, and death.”

Thus conjured, it was totally at variance with the character of the kind Sir Richard to allude to any further. His tenderness towards the sufferer was, if possible, redoubled; and though to each day that passed was like an additional dagger planted in her heart, yet he contentedly beheld their rapid flight, cherishing the fond but vain idea that they were gradually restoring her to sanity and contentment. The nearer the day approached, the more intense did Margarita's agony become, until at last it was a question whether her conduct was the result of sanity or madness.

The country squire thus chosen as the first before whom such a pearl was to be flung, afforded a fair sample of his kind—a blunt, vulgar, uneducated “good man,” as it is phrased, who,

mixing with the world, had acquired none of its polish; but from finding his wealth carry weight with the majority, had thereby become doubly riveted in the obstinacy of his narrow and native ideas—in short, a mere link in the chain of existence, whose sole purpose seemed to be—to eat—drink—sleep—perpetuate his line, and re-combine with the kindred clay from whence he sprung. He liked Margarita because she was toasted as one of the prettiest girls in Devon; and he was well aware that her property would be no trifle. In all other respects he had as much idea of woman, as a savage has of a harp: the latter knows that the chords of the instrument must be struck in order to produce harmony—but of the light and skilful touch—the knowledge of time—the ear for delicacy of feeling, and much more so necessary to the production of that exquisite melody which ravishes and enchants the soul—alas, he is barbarously ignorant! As the day approached for the decision, it occurred to Mr. Pendervis as a fitting step that he should go and pay his respects to the lady who was about to honour him. When poor Margiée beheld his ungainly figure ushered into the drawing room, habited in a brown coat with brass figured buttons, buck-skin pantaloons,

spurs, and top-boots somewhat splashed, could not forbear to contrast him with the wanderer who had deserted her, and in whose motion was at once discovered all the polish of a cavalier. He spoke, and the antithesis was complete. The ready and familiar "How d'ye do, Miss, I hope you're well—long time since we met, not since last October—Remember killed the first cock before"—fell on her ear like a sentence of doom. As the tantalizing remembrance called up the soft and delicate salutation with which Croiser's lips were ever wont to greet her. "I cannot—I will not. I had rather die than give myself up as the price of such a thing!" thought she in the first bitterness of the comparison; but then she reflected "You have known him for years—at least I shall not be deceived, though it matters little for the short period during which I shall survive this horrible sacrifice: still I shall be sure of meeting with warmth of heart, though it be allied to coldness and generosity of disposition, though obscured by obtuseness. At any rate in linking the sad remains of my destiny to such a lord and master my heart will not be called on to bestow a passion which it never more can grant. Yes, though I will and do undertake in all honour to renounce

my love for Croiser on the instant that I become Pendervis' wife, yet I feel it equally wrong to imagine for an instant that the love thus seared shall ever freshly bud forth for another.

At last the interview was over, she was to see him no more until he had received her decision. She retired to her room, and the excitement of supporting such a mockery being over, her dejection returned with redoubled vehemence, and she passed some hours in misery and tears ; then wandering forth in spite of a November gale, she gazed on the troubled sea, or fondly retraced those steps which she had often trod with him, and lingered long and wistfully in every path which his feet had hallowed. No sail in sight! —the morrow, and the morrow, and the morrow, with many more, were spent in the same maddening and fruitless manner, until the dreaded eve arrived, whose darkness was only to be dispelled by the fatal day, which if it did not witness Croiser's arrival, was to sever them for ever. She was scarcely conscious of what was going on around her. Every thing seemed to be in a perfect whirl —the faces of familiar friends changed and altered before her eyes—the very accents on her lips formed themselves into words at variance with

those which she had intended to utter. It seemed as though she had drunk so deeply of grief, become perfectly intoxicated, and was oppressed at once with its exciting effects on the heart, its stupefying results on the brain. Every thing swam confusedly around her, she was bewildered in the boundless magnitude of her woe. As usual, she went forth to revisit the cherished landscape so dear to her, but the mental mist which had fallen, obscured all. The accustomed roar of breakers fell on her ear as her eyes unconsciously wandered over the bleak aspect of Cawsand, and the usual gale howled along, sweeping her wan delicate face, and wantoning in her auburn ringlets; but she neither felt the one nor heard the other. Her retina certainly received reflection of outward objects, but the glance of her eye was turned inward on the chaos of her mind. She lingered there for hours, gazing on the sea, scarce knowing what it was that she beheld, until the rain fell in torrents, and she mechanically sought the house, the chills and darkness around her heart exceeding those of the stormy earth.

The night was passed in that low feverish, morbid state which denotes oppression of the

Now tears that yielded no relief in flowing, and wild unmeaning laughter that convulsed the heart it mocked. Still the astonishing strength of her mind bore up against the bodily ills waiting to crush it! Her senses seemed somewhat to return in the morning, and she felt some indistinct impression that she had a part to perform. In the same state of mind as on the preceding evening, she arose, noted each minute carefully as it flew, and watched out the weary length of day. He had not come, and the torpor of her wretchedness seemed to gain upon her as she asked each of the servants individually if Captain Croiser had been to call upon her during the day. Having received a sorrowful negative from each, with an air of bewilderment and stupefaction she retired to her room, and flinging herself down, exclaimed, "He has indeed abandoned me; we are severed for ever. I have no solace but in death."

The intellect had done its utmost in retarding the maladies which cold, exposure, and anxiety, had brought upon her emaciated frame. Its motive for action was now over, and its spring lost! The natural re-action took place—fit succeeded fit in alarming violence, and medical aid being obtained, it was only, as Lady Sapphira ever

had never arrived, she called
for the paper, wrote and accepted
the dervish, and left it to him,
leaving him the time of the ceremony.

Strong, invincibly strong
was her passion for Crois
mounted the barrier of her
once or twice it flashed across
her way, but the idea was instantly
resolutely determined that he
must break before she became tired.
Had he been at hand to ten
the path, it is possible that his
mission might in some unguarded
moment upon her ardent attachment
of some temporary impulse
have arisen. But as she often con-

in her heart should finally release her from all troubles; but then again she recurred to her word, for which she had the most sacred feeling. Besides, by remaining unmarried, she was not less severed from Croiser. If he was unable to renounce his unnatural schemes in six months, he was unworthy of her, and if he returned at any subsequent period, and found her still in existence as Margarita Salisbury, there would only be a renewal of the same heart-rending conflict. But as the wife of another all would be over, and between them would have yawned a gulf as impassable, deep, drear, and fixed as the very grave!

He was now inevitably and irreparably lost to her! Had he stood beside her at that moment it would have been in vain! All that remained was to soothe the excruciating agony of that canker which was not to be cured; to support with firmness and resignation the miserable portion of existence through which she must still drag on, as a dispensation from above, hoping that her obedience to the will of fate, would win the only boon now available to her—an early tomb!


Having arrived at this conclusion, her grief assumed another form, it was not less deep, less

place. Indeed it was
server that could di
crept over her, as after
her eyes from the sea
from an imaginary phan
poor creature who is w
a precipice, yet with
ere she falls. Anxiou
interval of suspense, an
the ceremony took place
to her release from all
consented to her nuptia
month from the day of a

Every thing was now
expense spared to rend
magnificent in appearanc
and wretched in reality.

were invited from these

her cheek alone which shewed the opposing tints of wan dejection and hectic care. It was her light hazel eye alone, in which woe seemed to have gathered up many tears, and which extreme weakness solely prevented from falling. It was around her delicate mouth only that the dimples never expanded into smiles, or changed, but to express the suffocating sense of anguish labouring within. A lethargy, drear and ominous, had fallen upon her spirit. She seemed among the rest a poor drooping thing—animate, it is true, but a mere automaton of wretchedness. Day after day crept by—at length it was the bridal eve. On the morrow she was to forsake the name of Salisbury, and all the thousand associations making it so inexpressibly dear. For some time past she had ceased her countless and harrowing rambles among those cherished spots, but she now determined to take one last melancholy indulgence, ere forsaking them altogether. She first ascended the old tower, and having spent two hours in gazing on the elements which bore her faithless lover, listening to the mournfully flowing tones of his æolian harp, and giving way to the deep throes that convulsed and oppressed her, she wandered along thence



the park. "There," 'twas
dreary pile in which
Shuddering, she withd
did so, it rested on a r
her—she looked down—
"Hah! that is well!—
then: for if that prove
morning, 'tis but fit this
at eve. Oh, Croiser! f
How could you thus des
unheeding of every thing
the house, where her
waiting with impatient
riage dress.

She heard not their
out so late, and with
allowed herself to be de
of need.

As she stood that night forlorn amid the merry troop around her—her bleeding bosom and aching temples, decked with every bauble that wealth or art could bring to the enchantment of beauty, she formed but a splendid representation of some heathen sacrifice—she was the victim garlanded and led by troops of rosy girls to be inhumanly offered up to a senseless block. That block was Pendervis, and to-morrow's sun was to behold the revolting ceremony.

While the gay and thoughtless group were thus amusing themselves, some with songs and some with dancing, the door was suddenly thrown open, and Charlotte appeared in the midst of them. She was sadly altered from the splendour of her beauty, but still deeply interesting, while the glow upon her hollow cheek, and too lustrous sparkle of her eyes proclaimed her disease, and took by surprise the compassion of the beholder.

When she observed what was going on, she advanced, and mingling in the dance, as she waved her hands above her head, sang with her usual sweetness of voice, but in a wild, hurried, and unconnected strain, some chant almost word for word with the following :

To-morrow brings a bridal
Faded loves and vows fo
Tear those robes of joy aw
All unfit for hearts thus
See the bride stand tearles
Anguish in her burning
Death's cold damps upon h
Have left those orbs too
When stands the bride by
And marriage vows are
A change shall com
Shall leave thee du
And all those vows be h

Call the dance, let mirth r
Breathe the cittern, stri
Chittarra strings
Each voice that sing
No harmony be mute !
Call the dance, let mirth r
Light feet with heavy hea
To tones of hollow flute
'Tis a night of joy and ple

The altar is there,
And short the prayer,
And the priest he shall not tarry,
But woe to thee,
If that morn shall see,
Thy false lips vow and marry !
The altar is there,
And ready the pray'r,
But a tomb yawns deep in sight,
If noon shall hear,
Thy false tongue swear,
The tomb shall be thine by night.

I go—I go—
To me is woe,
To ye all mirth and gladness !
Yet heed the word,
Thus wildly heard,
The fearful gift of madness !
For thee, fair bride, twin sister dear,
Thine hour of doom draws swiftly near ;
Choose thee now 'twixt life and death,
But let not falsehood taint thy breath !
By my madness—by my grief,
Hours of rest and bliss too brief.
By these pains I've learnt to feel,
By these throes I'd fain conceal,
By these withering aches that steal
O'er my heart, and o'er my brain,—
By each wish for peace again,
By each hope of future day,
I conjure thee, say him nay !
Vain, all vain, your art to hide,
Wounds our bleeding hearts divide !
My glance describes,
Within those eyes,

The pangs which rend thy soul !
Distended see they roll and start,
And show the anguish of thy heart,
Beyond thy mind's controul !
A thousand shades thy passions wear—
Grief—Repentance—Rage—Despair !

Uttering the last lines in a shrill tone, and
ing almost to a shriek, she clasped her hands
her forehead and rushed from the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A deadly blight
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might."

LALLA ROOKH.

WE will now return to Croiser, and examine into the causes which kept him away from one to whom he was devotedly attached. The reader already knows, that when he put to sea, he was distracted between his love for Margarita and the host of passions which urged him to remain firm to his former intentions and his adherence to Rannolini. The latter was at this period expected at Boulogne from Paris, and it was to that port therefore that he directed his course.

Rannolini's piercing observation soon discerned from Croiser's wandering and confused manner, that something had occurred to disturb his self-possession. Having questioned him on the subject, the latter freely confessed that on mature

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ment ensued; Ran
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this indirect mode having been adopted lest the two first named Admirals should fall into the hands of the English, and betray their destination.

It was long before Croiser could bring himself to undertake this mission, but Rannolini was so urgent and—as all those who ever met him can testify—carried in his manner such an irresistible argument, that he at last consented, thinking he should still find time to return before the expiration of Margarita's six months, and that the voyage would afford him time for reflection.

Unnerved and rendered wholly unfit for any duty by the conflicting emotions of his mind, he set off. On arriving at the given spot, the admiral was not to be found—Croiser waited for a week—he cruised in every direction. Still no admiral—his rage was beyond all bounds—half of the given time had already expired. What could he do? What ought he to do? Pride forbade him to return unsuccessful, while his love presented to him the torturing idea that he might not be able to see Margarita in time—for see her he was determined he would, whether he carried to her the tidings of defection from her love or submission to her sway. Again the thousand perplexing thoughts that sprung up to incline him

first to the former and then to the latter course. Moreover, what would Rannolini say to him, if he came back after having waited no more than a week in the appointed spot? And yet, how could he afford more time? Too well he knew Margarita's principle, her firmness, her love of truth and sacred respect for her word, the exactness of all her actions. "How do I not know," said he "that by being even a day over the appointed time, I may not for ever lose her? She may attribute it to indifference—unkindness—obstinacy—forget that accidents may detain me—pledge her hand to that fellow who has made her an offer, and be deaf to all that I may plead!"

On the strong and resolute mind of Croiser this suspense and agitation if it could not produce a deeper effect than it did on the gentle spirit of Margarita, at least showed itself in more violent results. In her it was misery—in him it was rage. Every hour that passed, served but to work him up to a greater pitch of fury. Unable amid the many paths which bewildered him to find the one of which he exactly approved, he could scarcely resolve how to act. He waited two days more at the appointed place of rendezvous, then wrought up to a degree of desperation, determined to push

on for the Mexican Gulph, and after passing among the West Indian islands, in search of the French admiral, to return if unsuccessful and see Margarita—notwithstanding the vast importance of the despatches with which he was intrusted.

Once arrived at a conclusion, he felt his mind somewhat relieved, and carried on all sail until even *his* daring could go no further. Having touched at several islands without success, and heard various reports respecting the object of his search, Croiser spurred on by the shortness of the time allowed him to reach England, and bent upon risking all, hesitated no longer, but stood direct away for the Cape on his road to Cherbourg.

In the meanwhile, the Admiral who had been unexpectedly delayed a fortnight, by having to dodge the English men-of-war, arrived at the appointed spot, and though fearing that the vessel sent to meet him had departed tired of waiting, he continued to cruise in that vicinity until driven considerably to leeward by a gale. While he was working up to regain his position, Croiser re-passed over the place of appointment, and seeing no sail in sight, hove-to for a night, and then spread every inch of canvas for Europe.

For the first three weeks they had favourable

[illegible]

distant prize home to a seaman's eye!" Flying down below he would bury his face in his hands, give up all in despair—recall the lovely being he had lost, and accuse the cruelty of his fate in awarding such a lot to him, or the blindness of his folly in undertaking such a commission. Presently he would acknowledge it was a just retribution for having entertained such views on his native country. In a few seconds he would contradict himself once more—assert that destiny intending him to liberate his native soil, had thus purposely rescued him from the fascinations of a siren who would have turned him aside; then starting up he would resume his original purpose, and vow fifty-fold vengeance and retaliation, to sink down once more as he remembered it was the cherished land of her he loved, and burst into a wild and uncontrollable fit of tears. Calmed and refreshed by this expression of his anguish, he would arise, shortly reflecting that no success was denied to perseverance, and that nothing was so safely delayed as obedience to the dictates of despair—those, alas, it was never too late to follow.

Obliterating the marks of his emotion, he would now return on deck, with another glass ascend to the mast head, spend hours on the watch, and

was before him.

In this dreadful manner Tarpanlin in perfect in a state of phrenzy before, under what he said times worse did speak to him: so incoherent. At last after fortnight, the breeze of madness in Croiser's manner occasioned, did not, and He was an altered man every thing has been in city, was the only fitting as though the mortal was blown from him in terror took off his apparel; the manner which he used

backstay; yet his crew affirmed that he never slept, since he was the first to notice the exact moment when the sails required to be trimmed, as well as the least deviation which the helmsman made in steering by the particular star he had pointed out. If Nine-fathom Tim, urged by the affection subsisting between them, gradually edged up, venturing on some common-place remark, by which to introduce his request that Croiser would take a little rest, the latter abruptly waved his hand, while a low gurgle in his throat was the only sound heard. He had not even a word for his old friend!—to whom he could not speak sharply, and was too wildly agonized to salute as usual.

“ Well, well,” muttered Tarpaulin, as saddened and disappointed he moved forward to leeward, “ there’s a pretty mess of fish—ye may stretch me up at the yard-arm if I can diskiver the meaning of it. All that Nine-fathom-Tim knows, is this—that he never took on so—no, not even when poor ould Sal Moffat kicked the bucket—rest and bless her! But, Lor! when a fellow comes to my time o’ life, he sees it’s no manner o’ sarvice grieving for them sort o’ things? I warrant, if he’d only be like me, and take a drop of something short on it, he’d soon find it another guess story, as

of poor Croiser's glare
trembled as they passed.


At length they made
with the utmost impatience
little fishing port eastward.
he had embarked with
some months before. C
ments, he hastened on shore
to Paris through Caen, leaving
Tarpaulin to be ready for

It wanted a quarter
evening, when Croiser was
binet of Rannolini. The
fautail on which it was
reigner to sit rocking him
he notched its arm with
volved in his mind.

authors, on tactics, politics, religion, and even poetry. Beside this was seen a door. A second writing table, but of more humble construction, belonging to his secretary, stood near the window which looked on a promenade. Immediately opposite to this again, and consequently on the left hand side of Rannolini's *fauteuil*, was another door, behind which steps were now heard; it opened, and he appeared in person, saying, "Ah my Croiser, thou'rt quickly returned. What says the Admiral?"—embracing him—then quickly starting back as the light from the candles fell on his emaciated and haggard face—"How!—What's this?—You are the bearer of bad news?—Speak! He has not fool-like allowed himself to be engaged by the enemy?"—

"No, M. Rannolini, though I have no good news to impart, at any rate my tidings are not so bad as your fears have suggested; but I regret to say that I have been unable to fall in with him, or deliver your despatches, so consequently have brought them back."

"What's that you say?" quickly demanded the other, with his usual phrase when displeased, his brow falling on the instant, and his manner becoming suddenly and totally changed.



“ ‘Regret!’ is
sion?—becomin
nolini, taking th
and stamping on
from the other h
ment, exclaimin
“ What is to be
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not that it shou
possess! *Tell*
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the appointed d

“ Simply thus
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so I found no one
entire week.”

“ ‘A week?’ ”

“ Yes. an entir

home again? *I*, at least, am not such a fool!—a week! Any thing had been better than miserably failing in the execution of orders on which every thing—the whole of our scheme depends. What next—you waited an ‘entire week,’ and then?”

“I made all sail, passed in among the West Indian islands, without finding him, came back to the rendezvous, waited a night, and then returned with my dispatches unopened, and there they are,” Croiser replied, flinging them down on the table, struggling with the rage that possessed him at being thus upbraided.

Rannolini snatched up the packet, tore it in two, flung it on the ground, and stamping on the remaining fragments, burst forth once more as his eyes scowled on Croiser. “And this is from you?—*you*? Whom I have trusted in every thing? Unable to deliver even a paltry order! It is well I tried the blade before I leant on it! But you have ruined all! Every thing! I shall be unable to recover this for years—perhaps never! Here, when I was eagerly expecting you back—Here, when our enterprise merely waited for the accomplishment of your mission and the ends it embraced to be successful—you return to tell me you failed! *Where* did you find a tongue to

were about to crush in
of taking the spring—a
have had our feet upon
all is thrown into confu
deeply interested in its
what? Was it misgiving
imbecility?" Fixing his
pallid countenance. "I
show itself in you before
would result from this?
been ignorant of what you
all. I had entrusted you
were a principal move
knew that Miniessy and
of the nature and extent
their arriving in the In
from the admiral of the

thought would have shown you what must ensue. Not only will it leave the admiral at a loss what to do with fleets sent out to him without orders, but it will also derange Villeneuve and Mimiessy themselves! Where now shall I direct you to find them to remedy this blunder? By the time you would reach them, we ought to be on the eve of acting! And with the English in such force upon the seas! When all depended on the most delicate manœuvres to leave our fleets wandering without instructions! It would have been as well had each ship been without a compass card! No, it is irremediable—I see it all! Instead of being the conquerors of our enemies, we shall be their laughing stocks. But I forgot—they are now, I see, *my* enemies only, not *your's*. Yes, *I* shall be their laughing-stock; when in the very act of hurling them from high, and trampling them in the dust!" convulsively shaking his hand as he clasped the empty air.

"It must be so!" Rannolini continued, violently pacing his cabinet. "These squadrons instead of passing rapidly home, distracting the enemy by their appearance, and being in the Channel to cover my debarkation, will be loitering until they are engaged by the enemy *seriatim*, conquered in

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you! How could I know that you would have acted thus? Oh, Fortune! is it denied to me to have even *one* to second me in my hard task? Our late enterprise was hazardous enough. You showed no ignorance—no want of forethought there? But I suppose I may be thankful that I pace my own cabinet instead of the cell of an English prison! You have deceived me.”

“It is false,” retorted Croiser with equal rage, long withheld but now boiling over, at these injurious suspicions, and previously wrought up, as the reader knows he was, he no longer cared what he said, and had only been restrained hitherto by the affection and veneration which he bore to Rannolini. “I repel your base insinuations with the utmost scorn! I have done every thing that was in my power. Even *you*—*your* gigantic genius is only *led* by a favourable fate, and must some day like other mortals stoop to your destiny, should it ever turn against you.”

“Enough—enough—go—go. There is no need to say more at present. It is well, truly! to talk of Fortune—she, like her sex—as *you* can testify,” sneering, “must be hardly sought to be won. Fate may well frown on those who are lukewarm in her pursuit!”

"Lukewarm I am not."

"Neither am I, so begone!—you treacherous—you have ruined the nob that ever was conceived. *You—you*, I had vainly fixed to be the other in the world. Begone, I say. It is through that England has escaped me. It is a lost! It is more—It is the empire of the

"I go," replied Croiser, endeavouring to suppress his passion at these bitter reproaches. "Your genius to correct and remedy the bl my stupidity. Should you choose to you can send to the *Theatre Français*." Before Rannolini could reply, he turned ar

"I should have known him better! Often as I have witnessed his fury at disappointment, I never could have thought that he would have turned thus on *me*. He suspects me! and with him to suspect is to prevent. A few hours more in Paris, and I may have to pay an unwilling visit to Vincennes. But all artful as he is, he has no baby with whom to grapple in me. I will not lose an instant. My mind misgave me that it would be thus! Oh, to think it is for such an hour as this, that I have lost Margarita! Lost she must be, since nearly three weeks have elapsed beyond the fatal day. Oh my God! I do acknowledge the retribution, it is not for mortals to take vengeance! She was right. Despite of all that I have suffered from tyrants, who disgraced the name of 'Englishmen,' Britain was nevertheless the land of my birth. Oh that I had listened to the pure thoughts and unbiassed advice of my adored Margarita! *How* could I ever doubt the truth of those persuasive tones—and yet I did owe Rannolini a large debt of gratitude, which I was bound to pay! Let me be thankful that the payment is made, even though he does not acknowledge it as he should. Even though it has rendered me a beggar in happiness—a wretch for

horse which he possessed, taken from Paris, and left in waiting at a village on the river's bank. Dismissing the boatman somewhat above this, he walked on, mounted his steed, and set off in good earnest towards his port. Whenever his passport was demanded, he showed the order which he possessed, emanating from the highest personage in the state, to let him pass free at all times. This Rannolini had not yet had time to get countermanded, and Croiser had foreborne to use it in Paris.

Pursuing his journey night and day with all possible despatch, he was at length fortunate enough to reach his ship without molestation. Having got on board, he familiarly slapped Nine-fathom-Tim on the back, saying, "Hurrah! my old boy, I'm glad to see your honest old face again. Trip your anchor as soon as possible!"

Tarpaulin, delighted at seeing his master "in a more rashinnol way," as he termed it, joyfully obeyed his order, and stood out to sea. At night they were becalmed, and just in the grey of a winter's morning, what should they descry, but a fine French frigate stealing down on them from the direction of Cherbourg. She made the signal, "Heave to." To which the only answer that

He beheld the loveliness of nature around him, and it charmed his eye, but could do no more; the past and the future occupied every thought—of the present he recked nothing.

CHAPT

"Have you never found your
landscape by the sudden cloud w
And thinkest thou not that such
tion, as being the hints of our gu
pending?"

THE hour was at half past
riage gaining the summit
well-known tower of Ma
beat wildly at the sight, a
its venerable grey colum
when he had stood there
lini. A breeze came sw
Did he hear aright? It be
peal of bells. He listened.

for their lives. His expectation seemed wound up to the highest pitch, and he strained his eyes with the utmost eagerness and anxiety towards the church, as its steeple was now visible and now hid by the windings of the road ; the body of the building itself not being exposed to view.

At last they drew near to it. He discerned a crowd of gaily dressed people in the church-yard, as well as in the little walled meadow before it, forming the approach. At the gate opening into the latter, were a groupe of footmen on horse-back, wearing white favours in their hats, their looks directed down the winding road to the left, which led to an ancient gateway in the grounds of Mount Edgecumbe. On seeing this, Croiser's agitation reached its pitch. Scarcely conscious of what he did, he ordered his carriage to stop, and looked round for some one to answer those enquiries which he felt convinced would confirm all his fears !

On the right hand side stood a little cottage. Every thing about it was fastidiously neat, and the clustering woodbine and clematis outside bespoke the attention which had been given to them. " Hey ! within there !" shouted Croiser, once or twice, when an old man in a light blue coat with

man, hobbling up to th
putting one hand up
with the other on his
repeated his question.
the informer, "Wha
ken this is my leddy M
and nae doubt now that
that they're a' watching h
matter's ower." As Crois
of intelligence, every objec
and faded from his view.
late the word "water," b
sensible.

Tim, who had been w
minutely, now fully comp
going on, and muttering to
ould Sal Moffat affair over
from behind his master's

he hurried out to his master. In executing this manoeuvre, however, he had taken the basement of all the fine superstructure of cup and saucers standing on the mantel-piece, which now falling, strewed the ground.

"Wae's me! wae's me!" exclaimed an old bel-dame, in the shrill tones of surprise, thus aroused from her nap by the fire. "I wadna for the hale warld this sul'd ha' been. What will the gude man say?" But this was speedily resolved by his appearance at the door; attracted by the clatter, he arrived in time to behold the goodly utensils strewed in fragments on the ground.

"The foul fiend drive ye, ye lang tailed ne'er ending limb o' the de'il, see what ye hae done?—if ye have na coupit to the grund—"

"Hold your jaw, you old fool, and move out of the way!" answered Tim, angrily, putting him aside, "to stand piping there about a halfpenny worth of crockery! Why I might have broken every bit in Sal Moffat's shop, afore she'd have let a Christian and a gentleman perish for a glass of water. And now I think of Sal, sure enough, he'd be the better for a little drop of something short! He wouldn't have been as he is now, if he'd gone on more like a rashional person."

riage on the moment, directed Tarpaulin to get into it, drive back some two hundred yards out of sight, and wait till he should join him. This done he hastened forward before the principal part of the cavalcade came in view.

Every object around him seemed unchanged—there stood the old and odd little building used as a stable for the horses of the church-going parishioners, with its peaked gables and turretted coping; and beside it the gamekeeper's cottage, while in the adjoining churchyard were seen its aged tombstones, coming brightly forth in the sunbeams—the surrounding view, the ancient edifice itself—all seemed familiar to him except the sensations of his own bosom!

Passing to the left of the church, he hurriedly ascended a flight of steps that led to a small gallery well suited to his purpose. The door was locked. Too impatient to wait for the key, he gave it a violent blow with his foot, the frail security gave way, and he entered unseen, the attention of the gazers being riveted on the party then entering the gate of the meadow.

Having again secured the entrance in the best way he could to prevent intrusion, Croiser descended to the lowest seat, and seating himself in

deeply as he had suffered
ing interval of suspense,
parison with the throes of
frame. But for the horrors
not have believed that he
Margarita married to a stranger
ought he to pursue?—A
convinced him that to re-
tend to harrow up the sorrows
knew her firmness of disposition
for a single instant, that she
had gone thus far: besides,
had expired nearly a month
given him to understand that
mediately consequent on this
Then on the contrary, he
which he had to give—the
unfettered by Rannolini.

veal all, and claim tat his involuntary absence should not be allowed against him. But hark ! The doors were thrown open, and the bridal party entered !

The nave had been covered with cloth, and their footsteps were therefore inaudible. The first figure that Croiser's eyes discovered, was the Port Admiral in full dress : upon his arm there leant a female figure ; but it was too mean—too short for Margarita Salisbury ! and yet—those robes of white satin bespangled with pearls bespoke the bride ! Again, it tottered ! and trembled almost to sinking, even on the arm of the venerable old officer !—Presently they came more fully into view—No—that fragile form, though bent and haggard, was far too slight for age !—They approached the altar—she took her stand, turned, looked up—the light fell on her countenance and did indeed reveal to Croiser's maddened gaze, the faded lineaments of her who was the beloved of his soul—Yes, it was no other than Margarita, her care-worn cheek streaming with tears !

Scarcely could Croiser contain himself as he viewed that countenance so sadly altered since last he beheld it ; to his mind, it told of far deeper

cannot then even that which had wronged
himself.—Every scene of the past it
relived in his memory, and he shook like an
oak for the influence of the agent.

"Oh, Heaven!" he mentally exclaimed, "What
that I am, have I indeed deserved this un-
pleasant?" If so—then have my execution
justified. To think that I should have
to experience this hour, when her eyes can
not yet find to recognize me!"

Hidden up, however as he was, in his
Parchment, with his simple travelling cap do-
ing over his eyes, it would indeed have been
not long for his dearest friend to have per-

barest idea of what he ought to do. He could only now sit frantically gazing at the prize now drawn from his reach for ever!

The minister who performed the service, possessed a remarkably clear voice, and what was rather unusual, read the solemn ceremonial in a distinct tone, every word of which Croiser heard, and felt it like a poignard planted in his breast. As for Margarita she no longer appeared to be the same being as the Margiée of former days; her polished energy, her spirit, her gentle determination, seemed gone; as if struck down by the long continuance of the dreadful storm that had poured its fury over her, she was now like the crushed reed—never to rise more! It was by her vainly stifled sobs alone, that she offered any interruption to the ceremony. Her father was at her elbow trying to console her, while the bridegroom pronounced the responses in a manner, that for a fox-hunter was quite feeling.

Several times did Croiser attempt to utter some sound—some exclamation that might attract the attention of the bride, but his nerveless tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth; his faithless lips mutely refused to obey their office. Still the service proceeded. Hope swiftly flying

"I will," but startled at the noise, she looked up; with the utmost rapidity of thought, she recognized Croiser's anxious, haggard countenance, no longer concealed by his cap, and wildly shrieking forth "*No, never!*"—fell back into her father's arms. Quick as lightning, Croiser leapt on the pews below, and springing to the rails of the altar, was in another second by her side. As for the Port Admiral himself, he seemed less astounded than his daughter, but as the latter demanded all his care, and divided his attention, he would only exclaim as he supported her in his arms, "Quick, here—quick! some water for your lives! Heaven defend me—Captain Croiser, is it you? Bear a hand I say, with some water—Lady Sapphira—ladies—bride's maids—quick! Margarita's dying! It's all your fault! Croiser, the plagues of Egypt on it—dropping from the sky in that way without so much as saying stand from under. See! she's coming-to, hold up her head, Croiser! Where, in the name of Fortune, did ye come from—I can't think for the life of me! How are ye now, Margiée, darling? Devilish imprudent of you, though I'm glad to see you once more. I thought there was something between the pair of you. Bear a hand I say, there on the right! open that window,



THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
 DISTRICT COURT OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
 IN RE: THE ESTATE OF JAMES EARL RAY, JR.
 Defendant.
 Case No. 1:73-cr-00001-00000
 Filed: 10/10/73
 Page: 1

of his rival, took him aside and briefly said,—“ I have not the honour of knowing you, Mr. Pendervis, save by name, but the clue to what you have just witnessed is simply this:—I was promised the honour of Miss Salisbury’s hand on certain conditions, which I was to answer on the date of to-day a month since. In default of fulfilling them, I was to be rejected for some happier suitor, since proved to be yourself. Accidents which I shall ever deplore, withheld me from claiming the lady’s promise within the stated time. I only arrived here this morning—our interview was wholly accidental, and I need not add that you are acquainted with the result!”

The rage which overspread the features of Pendervis gradually cooled down during this open statement, into a fixed expression of offended pride, and muttering something about being made a fool, he bowed stiffly and strode through the church down the adjoining meadow towards his carriage, with a pace which would not have disgraced the Cornish giant. Having, for the sake of greater speed, mounted the first horse he could get from one of his grooins, he did not condescend to return to the house of his late intended, but rode off at full gallop in the direction of his own seat.



11

surprise he shunned all allusion to himself as regarded birth or family.

"Well, well," said Sir Richard, resuming the conversation after the first pause, "whip me but I thought if I knew any thing about these matters that there was something between you and Margiée, but dear little puss! she wouldn't let out that it was so. Well, well, I'm right glad to hear it—but, by the by, there's Pendervis—" At this moment the servant entered with a letter. Sir Richard broke it open. It ran thus :

"SIR,

"After the events of this morning, I must tell you that I consider every thought of the contemplated union between our families at an end.

"I remain, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"CHAS. PENDERVIS."

"Oh, oh! the bear's in a huff, and a jolly good thing that he is, for it saves us a plaguy mess o' trouble. So now, Croiser, my boy, the day's all your own, and as I was going to say—give me your hand upon it. I'd fifty to one rather have you for a son-in-law than that stiff lubber, and so'd Margiée too, that's as clear as may be. I must say, I should

"But I had always imagined your nephew was your heir at sea," remarked Croiser, endeavouring to lead the good distressing a subject as the c

"Ah, poor fellow!" returned with a sigh, and a look that much that was unpleasant to remembrance. "Why, ye see was," placing his hand on his manner when about to in and drawing him towards the looked the grounds:

"My poor nephew, Frank fellow as ever you'd wish to what harum scarum it may now and then, but nothing of young fellow."

did at college, where Nat insisted on training him up for a parson against his will. I forget now what was the exact offence, for I happened to be at sea then, but I know they had a regular breeze which ended in Frank's being shipped off to sea without his leave. Brother Nat I must say didn't act all fair and above board in that business, for Frank never had any great love for the sea, so what must they do but set him on board the M——, leave him as if for a few minutes in the captain's cabin, and then slip on shore. Presently the ship began to get under weigh and Frank found himself detained, entered on the ship's books by Jove, and bound for India! 'Twas a rascally hard case, and so I've often told Nat to serve the lad in that way, and quite enough to make him hate the service, which he did directly, and wrote home to the Admiralty to complain, and ask for his discharge, but as the captain would not forward his letter, and it went through a private hand which you know is an informal channel, why ye see they would never take notice of this application, which made poor Frank vow vengeance against them, though he never lived to take it. However, to shorten a long story, he boxed about from one ship to another—bad to worse, until he got with



brother, the Earl of —, has no children, so Frank would have succeeded to the title. Though he hated the service cordially enough, yet he was a capital seaman, I'm told—ye see he'd a famous long head of his own, and take to what he might, it seemed to come like second nature to him—the last letter must have reached him at Bombay before he sailed."

"And your letter conveyed to him the first news of his poor mother's death?"

"Yes, it did!" replied the Port Admiral, much surprised at the question.

"That packet also contained the miniature of his mother?"

"Why—how—what the dickens could make you guess that? But I believe you're right now; I did send her miniature in that packet. I suppose you thought it was but natural, and so it was, she being very fond of him, and he of her. She gave it to me for him on her death-bed—poor dear soul!"

"And that letter, moreover, contained an assurance from you, that if your nephew went on well, you would use all your interest to get him promoted, on the instant that his time had expired?" At this question, displaying Croiser's

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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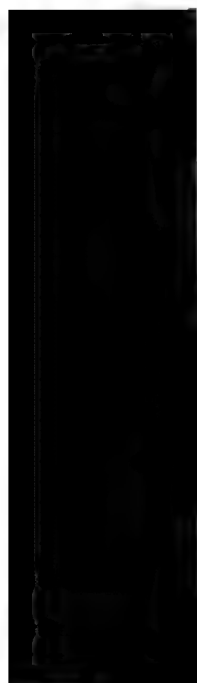
1. The first step is to identify the problem.

1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This includes understanding the hardware, software, and data involved.

Their first transports over, Croiser's story was eagerly demanded, and he complied with the request. As the reader, however, has no doubt long since recognized in Croiser the prisoner of the poop, introduced to his notice in the first volume, it will only be necessary to describe that part of his narrative which related to his adventures subsequent to the foundering of the seventy-four, as already related; when the mutinous but ill-fated crew followed to the bottom of the ocean the Admiral who had so cruelly oppressed them.

"The mast having been struck by the lightning and fallen overboard," continued Croiser—henceforth to be known as Frank Salisbury—"I found myself suddenly plunged into the waves, death on every side of me, and not a human soul to sympathise in my sufferings, or stimulate me on to try and save my life, except poor Tom Collins, who by the by, my dear Uncle, is no other than your old favourite, Tim Tarpaulin—Nine-fathom-Tim."

"Odds Bobs alive! Is that Tim? Bless his old heart! May I be set adrift in my old age, like a marine on a grating, if ever he shall want for a glass of grog, or a shot in the locker. So that was Tim. Bless his old soul! I had an inkling of it. Well, heave a



1. The first of these is the fact that the
 2.

more than our heads and shoulders were exposed to the wind, while the rest of our bodies being under water, and the latter not very cold, we thought we could weather it out better than we could have expected. Now that it is over, it is a source of idle gratification to me, to think that I have experienced so wild, so grand, so tremendous a scene!—but never do I hope to be exposed to such another—words are not adequate to describe that night. The tempest swept over us in one of those terrific hurricanes, so dreaded in that region. Never could I have formed the slightest idea of what size the billows were, unless I had been borne on their bosom, and sunk into their trough; now swept up on their topmost crests—our almost lifeless hearts trembling and palpitating within us, as we hung looking into the dark and apparently fathomless caverns of the ocean, that yawned beneath and then plunged headlong into the watery abyss, its horrid element roaring and hissing in our ears with ten thousand notes of death; while looking up from this hideous valley of the sea, we beheld its threatening and swelling mountains rise on either side of us, shutting out hope and life, and seemingly about to bury us in its dreadful flood.



1

2

3

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and dates. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The dates are: 1990, 1991, and 1992. The list is as follows:

Name	Date
John Doe	1990
Jane Smith	1991
Bob Johnson	1992

2. The second part of the document is a list of numbers and dates. The numbers are: 1, 2, and 3. The dates are: 1990, 1991, and 1992. The list is as follows:

Number	Date
1	1990
2	1991
3	1992

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and dates. The names are: John Doe, Jane Smith, and Bob Johnson. The dates are: 1990, 1991, and 1992. The list is as follows:

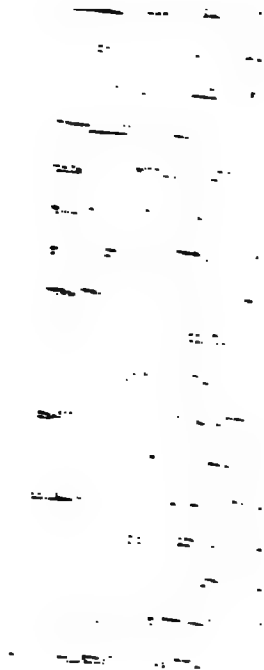
Name	Date
John Doe	1990
Jane Smith	1991
Bob Johnson	1992

by a gentle breeze. This proved most refreshing ; at length the sun rose, and conceive our joy when we descried a sail to windward coming down with a flowing sheet in the very direction in which we were. Not to be prolix, however, she came sufficiently near to perceive us ; hove to, and picked us up ; sufficiently exhausted to feel all the blessings of such a deliverance, and sufficiently sensible to perceive that we had fallen into the hands of a French letter of marque.

“ This somewhat abated our happiness, it is true, but any thing in a human shape was at such a moment too dear to permit of our being particular as to the nation to which it might belong.

“ Before being rescued, however, we had solemnly agreed never on any account to divulge the true story of the mutiny, since Tarpanlin—or Collins I should rather say—was so deeply implicated in it that his life was in danger, as was also mine ; since I had not attempted to assist the admiral, and as he had written home to state that he had ordered me for a court-martial, there were additional motives that determined me to preserve a strict secrecy respecting the eventual proceedings of that night.

“ To the questions, therefore, of our prisoners,



in her grief that it required all Tarpankin's strength to prevent her from plunging after it to the bottom."

"Poor creature! ah Frank! we little know the extent of a mother's affection for her children. And what became of her then?"

"I am about to tell you. Despite of our unceasing prayers that we might be captured by some English cruiser, the letter of marque most perversely reached France in safety, and we were declared prisoners of war. However we were liberated on parole through the interest of the captain, whom I had contrived to make my friend, and after continuing in France some short time longer, I contracted so many agreeable acquaintances that I had no wish to come to England, more especially since I still felt exceedingly sore at the conduct of my poor father, and could not well declare my identity, without occasioning an inquiry respecting Admiral —— and his ship, which might have proved exceedingly troublesome, if not dangerous. Perhaps you may wonder why I, who was already a prisoner on parole, should not wish to return to my country, but the fact was I had made such interest at court, that I might have obtained my unrestricted liberty if I had been so inclined;

[illegible]

secret remains undiscovered till this hour, and what is more, *my* secret undivulged. In a few days I promise you a corroboration of this strange story from her own lips, since she is the same Mrs. Somers, who is the friend of Margarita, and who you may remember to have fainted very sillily on suddenly seeing me at your fête."

"Is it possible, Frank? Mercy on us! I do remember,—but why, after bringing her to England, didn't you contrive to find us out?"

"Why really, my dear good uncle, you must not consider me spiteful; but I confess I did feel too much hurt at my father's treatment. However I heard that you were all here, so as I had promised to return to France, and bring over a friend to England, I thought I might as well come to reconnoitre the coast, and find out what sort of folks you were. That friend was Rannolini, with whom I was engaged in some mad prank, which as it is for ever at an end, is not worth the mentioning, for happening you see, my dear uncle, to fall in love with my amiable and exquisite cousin, she discovered the connection between us, and gave me the choice of renouncing her or Rannolini within six months. Having pledged

nour, though at the expen
gret, deeply regret the fate
me so much beyond the
the same time, I cannot ex
that I have arrived suffici
the last chance of the p
humble suitor to you, my
hand of your lovely daugh

“ ‘A *humble* suitor,’ n
lost Frank ? ” interrupted
more embracing his ne
transport, “ I wouldn’t ha
marry any one else for all
lieve if ye’d made your r
hour later, ’twould have
know twouldn’t have fared
garita ; but as to that doll

the plan, I do believe I'd trot back to the church directly, and see you two spliced at once—Heaven shower blessings on the pair of you !”

“ Ah, but my dear uncle, you forget, we have to obtain the consent of the lady.”

“ Hah ! ha ! ha ! never fear, my boy, we'll soon have that ! I've made up my mind to a marriage and a regular built jollification ; and take my word for it, I'm not to be cozened out of my bride cake in that manner ; so come with me directly, and see Margiée on the subject : I dare say she's nearly recovered herself by this time—Her bridemaids were all attending to her very kindly, though I thought that they seemed to miss the wedding rather. However Frank, my dear boy, if they've missed the sprat they caught the mackerel ; and I bring them a better bridegroom than ever they could find in Cornwall ! Mind, Frank, how you break the news to Margiée, that you're her own cousin whom she used to sigh for so often.”

“ Nay, did she indeed.”

“ Ay, to be sure she did ; but come Frank, come along—you're in love you know, and when once ye begin a yarn of that sort, there's no ending it.” But the reader will, I am sure, gladly excuse me as well as himself from going minutely over the

[The page contains several horizontal black bars obscuring the text.]

1

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, particularly along the edges. The left edge of the page shows the binding structure, including what appears to be a metal clip or staple at the top. The overall tone is warm and slightly off-white, characteristic of old paper.

posal most warmly, adding that he was very anxious to leave the neighbourhood, as he had reasons to believe himself suspected on account of Rannolini; and here he mentioned their flight from London.

This last reason was conclusive. Fearful lest any circumstances should again arise to cloud their prospects, she lost no time in causing every preparation to be made for their departure.

At half-past eleven, on the ensuing morning, they found themselves *tête-à-tête*, in their travelling carriage; while their four horses were rapidly conveying them to a noble estate of Sir Richard's in Sussex; having been married very quietly at Mount Edgecumbe House by special licence, to avoid as much as possible the idle chatter which so sudden and singular a wedding would create.

After the first embarrassments had in some degree subsided, Margarita found time to question him on many points which she wished to have more fully elucidated. Frank, however, being aware that ladies are particularly given to the most minute enquiries, and seldom let one off without demanding every point which does belong, and very many points which do not belong to any



that I had been led into a discussion on the system of discipline in the British navy; and having fearlessly expressed my opinion as to its execrable and unnecessary tyranny, my sentiments had immediately found their way to M. Rannolini, who sent for me, questioned me as to my ship and the length of time which I had served; the state of the British navy; the causes which I might have for disliking it; and above all, as to my family. At first I was not sufficiently imprudent to communicate to him anything of consequence, nor would say much respecting my family; but after several interviews, he so won upon my confidence—and you know how fascinating are his manners when he likes—that I informed him of every thing, not even excepting the mutiny. He no sooner learned that my connections were noble, than he redoubled all his efforts to bring me over to his views; and by working on my pride, resentment, thirst for revenge, and ambition of distinction; he at length persuaded me to join him in his projects for the invasion of Britain. It being of the first importance that he should appear as the ally of the people, and the conqueror of their government alone, I was to command his fleet with the rank

of Vice-admiral, and thus hold out to the navy an additional motive for joining us should instantly have issued a proclamation stating that the rank of every officer who came to our standard would be advanced one step, and the pay of every seaman doubled. This he determined to do, calculating that the old government would hold out the longest for the government which case they were to be cashiered. Indeed, with the capital in his hands, the loyal hearts would not long have remained against a stoppage of their pay; particularly the possession of the metropolis would have been followed by the occupation of the seaports; thus shutting out the commanders from the possibility of recruiting their crews, in which case the crews would soon have deserted, and brought them in to declare their allegiance to the new form of government.

"Merciful heavens be praised, for saved from such an enormity of crime!" ejaculated Margarita, shuddering at this horrid prospect of civil war. "But are you sure that this Rannolini will not be able to effect his purpose now?"

"No, Margarita, your fatal charms have

many years ruined the mighty projects of his gigantic genius! I now see that he was right in saying so. I cannot help feeling some remorse at having thus been made the means of levelling his stupendous structures with the dust. But I was so distracted by different feelings, and am even now, when I reflect on it, that I know not what to do! The image of yourself had so entirely absorbed my thoughts, that my judgement was confounded. It will most likely happen as he has foretold; those very fleets which, had I been cool enough to have performed my duty—would have misled the English, and thereby gained a clear command of the channel for six weeks, while we effected—and without doubt we should have done it—the conquest of the island, will now fall a prey to their enemies, and all Rannolini's sad forebodings be realized! Besides in future, our government will see through his deep-laid scheme and guard against it. However, to return, I agreed to second Rannolini, and he promised to exert himself to the utmost to gain for me the first post—whatever it might be—in the new order of affairs about to be introduced into this country; in return for my services and the use of

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes the need for transparency and accountability in financial reporting.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and techniques used to collect and analyze data. It includes a detailed description of the experimental procedures and the statistical analysis performed.

3. The third part of the document presents the results of the study. It includes a series of tables and graphs that illustrate the findings of the research.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the implications of the findings and provides recommendations for future research. It also includes a conclusion that summarizes the main points of the study.

5. The fifth part of the document contains a list of references and a list of figures. The references include a list of books, articles, and other sources used in the study. The figures include a list of tables and graphs that are included in the document.

10



"But that Rannolini, Francis, do you not fear lest rage at your flight should lead him to denounce you?"

"No, he is violent, but I do not think spiteful; besides, pride will for ever seal his lips as to my being the cause of his failure. I think I have acted rightly; my conscience tells me so; yet I cannot help feeling regret for his disappointment! I certainly did, nay do, love him! Notwithstanding his faults, and they are many, there is a greatness in his soul redeeming all!"

The above narrative having brought our friends to the termination of the first day's journey, and to the ancient city of Exeter, we shall merely premise, that they were now travelling for amusement, and in due time arrived at Sir Richard's beautiful estate, which, like Mount Edgecumbe, was near the sea.

The transition from agony to delight, soon wrought a miraculous improvement in the looks of our happy pair; and the termination of the first months of their union, found them no less devoted to each other, than at the earliest hour. While Sir Richard's command as Port Admiral at Plymouth having expired, he proceeded to remove with his family and household gods, to the

Every thing having been
departure, the morning at
which they had to bid a last
chanting shores of The Crook
about the hour of five, in the
March morning, that Sir Rich-
his butler, who came with
inform him, that Lady Sappi
Bombast, accompanied by
maid, for Gretna Green, and
to know what steps should be
and bring the fugitives back.

"Gretna Green!" repeat-
ing heartily, and scarcely ab-
culous a story, "Ha, ha, ha"
wandered so far, for the mat-
for if they had a mind to this

there, and if not, why odds bobs ! we'd get well rid of three old fools together."

Great care having been taken in the removal of the two poor invalids, Charlotte and Nathaniel ; Sir Richard at length reached Sussex in safety ; where, in the arms of his beloved children, he prepared to establish himself for life, consoled by their kind and unceasing attentions, for the loss which he had sustained in the still continued illness of his youngest daughter. Lady Sapphira having been duly united to the object of her choice, the marvellous Captain ; the delightful trio—for Puff now adhered to his friend more closely than ever, spent some little time "abroad at Cork," and then domesticated themselves in the literary purlieus of Brompton, where they occupied their time in a fresh manufacture of their wanderings to be entitled "The Marvellous Travels of Captain and Lady Bombast, here, there, and every where ; now first collected and arranged by the parties, and illustrated by the Notes of Major Puff, &c. &c. "It was thus," as her ladyship observed, "that all people of mind should devote their existence to the informing of posterity, even although" she never failed to remark with a sigh, "*Post cineres gloria sera venit.*"



Change her sole fault, who now shall change no more,
Silent that wit that ne'er was hushed before;
Dimm'd those bright eyes that glanced with living light,
All, save her virtues, sunk in ceaseless night !
Those her young soul to glory's realm shall raise,
To meet with pardon, and to proffer praise !
—Grief shall not sully thy remembrance here,
Though aching hearts have followed at thy bier !
Resigned we leave thee 'neath the flowery sod,
In hopes to meet thee at the throne of God !

Good old Sir Richard now full of years and honour had no heavier occupation than that of finding amusement, which by the ready aid of Nine-fathom-Tim he seldom failed to do. They still occasionally took a share in a little "moonshine," and found never failling satisfaction in hearing and telling their mutual "yarns," which, however strange it may seem to say, though they infinitely multiplied, yet never grew worse.

For our hero, Croiser, alias Francis, it only remains to say that Philosophy and Reason had so tempered his ardent soul that he clearly perceived the crime and folly of building up for himself a monument of glory, the component parts of which were to be cemented with blood, and finally crowned with wretchedness ; the greater, because it is a species for which mankind have little sympathy and no compassion. The energies of his



A TALE OF THE WAR.

of glory and ambition, awakening a sigh for the past, and some slight regret for the alluring but treacherous path he had forsaken. In a few minutes however he would espy through the clustering columns that supported the gothic roof, the flowing drapery of Margarita. At that charmed sight the evil destinies of mankind had no further power over him, and in the wife of his bosom, he forgot that he had ever wooed a more fatal mistress.

Never guilty of the fooleries of society, and not valuing it sufficiently to court it; too wise to be eccentric, yet too independent to lose the features of his own character in the assumed manner of a set; his friendship was soon prized and his acquaintance esteemed. For the remainder of his life, its course was ever dictated by reason and principle, and followed by happiness and honour.



to depart express for London, whence, after the brief stay of an hour, he again set off at the same rapid rate for Devon. Having arrived at Plymouth—the place of his destination—late at night, he devoted the short space that remained till day-break to obtaining some slight repose, and at an early moment arose and embarked in one of the Admiral's barges for the Sound.

The hour was not much beyond nine o'clock, and the morning was brilliantly fine. As Croiser looked forth upon the bay around him, he thought that he never had beheld so superb a sight. As far almost as the eye could reach, the sea was covered with boats, until they seemed to form one continued and uninterrupted surface through which it was with the greatest difficulty that his barge could make way. The passengers with whom these boats were filled, were in general standing up to catch a sight of some object of great interest, to which the looks of all were directed. Even the hills which surrounded the bay seemed thronged with the gazing multitude. It appeared as if beholders had arrived from all parts of the world, to indulge themselves with a glimpse of some object which had never existed before, and never could exist again. The barge



ship, Francis, by way of precaution, was announced by title, and simply as an English nobleman, who had come to pay a visit, and ushered into the cabin of the seventy-four. In a few seconds he found himself left alone with the object of his journey, a foreigner somewhat past the prime of life, of small stature, but inclining to *embonpoint*. He was dressed in the uniform of the French Imperial Guard, and the decorations upon his breast proclaimed him to be of distinguished rank. His arms were folded on his breast, his hair touched with approaching age, fell thinly over a noble forehead, and his clear marked features wore a mingled expression of genius, melancholy, and suspicion, which caused a heart-ache in the beholder, speaking so plainly as it did, of past perils, present care, and that sad experience which forebodes misfortune to come.

Seeing that he was not recognized, and that the foreigner neither moved nor spoke, Francis knew not how to act, which the other, after minutely scanning with no common glance the features of his visitor, repeated his name as if unconsciously to himself. Suddenly his eyes brightened up with joy, as he extended his arms, saying "Croiser!

[illegible]

you now; such a knowledge is worth the purchase, dear as it has been!"

"Think of it no more, sire. Let us mention it no longer. I alone was to blame. I have no wrongs to forget. I never had any to remember. Let us speak of yourself. Tell me of your own hopes and plans, and point out to me how I can serve you. My name, my interest, my personal exertions, my means, my fortune, everything that I have to command, is at your unlimited disposal. If private life holds forth a charm for you, and a paltry income of some ninety thousands can suffice for the wants of him who yesterday commanded as many millions, say but the word—say that you will only honour my humble roof, and we shall yet realize the anticipations of sharing our fortunes; and if not in the possession of empire, yet enjoying what is far better, the happiness which wisdom sanctions."

"Croiser! Croiser!" repeated Rannolini, in tones of bitter anguish, as he paced the cabin, while the convulsive movement of his right shoulder during this generous proposal, showed how much he was affected by it. "*Why*," he continued, without looking at the person he addressed, "*why—why* did you ever leave me?"

Cruiser, that I loved
those very few. Had
but I only possessed
gentle enough to be
but too honest to do
where to find an unit
not have invited all
darkness and tyranny
sinister and crime.
leave me!"

Cruiser attempted
agonised his breast
and the tear that glist
all that he suffered
passing in his mind,
affectionately pressu
resumed. "But per
You are a happier :

mained faith"—then correcting himself, "Had you remained in league with me, and had you by obeying my orders, preserved my fleets from the fatal destruction of Trafalgar which you will remember I foretold to you, we should have conquered Britain; but that might have left you as wretched as I now am. You would have gained an empire, but have lost the wife of your heart. She who saved her country, brought you a possession worth more than all its territory. I, Croiser, you know I can speak on this point. Poor Josephine! Believe me I have had bitter experience! Mankind are not worth swaying. I now renounce the political world for ever. I shall henceforth feel no interest about any thing which may happen. In private life as you say I may be happy, more happy than I have been—No! If the crown of Europe—if the empire of the globe were now offered to me, I would not accept it. I will devote myself to science. I was right never to esteem mankind—But France—I am disgusted with ambition, and I wish to rule no longer—And the French people—What ingratitude! Where—How did I find them? Sunk in the lowest depths of vice and misery, the scorn of the world, the terror of themselves, rebels to their God—It was my



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their country from the destruction which incensed Europe was about to effect.—France! France! I have mourned over your wrongs, and asserting your rights have bled in your cause, but never till now did I think to blush for your degradation and shame. But this is over now, Croiser, my mind is resolved—my greatness, though undisputed, is past. I would not recall it, yet I have rarely been happy, and my happiness is yet to come. But hark! I hear them approaching to interrupt our interview. Their prescribed minutes have expired. My jailors are fearful lest even my breath should thaw their bonds. I little expected to revisit this bay under such circumstances!—I hope that you have not breathed a syllable respecting my tour to London?”

“No.”

“That is right. I gave my promise that it should not be divulged.—Nor shall it—at least during my life—when no more, the secret is safe. The world would never believe that I could have been guilty of such temerity. We must separate for the present, but do you return on board within two hours, and I will in the meanwhile draw up instructions as to what I wish you to do. I accept the generous offer which you

every condition for
But you shall have
hence. They will not
board, you must return
rich enough, my Cro
services as I could w
remembrance—inconsi
sure you that I shall e
attachment as one of th
is left to me." Ranno
ring from a little cabine
to Croiser, said "Give
on his finger, "and now
rushed into one another
tears in their eyes.

An aide-de-camp now
Croiser's presence was
deeply affected to do so

nolini, nor need I now inform the reader that the latter was but an assumed name of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE!

They never met again, for on Croiser's repairing to his appointment, he was peremptorily refused a second interview, on the ground that the order from the Secretary of State which procured him the first, did not authorize any further communication. Enraged and maddened he returned to the shore to take steps for rectifying this mistake, but before he could succeed in his endeavours, he had the grief of seeing the Bellerophon set sail with the master spirit whom he had long adored, and whose destination he was now unable to conjecture. Alas, with all his fears he never dreamed that the rulers of the land were thus consigning to the most slow and murderous torture of a fatal climate, the hero whom they had not the ability to subdue, nor the courage to destroy.

The foe prostrated by his fate, their magnanimity led them to insult; and the confiding enemy who threw himself upon the generosity of the nation, they betrayed with the most perfidious treachery, and aggravated with the most deliberate contumely and oppression. Croiser, however, never ceased to take the liveliest interest in his fortunes, and

ding to their victim's
they sent out one,
to be abhorred among
admiration is capable
which is great, or the
that which is Low.

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